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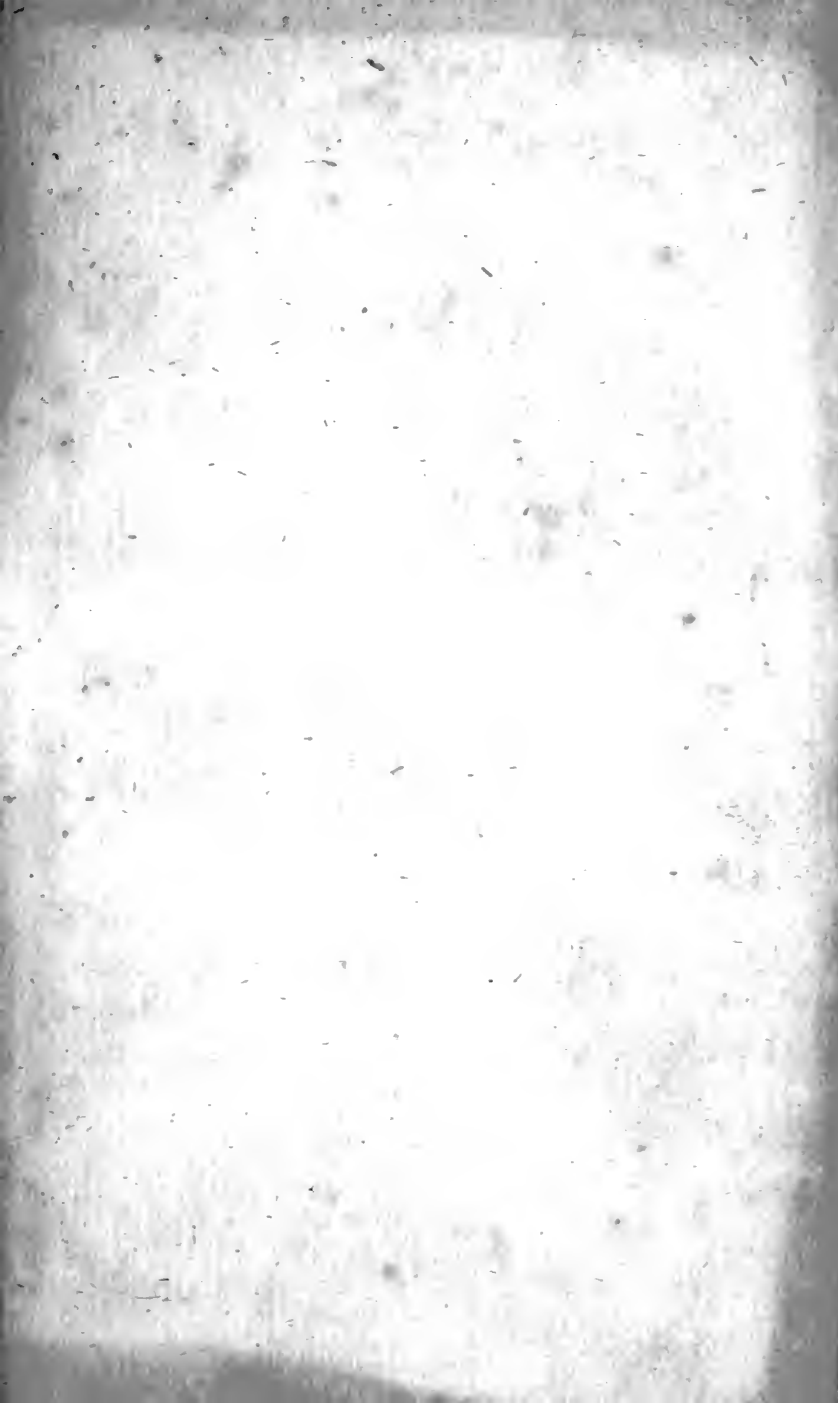
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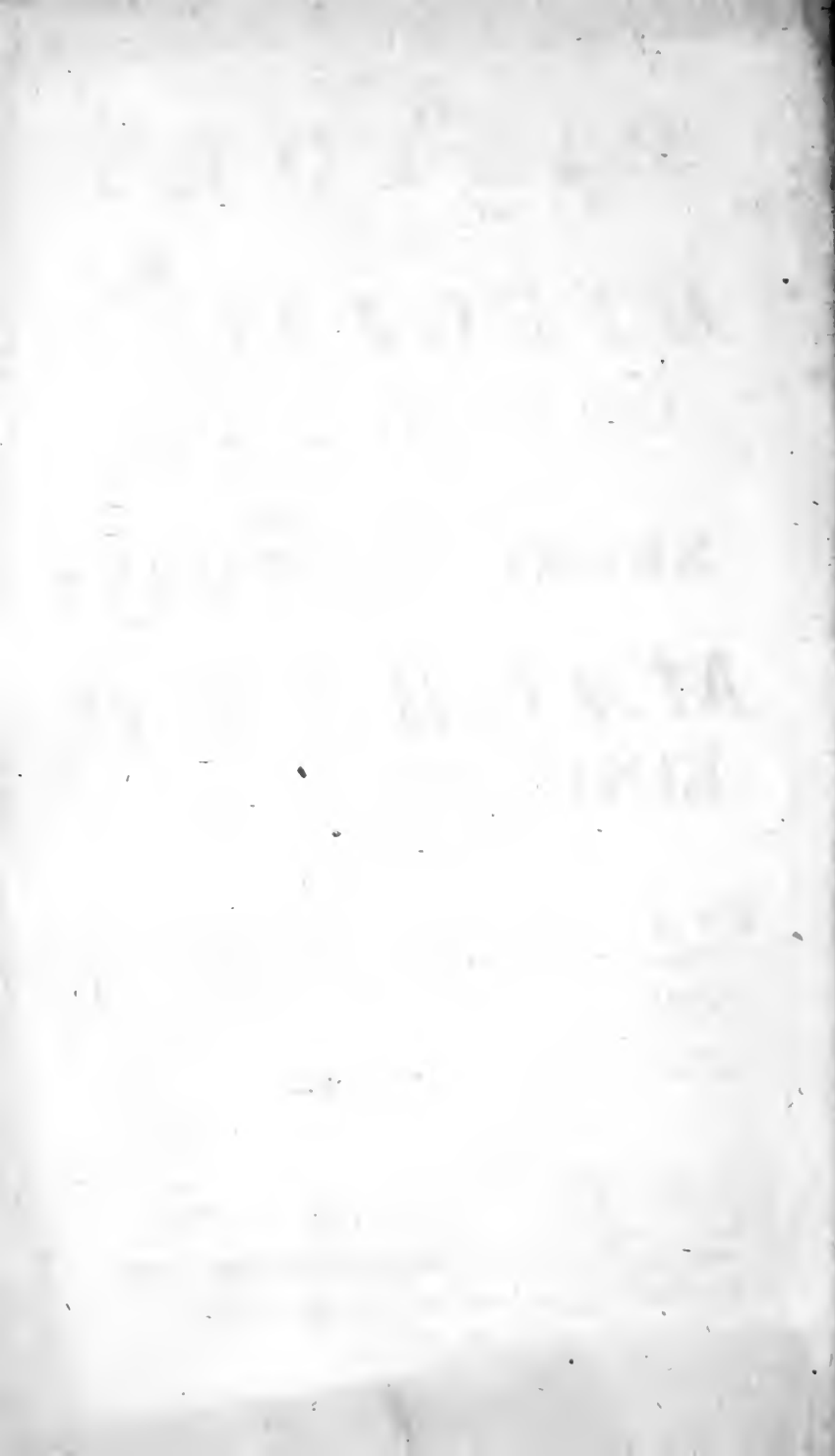
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First Edition

By Countess D'Arborea







THE
HISTORY
OF
HYPOLITUS,
Earl of DOUGLAS.
WITH THE
SECRETHISTORY
OF
MACBETH,
KING of SCOTLAND.

To which is added,

The ART of LOVE, or the AMOURS of
Count SCHLICK and a young Lady of
Quality.

LONDON, Printed for

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THE
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OF
HYPOLITUS,
Earl of DOUGLAS.

UNDER the Reign of *Henry VII.* King of *England*, *George de Neville*, Earl of *Burgen*, had the Misfortune to be suspected of having had a Hand in the Conspiracy of *Edmund*
Prose: He was taken up and committed to the *Tower*; but being found innocent, was discharged out of his Prison. Being sensible of his Innocence, and how ill he had deserved so harsh a Treatment, he might, without in the least impairing his Honour, have quitted the King's Service, and was inclined to pass the Remainder of his Days in Tranquillity in *France*; but wanting a plausible Pretext to encompass that End for himself, he resolved nevertheless to have *Roger*, Earl of *Warawick*, his Brother's Son, educated in that Kingdom, he being made his Guardian by the said Earl lately deceased.

It was not long before a favourable Opportunity of sending him thither offering itself, he thought fit to delay his Resolution. *Henry VIII.* by this Time being

mounted on the Throne of *England*, had a Sister named *Mary*, a Lady of an exquisite Beauty, and desired in Marriage by several Sovereign Princes; but King *Henry*, not desirous to see her married, had refused their Proposals, till the Duke of *Longueville*, being taken Prisoner by *Henry* in the Battle of *Esperias*, he proposed to the *English* Court a Marriage betwixt the Princess *Mary* and King *Lewis XII.* of *France*.

The King of *England* received his Proposition with singular Marks of Satisfaction; and the *French* King, charmed with the Portraiture of this lovely Princess, immediately sent the General of *Normandy* into *England*, who concluded both the Marriage and a Peace in fourteen Days, and conducted the Princess to *Bologne*.

Before her Departure from *London*, the Earl of *Burgen* prevailed with her to take along with her the Earl of *Warwick* in the Quality of one of her Pages of Honour, who, notwithstanding he was then not above eleven Years of Age, was much respected at that Court. The *French* King sent the Duke of *Angouleme* to receive the Princess, and to marry her by Proxy; and this great Lord, who was a very complete and handsome Person, discharged his Commission with so much Gallantry and Politeness, that the young Princess was charmed with his Person, and secretly bemoaned her Fate, in that Heaven had not been pleased to bestow so amiable a Person upon her for a Husband. He on the other hand began to be so far sensible of the Effects of her Beauty and Charms, that he soon found the same Flame to break out in his Breast, which already burnt in hers; and he would certainly have pushed on his Passion and amorous Adventure to a higher Pitch, had it not been for the prudent Advice of Mr. *Duprat*: This Gentleman tried all Means to dissuade him from it upon the Motives of Interest and Prudence; but finding the Duke not to give ear to them, (being too far gone to be recalled by his Perswasions) he disclosed to him the secret Correspondence betwixt this new Queen and the Earl of *Suffolk*, and that was sufficient to cure him of his Passion.

The King met the Queen at *Abbeville*, where the Nuptials were celebrated with the utmost Magnificence ; but the King died in six Years after his Return to *Paris*, at his Palace of *Tournelles*. The Queen Relict declaring she was not big with Child, and the Duke of *Angouleme* being proclaimed King under the Name of *Francis*, she with his Consent married the Earl of *Sussex*, and soon after returned into *England*.

The Earl of *Warwick* remained in *France* at his Uncle's Desire, where the King admitted him into his Court in the same Quality he had served in to Queen *Mary*, and he attended that King in his Journey, when the two Kings of *England* and *France* were to have an Interview betwixt *Ardres* and *Guines*. They were without all Contradiction the two most accomplished and most gailant Princes in the World, and their Court being the most magnificent that could well be seen, they spent several Days in Courses and Turnements in Honour of the Ladies ; and there being a vast Concourse of People of the greatest Quality there, to partake, and be Eye-witnesses of the Interview and the Diversions of these two great Monarchs, the Plain betwixt *Ardres* and *Guines*, got the Name of *The Plain of the Golden Cloth*.

Amongst a great Number of other Ladies there present, the Countess de *Lorge* had the Satisfaction to see her Daughter, *Mademoiselle de Montgomery*, admired and extolled above all the other Ladies that assisted at these Solemnities. The Earl of *Warwick*, who was then not above fifteen Years of Age, was charmed to such a Degree with this very Lady, that he thought he should have died for Grief, when the Earl of *Burgen* told him, That the King had ordered him to re-conduct him back into *England*, and that he was going to return the King of *France* Thanks for the many Favours he had been pleased to shew him. Not daring to disobey King *Henry's* Order, or his Uncle's Pleasure, with the greatest Dissatisfaction imaginable he saw himself under a Necessity of following the Intentions of his Superiors, without so much as declaring his Passion to her who was the Cause of it : Thus he embarked for *England*, but

carried along with him so violent and tender an Impression of the Charms of *Mademoiselle Montgomery*, that he bid adieu to all Delights and Pleasures, since the Time he had left her behind him.

These two great Princes parted so well satisfied with one another, that nothing was talked of in all Places but their inseparable Union, and with what Magnificence they had appeared at this Interview. Among the *English* Lords the Duke of *Buckingham* had outdone all the rest in Splendor; but Cardinal *Woolsey*, the King's Favourite, understanding that that Duke, before his Departure from *London*, had spoken against the King's Journey as useless, and too chargeable to the Public, he resolved to take this Opportunity to procure his Ruin, out of a Motive of Self-interest, which he found Means to effect: For no sooner was the King come back out of *France*, but he told the King the Duke had conspired against his Person and Government, whereupon King *Henry* ordered him to come to Court to justify his Conduct, but was no sooner come, than he saw himself, and the Earl of *Burgen*, his Son-in-law, committed to Prison; and the Cardinal had the Satisfaction to see his Head cut off upon a Scaffold, and the Earl of *Burgen* was not discharged till after several Months Imprisonment, and with the Loss of his Estate.

These violent Proceedings soon put the Earl in mind to send the Earl of *Warwick* once more into *France*, dreading the King's violent Temper, or rather his blind Inclinations for the Cardinal: He took the Liberty to write a Letter to King *Francis*, desiring him to continue to honour his Nephew with his Protection, which being granted him by that King with all the Testimonies of Affection that could be, the young Earl, whose Heart was still intirely devoted to *Mademoiselle Montgomery*, was transported with Joy to meet her again at Court, she being then Maid of Honour to the Queen. All his Applications were to her, he made his Court to no Body but to her; his Perseverance flattered him, not without some Reason, with Hopes of a tender Return from that lovely Lady.

About that Time Cardinal *Woolsey*, who bare a se-
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cret Grudge to the Emperor, put all his Wits at work to bring about a Marriage betwixt his Master and Princess *Margaret of France*: But Love overpowered, if not quite overturned his Design; for the King of *England* fell desperately in Love with Mrs. *Anna Bouleign*, Daughter to the Chevalier *Rockford*. This young Lady attended Queen *Mary*, when she was married to King *Lewis XII.* into *France*, in the Quality of Maid of Honour, and after her Return thence, her exquisite Beauty, joined to a refined Wit, and supported by a great Share of Cunning, captivated King *Henry* to that Degree, that he was not able to live without her, and took no other Delight than how to please her; so that her constant Refusals of granting him that Favour he so much desired, made him resolve to marry her. He omitted nothing he thought might engage the Pope to dissolve his Marriage with Queen *Catharine*, but finding him to persist immoveable in granting so unjust a Demand, he was so exasperated thereat, that from that Time he resolved upon the Ruin of the Catholick Religion in *England*.

King *Henry* went to *Bolayne*, where being met by King *Francis I.* and his Children, they there gave one another fresh Assurances of a most sincere Friendship. The true Motive of this Interview was, that the King of *England* intended to make his Complaints against the Pope to King *Francis I.* in Person, hoping to prevail with him to oblige the Pope by their joint Interest to call a general Council.

In the mean time the Earl of *Warwick* had, by his own Merits, and constant Addresses to *Mademoiselle Montgomery*, who had now no other Dependance but on the Queen (her Mother, the Countess *de Lorge*, being dead) prevailed so far upon her, that she consented he should ask her in Marriage from the King and Queen, he being now of Age, and independant from his Relations. This being a very advantageous Match for him, all his Friends shared his Satisfaction with him, and having without much Difficulty obtained from their Majesties a Present he valued above every thing else, the Marriage was consummated at *Calais* with the utmost

Magnificence and intire Satisfaction of all Parties; both Kings heaped their Favours upon this illustrious Couple, who went along with King *Henry* into *England*. The Obstacles that Prince met with in his Love to *Anna Bouleign*, serving only to increase his Flame, he married her, and had her crowned at *Westminster*: But the Pope darting his Thunderbolt at him upon that Account, he declared himself the supreme Head of the Catholick Church, and persecuted those that opposed it, without any Distinction of Sex and Quality, not excepting even those who had been his most intimate and faithful Friends before; nay, he carried his Resentment so far, as not to spare the Reliques; for he caused that of *St. Thomas of Canterbury* to be burnt among the rest. *Edward de Neville Courtray*, Marquis of *Exeter*, and one of Cardinal's *Poole's* Brothers, animated with a just Zeal, represented to the King the Wrongs he did to the Church; but they paid with their Heads for their Counsel. The Earl of *Warwick* being a near Kinsman to *Edward Neville*, he was accused of having uttered some disrespectful Expressions; so that to avoid a shameful Death, he was, notwithstanding his Innocence, forced to leave the Kingdom. The rest of that Family dreading more the Loss of their Lives and their Estates, than of their Souls and Honour, complied with the King's Commands, and proved the most violent Enemies that could be to the Earl of *Warwick*, whose Estate was confiscated: But what most sensibly touched him in all his Misfortunes was, to see himself necessitated to leave behind him one of the handsomest and most virtuous Wives in the World, and a Daughter named *Julia*, not then above two Years old. Having recommended this young Infant to his disconsolate Lady, as the only Pledge of their conjugal Loves, he told her, *He was resolved to go to Venice, That the Pope, the Emperor, and the Venetians, being entred into a League against Solymán the Turkish Emperor, it was there he intended to gain Honour, or else a glorious Death.*

The Countess of *Warwick* was ready to expire for Grief at the intended Departure of her Spouse; she would not make use of the Power she had over him, to dissuade

disswade him against it, because the Hazard he must daily be exposed to if he staid in *England*, appeared most dreadful to her; besides, being sensible that he had nothing to hope for in his native Country, and being then of an Age, which incites great Hearts to brave Actions, her Virtue and Courage got the Ascendant over her Love.

He took shipping, and in a little Time got to *Venice* without any sinister Accident; and being received by their General *Capello* with all the Marks of particular Esteem (because the House of *Warwick* was very well known to him) he embarked aboard him, in order to joyn the Pope's and *Spanish* Gallies off of *Corfu*. It being resolved in a Council of War to attack the *Turks*, these were so much surprized at the Sight of the Confederate Fleet, that they did not know whether they had best to fight or not, till the brave *Barbarossa*, resolved to repair his Disgrace in his Retreat from *Corfu*, advanced with his Squadron against the Confederates.

The *Venetian* General *Capello* leading the Van, no sooner saw the *Turks* come in sight of him, but, stimulated by a noble Emulation, engaged the *Turks* so furiously, that they were forced to retire; and the Prince *Doria* seeing the Advantage the *Venetians* had got over the Enemy, advanced with his Squadron; but when every one thought he was ready to engage, he gave the Signal to retreat to *Cape Cal.*

All the other Admirals and Generals, vexed to the Heart at this unexpected Disappointment, could not forbear to break out into violent Expressions, and by this time the Wind beginning to slacken, the *Turks*, who perceived the Disorder in the Confederate Fleet, came out of the Gulf of *Prevesa* offering Battle to the Christians, who durst not venture upon an Engagement; their Commanders being vexed to the Soul, to see so fair an Opportunity of vanquishing the *Turks* out of their Hands. Above all the rest *Capello*, and the *Venetian* Patriarch *Grimaki*, animated with Shame and Anger, went aboard Prince *Doria*, urging him not to suffer that favourable Opportunity Fortune presented to them to be snatched out of their Hands. Come, Come,

my Lord, said the brave *Venetian*, Let us go where Honour calls us, let us engage an Enemy half beaten already, witness their Flight, I only stay for your Orders to engage: At the same Time the whole Fleet resounding with the joyful Acclamations of the Soldiers and Seamen, who cried out, *A Battle, a Battle, Victory, Victory.* Doria, almost confounded with Shame, ordered his Squadron to advance towards the Enemy; but soon retreated a second Time, when every Thing seemed to have a fair Prospect of Success:

In the mean time *Dragat Rais*, a famous *Turkish* Corsair, intercepted, and engaged two *Venetian* Gallies, left behind at a good Distance from the rest; in one of which, as ill Fortune would have it, was the Earl of *Warwick*: He performed such Actions as amazed the *Christians*, and terrified the *Turks*; never did a Man make a braver Resistance, but was at last overcome by the great Numbers of the Enemy. Some of the *Venetians*, who saved themselves by swimming, having given Notice of his Death to the Admirals and Generals, they, as well as every Body else that knew him, were most sensibly afflicted at his Fate. Ill News commonly flies faster than good, and the Countess of *Warwick*, who was in continual Pains for her beloved Spouse, never neglecting any Opportunity of hearing of him, she soon was informed of the Loss she had suffered.

The virtuous Lady, now no more Mistress of her Passion, found herself so far overwhelmed with Pain and Grief, that she soon perceived her last Hour not to be far off; and her Inclinations being now altogether averse to the World after such a Misfortune, there was nothing affected her but that she was now to leave her dear *Julia*. This lovely Infant, which was not much above two Years old, did already in its tender Infancy give the most promising Hopes that could be expected: Her afflicted Mother holding her in her Arms, and bathing her Face with her Tears, O my dear *Julia*! said she, O my dear Child! What will be thy Destiny? Who will be a Father to thee? Who will be instead of thy Mother? Thy Father is no more, and thy Mother is at the Point of Death. Alas! I must leave thee, and that at a Time
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when thou wilt stand much in need of me; but I don't doubt but that Providence will take care to preserve thee against all the Dangers thou beest likely to be exposed to, and it is to her I deliver thee up. At these Words, with her Eyes lifted up towards Heaven, she implored its Protection for this innocent Babe.

Whilst she was labouring under this heavy Affliction, my Lord Douglas and his Lady came to give her a Visit in the Country, where she had been ever since she received the News of her Lord's Death: They were both Persons of singular Merit, and the best Friends her late Husband and she had in the World. The House of Montgomery being also nearly related to that of Douglas, which is one of the most illustrious Families in Scotland; but upon some Disgust my Lord had left that Kingdom, and he settled in England, where he married Madam Bedford, a very deserving Lady, and both were at that time in great Esteem with the King.

At first Sight of the Countess of Warwick, they were so much afflicted at the doleful Condition they found her in (being almost reduced to the last Extremity) that for some time neither of them was able to speak for sighing, Sobs and Tears, till at last my Lord forcing himself to speak, told her whatever he could think might conduce, if not to comfort her, at least to allay her Grief. She then laying her Hand to her Heart, and fetching a deep Sigh, broke out into such doleful Complaints as would have touched the most unconcerned Person in the World. *Oh Sir, said she, here it lies, my Recovery is impossible, let us not lose, I beg you, that little Time I have left in this miserable Condition. It seems, Madam, said she, turning towards the Countess of Douglas, as if GOD had brought you hither on purpose to be aiding towards my Tranquillity. I have one Favour to beg of you, which if you grant me, I shall die without Regret; and I know you both to be of so generous a Temper, and of such good Inclinations, that I dare promise myself you will not refuse it. No certainly, Madam, said they, you may be assured of us, and be satisfied, that we shall think nothing too much for your Satisfaction; then pray disclose your Mind, with an intire Confi-*

dence that you will be obeyed in whatever you shall desire from us. *Alas!* continued she, how is it possible for me to make you sensible of my Acknowledgment, if you, according to my Request and my Hopes, will take this dear Infant of mine, and make it your own; this poor Child is going to lose all in losing me; she will fall into her Uncle's Hands, who, to carry Favour at Court, will have her educated in the new Religion; I know you to be true zealous Catholicks, and therefore, without reflecting upon the Friendship you always bore to my Spouse, and whereof you have given me such signal Assurances just now, this Consideration alone, of seeing her brought up in our own Religion, makes me hope you will be very careful to conceal her true Extraction, and to suffer her to go for one of your own Children: I have the Honour to be related to you, I consider that you being not born the King's Subject, you are not so easily exposed to his Violences, and therefore art the only Person into whose Hands I can put this Treasure without fear of losing it.

The Earl of Douglas told her all that could be expected from a generous Man, a near Relation, and a true Friend: And the Countess protested to her, that the little *Julia* should have a Place in her Heart equal to what *Hypolitus* and *Lucilia* her own Children had; and that if she made any Difference betwixt them, it should be to the Advantage of *Julia*. I want Words suitable to express the Sentiments of my Heart, returned the Countess of Warwick; for what is it I am able to say, that bears the least Proportion to so infinite an Obligation! I accept, in behalf of my dear Child, the kind Offers you make me, Madam, and I will deliver up to you some Jewels I have, that they may serve her in case of Necessity. At the same time I beg you to believe, that in putting them into your Hands, I mistrust not your Generosity. I am intirely satisfied, that in this regard, as well as in respect to her Education, you will do every thing for her; but since I have them in my Power, it would be a Piece of Injustice not to let her enjoy what is her own.

She had no sooner spoken these Words, but taking a small Trunk from under her Bed, she delivered it to them, with the Jewels in it, to the Value of Six thousand

land Guineas. Here, said she, *this is all I have left out of a vast Estate, it is a slender Portion,* continued she, *for a young Woman of her Quality, and who perhaps will have a Heart suitable to her Birth; but as true Felicity is in Virtue, I hope she will never want Riches, Madam, being educated by you. For the rest, when she comes to an Age fit to keep a Secret, tell her, I conjure you, whose Daughter she is, shew her her Father's and my Picture, (which I give you) make her sensible how tender we were of her, and, Madam, engage her to pay the same Duty to our Memories she would questionless have paid to ourselves, had it not pleased God to take us away from her.*

Having finished these Words, she embraced the Child over and over, and then opening her Arms to the Countess of Douglas, she bid them, all overwhelmed with Tears, her last Farewel. *'Tis Time for you to go,* said she, *with a feeble Voice, it will be late before you get to London, and tho' it be a great Comfort to me to see you, it is Time we should part; I find my Strength to fail me, and am willing to bestow the small Remainder in making Preparations for my long Journey.*

My Lord and Lady Douglas were so far overwhelmed with Grief, that they could do nothing but shed Tears, without being able to utter one Word, or to leave her; but when they were just ready to go, this dying Lady, who had always an extraordinary Presence of Mind, told him, *There was one Thing more that much disturbed her, that was, How she should send her little Daughter to them unknown to her Domesicks, who, if they should know where she was, would perhaps give Notice thereof to little Julia's Uncle.* So, after having paused a while, she cast her Eyes upon her Chaplain, who being a Man capable of keeping a Secret, she told them, *She would leave that Part to his Care; and that with the Assistance of her Nurse, who was a good Catholick, and in whom she could confide, it should be given out that she died suddenly.*

Every thing being thus concerted betwixt them, they took their Farewel of this virtuous Lady; grieved to the very Soul to be obliged to leave her in so weak a Con-

dition ; they once more told her whatever they judged might settle her Mind on account of her dear Child, and for fear their Affiduity might create some Suspicion among her Domesticks, they durst not send very often to know how she did ; but in five Days after they received a Letter from the Chaplain notifying her Death, and the Place whither he had privately conveyed the Child. The Countess of *Douglas* took it to her own House, unperceived to any of her Family, because she had a Daughter much of the same Age with *Julia*, which being at Nurse in the Country, died not long before. When they brought her into her Mother's Apartment, (for so now we must call my Lady *Douglas*.) *Hypolitus* happened to be there, being then about seven Years old, and one of the fairest and wittiest Children in the World ; he was mightily taken with his little Sister *Julia*, so that *Lucilia*, who was then four Years old, was nothing to him in Comparison of the youngest ; he could scarce ever be without her, and even in that tender Age, when Nature acts without Controul, his Inclinations for her were so strong, that all his Care and Affiduities were confined to *Julia*.

It must be confessed she was charming to the highest Degree, and that to this Day never was a Woman seen more accomplished either in Body or Mind. When she was scarce twelve Years of Age she might already pass for the Wonder of her Time : She was tall, attended with a noble Air, yet full of Modesty and Sweetness ; she had large black Eyes, which cast such a Lustre, that it was not an easy Matter to look at them without being struck to the Heart : She had a little Mouth, red Lips, a glorious Set of Teeth : Her Complexion was exceeding fair and bright, intermixed with the most lively red that can be conceived ; and her fair curled Hairs was no small Addition to the rest of her Charms. Most *English* Ladies have very handsome Legs, Necks and Chest ; in this Point, also *Julia* surpassed her Country Women : She walked so finely, she danced with so good a Grace, she sung so charmingly, that she gained the Hearts and Admiration of all that beheld her. *Hypolitus* was no less accomplished in his Kind

Kind than *Julia* was in hers: His Shape, Head, Features, his Air, his noble Fierceness, his Deportment, his Cunning, his Wit, his Complaisance, all these, I say, Nature had bestowed upon him with so profuse a Hand, that no body that saw him could leave him without retaining some Inclinations for him. *Lucilia* had a great Share of Wit and Pleasantness, and exceeded most others so far in Beauty, that she was scarce inferior to any but her Sister; for both *Hypolitus* and she believed her to be their Sister, and they lived as such in a perfect Union. But at last *Hypolitus* began to be very melancholy, and *Julia* very pensive, they always loved to be together, and would always look for one another, and at meeting sigh and say little; they would spend whole Hours in casting languishing Looks at one another, and whilst they were indulging themselves in this innocent Pleasure, they would sometimes colour, cast their Eyes to the Ground, and fall in a deep Study.

All this while the Day seemed too short to them, to satisfy their Desire of seeing one another; and at parting they were very sensible that all their Satisfaction really centred in being together. *Lucilia*, who was of a very pleasing Temper, would often banter them about it: *Brother*, said she to *Hypolitus*, *you love my Sister better than me, I being the eldest cannot but be jealous of it; but after all, I cannot blame you for doing her Justice, and tho' I love you intirely, yet it seems to me as if she still loved you more than I do. Don't believe her*, *Brother*, said *Julia*, blushing, *we love you both alike. And why*, dear Sister, replied *Hypolitus*, *why should you envy me the Pleasure to hear you say that you love me?* *Julia* being nettled at these Words, said no more, but fell into her former Pensiveness. *Hypolitus* looked surprized, and full of Veneration; and *Lucilia*, who looked at them with some Amazement, knew not what to think of the Matter.

One Day, when the Earl of *Douglas* happened to be with his Family at *Buckingham*, where he had a fine Seat, it happened that *Julia*, with her Brother and Sister, was walking on the Side of a Lake, or standing Water, in the midst whereof being an artificial Isle, she

she had a mind to go thither to see the Swans that used to build their Nests in, or near that Isle: She no sooner had spoken of it, but away runs *Hypolitus* to a Place at some Distance thence, where he saw a small Boat tied with a Rope to a Tree; having loosened the Cord, into the Boat he gets, and rows to his Sisters, who immediately went into it; but having no Skill in managing the Boat, they got in among the Bullrushes, and the young Ladies, distracted with Fear, throwing themselves both on one Side, overturned the Boat, so that they were in great Danger of being drowned. *Lucilia* was saved by a strange good Fortune; and as for *Hypolitus*, he might have got off well enough, had he been by himself; but we always think ourselves in Danger, if what we love is so; this made him think more of his dear *Julia* than of himself; his Dexterity and Strength was so far improved by his Tenderness for *Julia*, that having got hold of her Cloaths, he would not let go his Hold, till he pulled her out of the Water to the Island, they being not far off. But it is impossible to express his Distraction, when he saw her Eyes shut, and her Cheeks covered with a deadly Paleness, without either Sense or Motion; and it being natural to imagine most readily what we dread most, he thought no otherwise than that she had been dead. *Oh! Unfortunate I*, cried he, *I am the Cause of my Sister's Death, she sunk to the Bottom before I came to her Assistance; Julia, my dear Julia, what will become of me?* At these Words he closed her in his Arms, and, laying his Lips to hers, was ready to expire there for Grief; but the natural Heat of his Sighs, and the Deluge of Tears wherewith he bathed her Face, soon revived her from a Swoon, which owed its Cause to nothing but Fear.

She no sooner opened her Eyes, but fixing them on *Hypolitus*, who himself had scarce recovered his right Senses, *What makes you so much concerned*, said she, *dear Brother? What makes you think me worthy of your Concern to such a Degree, when I myself should scarce think my Life worth repining after?* *Oh! dear Sister*, reply'd he, *embracing her, never talk to me of parting, were you sensible of what I felt within me you would pity me.*

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She was just going to return an Answer, when they saw a Boat very near them, which my Lord *Douglas* had sent to fetch them out of the Isle: For by good Fortune he happened to walk that Way when this Accident befel them; and had he not taken immediate Care for *Lucilia*, she had infallibly been drowned: For tho' her Brother loved her dearly, he was so busy about *Julia*, that he not so much as thought of *Lucilia*.

When they were got home, my Lord and my Lady *Douglas* gave them a sharp Reprimand, because they had thus exposed themselves to needless Danger: But *Lucilia* reflecting upon the Danger she had so lately escaped, and her Brother's Indifferency to her, *Truiy*, *Hypolitus*, said she, *it seems I alone am to run all Hazards, for when ever my Sister is with us, she is assured of your Care, but as for myself I don't know not what to expect.* These Words not only nettled the Brother and Sister, but also served to open my Lord and my Lady *Douglas's* Eyes in reference to *Hypolitus's* Conduct upon this Occasion, which afforded them somewhat of Vexation, having for a considerable Time past, taken a Resolution to marry *Hypolitus* with a Grand-daughter of *Guilespie*, Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland, and Earl of *Argyle*, she was Heiress to a vast Estate, and educated at *Edinburgh*; and then being besides this near Relations, my Lord *Douglas* was for sending *Hypolitus* into Scotland to his Mistress to gain her Favour and Approbation, intending at the same Time to make a Match betwixt *Julia* and the Earl of *Bedford*, who being of the same Family with my Lady *Douglas*, was extremely in Love with this young and lovely Lady.

My Lord and my Lady *Douglas* discoursing the Matter together, *What*, said they, *is it possible Hypolitus should love Julia otherwise than as a Brother does a Sister!* and recalling to mind several Passages, which they had scarce taken notice of before, they agreed that the Countess of *Douglas* should talk to *Julia* about it, as if it were by Accident. One Morning happening to come into her Daughter's Bed-chamber, she found *Hypolitus* upon his Knees at the Bed-side of *Julia*, she being as yet in Bed; *You are very early*, said my Lady *Douglas*

to her Son, with an angry Tone, *you had better spend your Time in learning those Things it is requisite you should know, than be continually in your Sister's Bed-chamber.* Hypolitus went away full of Grief, and my Lady afterwards addressing herself to her Daughters, told them, *That tho' it was their Duty to have a Tenderneſs for their Brother, and that ſhe commanded them ſo to do by all the Power ſhe had over them; that nevertheleſs now they were beyond the Age of Infancy, ſhe thought not fit they ſhould continue the ſame Familiarity as before; That, tho' ſhe wiſhed they might always live in a perfect good Underſtanding, yet this did not hinder but that they might act with Circumſpection.* Lucilia told her, *She was ready to obey,* but Julia bluſhed, and ſcarce durſt lift up her Eyes: And this Reprimand proved ſuch an Addition to her former Melancholy, that whatever Care ſhe took to conceal it, it was eaſily to be perceived.

She ſpent Part of her Day in the Cloſet, and towards the Evening, looking out at the Window, ſhe ſaw the Earl of Bedford coming into the Court. His Preſence was at all Times diſagreeable to her, but eſpecially at this Time, ſhe thought it would be inſupportable to her: This made her go down into the Garden, which being very ſpacious, with a ſmall Wood at one End of it, ſhe retired thither, intending to keep herſelf private for ſome Time, in a very fine Grotto, adorned with artificial Rocks, and Waterworks, and green Turfs. It was here that the fair Julia did abandon herſelf intirely to her melancholy Thoughts, when Hypolitus, drawn thither by his Spleen, which rendered him incapable of enjoying the Company of ſeveral Perſons of Quality, who were come to pay his Father a Viſit, ſeated himſelf in the ſame Grotto (without ſeeing his Siſter) leaning his Head againſt one of the Rocks, from whence aroſe a large Spring, which divided itſelf into many ſmall Branches: He remained for ſome Time immoveable like one in a Trance; but at laſt, all on a ſudden, Julia, *my dear Julia,* cried he, *ſince the Paſſion I have for you is a prohibited Paſſion, ſince in adoring you I commit a Crime, and that it is eaſier for me to ceaſe to live, than to ceaſe to love you, I am reſolved to die, and to die innocent,*

innocent, by a Flame I am not able to extinguish. At these Words, drawing his Sword, he turned the Point thereof towards his Breast, when Julia, almost quite out of her Senses, fetching a great Cry, *Alas! Brother*, said she, throwing herself in his Arms, and stopping his Hand, *What is it that drives you thus to Despair? Can any thing be more dreadful than the Resolution you have taken? Hypolitus*, quite amazed at the Sight of her, threw himself at her Feet, without saying one Word, till at last breaking Silence, *Sister*, said he, *I am no more Master now of my Secret, because you have heard it from my own Mouth; but the only thing that astonishes me is, that, knowing the true Cause of my Despair, you should have so much Compassion, as to desire I should live. I don't, dear Julia, deserve your Pity, and tho' my Crime be not voluntary, and that I have neglected nothing which I thought might regulate my Passion, and reduce it into its due Bounds, that fatal Planet under which I am born, opposes itself against it with all its Might, so that finding my Misfortune unavoidable, I was going to seek for a Remedy another Way, just when you stopt me. Alas!* replied Julia, *Alas, Brother, that Planet you complain of, has proved no less malignant to me than it has to you; know then our Misfortunes are the same, Hypolitus; I love you, and I love you too much, you being my Brother; I am willing to make this ingenuous Confession unto you, to deserve your Compassion, as well as you have mine, being resolved never to see you any more. Yes, Brother, I am resolved to go into France into a Nunnery, where I will hide both my Shame and Vexation from all the World: Nay, I had even taken a Resolution you should have known nothing of it yourself; but how is it possible for me to see you in this Condition, without affording you this Consolation?* Hypolitus was so transported at what he heard his dear Julia tell him, that he was not able to speak. He remained all this While at her Feet, and at last fixing his Eyes on her with a fearful Countenance, *I can't*, said he, *oppose so generous a Resolution, tho' it will be the greatest Affliction to me in the World to lose you for ever, and see you shut up in a Nunnery. My Heart finds a certain Comfort in this Consideration, That*
you

you are not to be married to the Earl of Bedford. Oh! said she, would you I should marry another Man? Alas Sister, replied he, don't urge me to tell you my Sentiments upon that Head, but rest assured, that on my Side I will never alter my Condition; and that since we must part, I will lead so sad, and so deplorable a Life, as will soon put an End to my Days.

Julia returned no Answer but by Sighs, and both bursting out into Tears, Brother, said she, with a tender Look, it is resolved I shall see you no more; let us hide our Misfortunes from all the World, and if possible even from our own Knowledge. She had no sooner said these Words but she left the Grotto without daring to look upon Hypolitus, and he saw her depart without daring to stop her.

In the Condition she was then in, she thought it best not to appear in the Countess of Douglas's Chamber till pretty late, knowing the Earl of Bedford would be there, it being an additional Trouble to her, to meet with a Lover who was indifferent to her; and he finding no Opportunity to speak to her, went away again the same Evening.

Julia had a very ill Night of it, being quite distracted with the Thoughts of the Oddness of their Fate; Good God, said she, crying most bitterly, What is it my Brother and I have done at so young an Age as ours is, to deserve so severe a Chastisement? At last, arising out of her Bed very early, (which she might very well do, having not shut her Eyes all that Night) she dressed herself very neatly, and knowing my Lady Douglas to be in her Closet, she went thither, and in a trembling Posture threw herself at her Feet: My Lady, surprized at this Action, What do you want, Julia, said she, very tenderly? And what makes you to appear in this Posture I see you before me? Madam, replied she, it is the Desire I have to crave a Favour of you, which I beg you not to refuse me: I am now fifteen Years of Age, and being your youngest Daughter, don't expect any considerable Fortune; I don't find myself inclined to Marriage, but rather to a religious Life; so that, Madam, if the Desire I have of going into France is not displeasing to you, I
conjure

conjure you to consent to it, and that either you or my Father would conduct me to a Nunnery. Daughter, said the Countess, with a tender Air, have you seriously considered of what you are going to do? I should be very sorry to see you make a false Step of this Kind; you are so very young, that you ought to take some longer Time before you resolve upon a Matter of such Consequence. Julia, persisting in her Request, told her with a great deal of Resolution, She had well weighed the Matter, and hoped she should never repent of it: So Madam Douglas promised she would do her utmost with her Husband to make him give his Consent.

Accordingly she went immediately into the Earl's Apartment; I was always scrupulous, said she, to believe that Hypolitus and Julia loved one another. Poor Child, she has quite another Thing in her Head, she has a Mind to embrace a religious Life, and I came in on purpose to consult with you what is best to be done on this Occasion, for she desires that either you or I should carry her into France into the Nunnery. I don't see, said my Lord Douglas, how we can refuse her this Satisfaction; but if she goes, it will fall to your Lot, Madam, to conduct her thither: However, I think it requisite, added he, that above all Things we let her know (according to her Mother's last Request) who she is, and have the Thing confirmed to her by the same Chaplain who was entrusted to deliver her to us. My Lady Douglas approved her Lord's Advice, and having perceived some Uneasiness in Julia, she sent for her into her Chamber, and told her, Dear Child, your Father and I wish nothing more than your Satisfaction; He grants that you desired, and I am to conduct you myself, tho' it is not without a singular Affliction, to have you at such a Distance for ever. Julia returned Thanks with all imaginable Tenderness, and so left the Countess's Apartment.

She was no sooner come back into her own Chamber, but Lucilia told her, that Hypolitus waited for her coming in his Closet; he is so much altered, added she, that I am much troubled to see him: Dear Sister, you are his Confident, pray do all you can to comfort him, for he seems to me to be full of Affliction. Julia, not a little disturbed

at what had passed betwixt her Mother and herself, but much more at what *Lucilia* told her, went straightway to his Closet. Here she found *Hypolitus* lying upon his Couch, his Face covered with his Handkerchief. At her coming in he would have raised himself, but for want of Strength fell down again upon the Couch. *Julia* drew nearer, and squeezing one of his Hands betwixt hers, looked upon him for some Time with Tears in her Eyes: After a long Silence, *Brother*, said she to him, *the Condition I see you in afflicts me to the highest Degree; am I not sufficiently miserable already, that you should add new Afflictions to those I am ready to sink under before? You are resolved to die, Hypolitus, and I would have you live. I require of you in the Name of--* Oh! dear Sister, said he, interrupting her, *don't make use of that Power you have over me, to engage me to preserve this miserable Life, rather consider, that I am going to lose you, that it is not in my Power to oppose it, that I shall never see you any more; nay, that I must not so much as endeavour to see you: Set before your Eyes the dismal Consequences of this Adventure, and let me die without Delay, this being the only Remedy against that Evil I suffer, I can either find or wish for. Dear Brother,* replied *Julia*, *Reason will put you in mind of your Duty, you will forget me when you see me no more. Hypolitus,* turning his Head another Way, withdrew his Hand, which *Julia* still held fast, without answering her one Word.

She looked stedfastly upon him for some Time; but perceiving he would not speak, Now *Brother*, said she, *it seems as if you were quite separate, you won't so much as talk to me! do you think me unworthy of your Compassion, and that I don't put a great Violence upon my Inclination, in what I am going about to do?* He returned no Answer, and would not so much as open his Eyes to look at her. *You are then resolved to die, my dear Hypolitus,* said she, *well, let us die together, I am not against it; but you must make great Haste, if you intend to die before me. Oh! Sister,* cried he with a deep Sigh, *permit me to be the only Victim to be offered at this Sacrifice; take my Word for it you have overdone your*
Duty

Duty already ; Live, live, my lovely Julia, what should make you die ? And why will you die, barbarous Man ? replied she angrily, *is it not your Obstinacy that makes you die ? Hypolitus*, now not able to bear her Reproaches, threw himself at her Feet, and taking hold of her fair Hands, kissed them most tenderly ; *Be satisfied, dear Sister*, said he, *I am resolved to obey you, and to follow blindly your Advice, and to convince you of the Truth thereof, I will take immediately some Nourishment, because I intended to procure my Death, by abstaining from all Manner of Sustenance, but now will absolutely submit to your Commands.* Julia called to her Sister to fetch something to eat for their Brother, she being not in a Condition to be seen by any Body.

She told *Hypolitus* what had passed betwixt Madam Douglas and herself, that she had promised to conduct her into France, and was making Preparations accordingly for their Journey. *Hypolitus* eat a little, which threw him into a violent Fever the same Night. *Julia* was as much concerned thereat as you may imagine, and in this sad Condition did not fail to see and attend him with great Assiduity, and her Eyes were more eloquent than her Lips, to discover to *Hypolitus* what Share she bore in his Illness : But that which at another Time would have afforded him no small Matter of Consolation, served at this Time only to augment his Affliction, and he would willingly have preferred *Julia's* Aversion to her Tenderness ; and this virtuous young Lady entertained the same Thoughts concerning him.

It being soon noised abroad that she intended to be a Nun, even those that had no peculiar Regard to her rejected her Fate, and it was the Wonder of the whole Town, that so accomplished a Lady, both in Body and Mind, should shut herself up in a Nunnery for the whole Remainder of her Life ; but among the rest the Earl of Bedford was the most concerned at this Resolution : He went to the Earl of Douglas, who was by this Time returned to London, and told him, *That he had so violent and so pure a Passion for Julia, that if he would but bestow her Person upon him, he would not look for any thing further, both his Estate and Fortune being sufficient*

cient to make Julia happy; that all his Desires were centred in her, that he adored her, and that if all Hopes were taken from him to enjoy her, he should be the most unfortunate Man on Earth. My Lord returned his Compliment with all imaginable Civilities; but withal told him, *That he could not, without blaming himself, take away from his Daughter the Liberty of making her own Choice of what Condition of Life she was inclined to embrace; that it was true it was such a one as he had a great Aversion to, and that nevertheless he thought he ought not to oppose her Intentions, and that, to shew him the Esteem and Regard he had to his Person and Family, (Madam Douglas being of the same Name) if he could settle his Affection upon Lucilia, his eldest Daughter, who would have a much better Portion, he would give her him with all his Heart.* The Earl of Bedford returned his Thanks as well as his present Condition would permit him, and so returned Home full of Affliction.

Thus Things were carried on, whilst my Lady Douglas was busied in buying such Things as she thought necessary for *Julia*; which done, she told her, it was now Time to take Leave of her Friends, because she intended to set out for *France* within two Days. At this News, that Courage which was so natural to this young Lady, began to fail her: She ran up to her Brother's Chamber, overwhelmed with a Flood of Tears; he being still in Bed, she bid the Servant that attended him to withdraw, and then seated herself upon his Bed, and looking upon him with a very melancholy Countenance, I am now come at last, *said she, dear Brother, I am come at last to bid you farewell for ever. Oh! what dreadful Words! Farewell for ever. Is it possible it should be so? She could say no more, the repeated Sighs and Sobs intercepting the Use and Sound of her Voice.* *Hypolitus*, with his Arms across, and his Eyes lifted up to Heaven, *replied with a low and almost unintelligible interrupted Voice, My dear Julia, is this the Day on which I am going to lose you? Is this dreadful Moment come at last, and I dare not so much as to dissuade you from what will render this Life of mine unfortunate and deplorable? Nay, I will ever*
endeavour

endeavour to hide from you, if it is possible, what a miserable Condition you leave me in, for fear your Compassion should get the Victory of your Resolution and Courage. We must, we must part, Sister, *added he*, Fate will have it so. Oh! *Julia, Julia*, why was I your Brother? At these Words he turned away to conceal his Tears, which he shed in Abundance: But *Julia* desiring him to look at her, Don't envy me, *said she*, dear *Hypolitus*, this only Comfort I have left, let me be an Eye-witness of all your Pains; it is impossible it should encrease mine, but it may ease them. And you, *continued she*, severe Virtue, rigorous Duty, tender Passions, who have infused into my Heart such Sentiments as I ought, and must disown, accept of this Sacrifice I make you of all my Passions and Liberty, I am going to bury myself for all the Remainder of my Days; will not this be sufficient to free me from all Sorts of Reproaches? She was then going to arise, but her Strength failing, and a deadly Paleness overspreading her Face, she fell backward into an Elbow-chair, and thereby reduced *Hypolitus* into the most pitiful State that can be imagined. However, she soon recovered herself, and fixing her Eyes on her Brother, who was half dead himself, Farewel my dear *Hypolitus*, *said she to him*, I have loved you too well, both for yours and my own Repose. Farewel dear Sister, *said he*, *embracing her, and bathing her Cheeks with his Tears*, you leave me the most unfortunate and most afflicted of all Men living, I have no Hopes of Relief, but in a speedy Death. So *Julia* left him, and retiring into her Chamber, threw herself upon the Bed.

Oh! what a dismal Night was this for the Sister and Brother! What Abundance of Tears! What numberless Sighs! What a doleful Parting and violent Separation! But they must submit to the Laws of Duty, and two such great and fair Souls could not but accomplish them. *Julia*, quite tired out with sighing and crying, slumbered a little towards Morning, when *Elizabeth*, her waiting Woman, came to tell her that my Lady *Douglas* wanted to speak with her. She got up immediately, and going into my Lady's Closet, found her there
with

with the Earl of Douglas and a Clergyman. My Lady bid her shut the Door, and ordering her to sit down near her, My dear Child, *said she*, we are going to tell thee something which will not a little surprize you.

You believe yourself to be our Daughter, and in respect of the Love and Tenderneſs we bare you ; you are not miſtaken in it ; but we muſt now diſcloſe to you a Secret that highly concerns you, you are only a Relation of ours by your Mother's Side, who was of the Family of Montgomery ; look, here is her Picture, continued ſhe, and this is that of your illuſtrious Father, Roger, Earl of Warwick, Son to the Earl of Salisbury ; look, here are to the Value of betwixt ſix and ſeven thouſand Pounds Sterling, Jewels this virtuous Lady put into our Hands for your Uſe ; and Mr. Eratua, who was her Chaplain when ſhe died, him you ſee here before you, is the Perſon whom ſhe intruſted to deliver you up into our Hands. 'Tis now thirteen Years ago, when the King having introduced certain Innovations in point of Religion to pleaſe Anna Boullain, whom he loved ; he afterwards made her die upon the Scaffold, ſuch was his fickle and inconstant Temper, even in relation to thoſe Things that had been once the deareſt to him.

The Earl of Warwick, your Father, a good zealous Catholick, ſaw himſelf involved in the Miſfortunes of one of his neareſt Kinſmen of the ſame Name, who loſt his Life on a Scaffold ; not to fall under the ſame Fate, he retired to Venice, and went a Volunteer along with the Venetian Generaliſſimo Capello to Corfu, and thence to the Gulf where the Turkiſh Fleet then had their Station. The famous Dragut Rais, who had rendered himſelf ſo redoubtable by his many Pyracies, engaging two Venetian Gallies, took them ; but not till the Earl of Warwick, after a moſt noble Defence, was ſlain, and cut to Pieces : Your Mother, quite overwhelmed with Grief at the Loſs of your Father, being ſoon reduced to the laſt Extremity of her Life, and fearing that, under the preſent moſt deplorable Circumſtances of her Family, you would fall into the Hands of your neareſt Relations, and that by their Authority they would have you educated in the new Religion they had embraced themſelves, ſhe intruſted us with this pre-
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cious Pledge, and we may justly say, that were you our own Daughter we could not love you more than we do: Keep this Secret, my dear Child, continued she, (for I neither can, nor ought to call you otherwise than so) don't impart it to any Body; you see how under this present young King Edward this new Religion increases daily; you see they act not conformably to the last Will of King Henry VIII. in behalf of the Catholics; you see that the Duke of Somerset (who by the Rank he bears of being the King's Uncle, and Protector of the Kingdom, is in great Authority) protects publickly the Lutherans; that he infuses the same Principles into the King, and that on that Account the Catholics are in more Danger here than ever; all this obliges you by that Love you ought to have for yourself, to conceal your Extraction; but at the same Time to pay due Honours to the Memory of those Persons who brought you into this World.

Julia, troubled, confounded, and transported with Joy (tho' she did all she could to conceal it) arising, and throwing herself at the Countess's Feet, most tenderly kissed her Hands; Madam, said she, the Obligations I owe you are the more valuable, because I am not actually your Daughter; had I that Honour, it would seem as if Nature had incensed you to give me that noble Education you have bestowed upon me; but as the Case now stands, it is all owing to your own Generosity: At the same Time I lose all I have to lose in losing the Honour of being yours; you will be no more my Mother, and I know not where to meet with another. God forbid, said my Lord Douglas, interrupting her, you should be no more my Daughter; you shall always be so, my dear Julia, continued he, and you must look upon ours as your own Father's House as long as you live. Julia returned her hearty Thanks for this fresh Demonstration of their Friendship, in the most tender and engaging Expressions she could; and the old Chaplain repeated and confirmed to her as his verbal Testimony every Thing my Lord and my Lady Douglas had told her before, and that with Tears in his Eyes, because he fancied he saw in the Person of Julia the lively Picture of the Countess of Warwick her Mother; and, to speak the Truth,

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there

there was so perfect a Resemblance betwixt both their Features, that when this beautiful young Lady cast her Eyes upon her Mother's Picture which my Lady Douglas gave to her, she really believed for some Time it was drawn for her without her Knowledge.

My Lord Douglas desired her to take the Jewels into her own Custody, and when she refused to take them, and begged they would keep them for her, he told her, *That they belonged to her, and that therefore it was but reasonable she should have them; but,* added he, *dear Child, that will be but for a small Time, because to Morrow you go to France to take a Nun's Habit, which has not the least Resemblance to such magnificent Ornaments.* She blushed, and left them without answering one Word.

She no sooner was got into her Closet, but finding herself alone, and at full Liberty to abandon herself to her Joy, she thought she should never have outlived it; *What,* cried she, *am I not Hypolitus's Sister? Heaven has wrought a Miracle for my Deliverance, without which I must have been all my Days the most unfortunate Woman on Earth. What would become of me had they kept this Secret but a little longer? My Vows, and the austere Life of a Nunnery, would have robbed me of all my Hopes of seeing our Fate united: Alas! What makes me tarry so long? Why am I not before this Time in his Chamber? Am I not now Mistress of a Thing that so nearly concerns him, and I lose Time in not telling it him?* So she went towards his Chamber, her Eyes sparkling with Joy, with an Air so lively and pleasing, that those that had seen her but two Hours before, would scarce have known her now. She desired Lucilia to go along with her to Hypolitus's Chamber, whom they found so dejected, and so deeply afflicted with his melancholly Thoughts and his Fever, that he had scarce Power to speak. They asked him how he did. He told them, in a languishing Tone, he was very ill; and observing, not without some Surprise, mixed with Vexation, *Julia* in so gay and brisk a Humour, which she was not able to conceal at that Time; *And as for you, Sister,* said he, *one need not ask you how you do, it is enough to see*

see you, and you never appeared to me so well satisfied in your Life. I never had so much Reason, said she, smiling. How! cried he, you are going to leave us, and you are overjoyed at it; pray at least have so much Complaisance as to keep within the Rules of Decency, and don't insult over Lucilia and I because we are sorry for your Departure, which, alas, being near at hand, will soon rid you of your Pain; don't you know that to Morrow is the fatal Day we must lose you?

Lucilia perceiving her to return no Answer, but to make a Sign to her Brother, went to the Window, which she opened, and whilst she was looking out of it, afforded them an intire Freedom of entertaining one another. Then Julia fixing her Eyes on Hypolitus, who was quite confounded to see her so contented. 'What good News have I to tell you, said she, it is such, Hypolitus, as you will scarce be able to believe, you will imagine it to be a Fiction. I will believe every Thing you tell me, said he, interrupting her with somewhat of Impatience; but, dear Sister, what can you tell me that should be so pleasing to me; my Misfortunes are past a Cure. And supposing I should not be your Sister, would not that go a great Way in procuring you that Satisfaction you now despair of?' He returned no Answer, but only lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, as if he would say, that no such Thing could enter into his Thoughts.

Then Julia continuing, I blame myself, said she, for suffering you to languish so long, after having told you, that I knew something that might afford you some Consolation. Dear Hypolitus, be assured you are not my Brother, nor am I your Sister. She then told him all she had understood concerning her Birth, shewed him the Earl of Warwick and the Countess her Mother's Pictures, together with the Jewels. Every Thing that can be conceived falls far short from what this Lover felt at that Moment: He was so far transported with Joy as to lose the Use of his Tongue; his Eyes, which were fixed on Julia's, sometimes by their Sprightliness, sometimes by their Languishment, discovered the different Passions and Agitations of his Soul: He took hold

of one of her Hands, which he kissed with so much Transport, as if he would never have parted with it. He continued for a considerable Time in the Surprize, till at last recovering himself, like one revived from the Dead, O God! charming *Julia*, said he, don't you only flatter my Pain? Is it possible what you tell me should be so? Nay, it was not to be imagined that such fair Eyes as yours should kindle a Flame that is criminal; what a Pleasure is it to abandon one's self to all the Transports, to all the Agitations of Mind, the strongest and most respectful Passion in the World is able to inspire? But pray take your Share in my Felicity, my lovely Mistress; pray tell me, are not you well pleased with it? Ah! dear *Hypolitus*, can you question it, said she, interrupting him? You are too well acquainted with my most secret Thoughts, not to be sensible what Effect this unexpected Miracle may produce in my Heart; but I can't but confess to you, that my Joy is not without some Allay of Fear, you are for a considerable Time past designed for my Lady *Argyle*, I have no great Fortune, and you will find, that after we have escaped these dreadful Rocks at Sea, we shall suffer Shipwreck in the Port itself.

No, Madam, replied *Hypolitus*, kissing her Hand, no, I will not mistrust my good Fortune after she has done so much for me, every Thing will be easy for her for the future, provided, my dear *Julia*, you act in concert with her. In the mean while, Brother, said she, (for I will not wean myself from calling you so) what must I do to put a Stop to that fatal Journey which is fixed for to Morrow? Consider every Thing is ready, and what a Nonplus I am likely to be put to. You must, dear *Julia*, feign yourself sick, and tell them, it is the Effect of your Surprize at so singular an Event wherein you are so nearly concerned: It will not be very hard for me, said she, to make them believe for some few Days that I am ill, but a healthy Countenance will soon betray the Cheat; there is a very apparent Difference betwixt one that labours under real Sufferings, and one that only feigns himself so to do. Dear Sister, replied *Hypolitus*, let us make a Beginning with this, and

and afterwards we will consider what is farther to be done.

Having said these Words, *Lucilia* drew near: I think, *said she*, you will at least think yourself obliged to me for my Complaisance; I hope, *added she*, with a pleasing Smile, you do not think I took Delight for these two Hours past to look at the Birds, truly I am too good-natured. Oh! *Lucilia, Lucilia*, *said Julia*, embracing her, if I knew you could keep a Secret, how pleased should I be to repay your Goodness, with making you my Confident. If I could keep a Secret? *replied Lucilia*, smiling, you make very bold with your elder Sister; pray a little more Respect, *Julia*, or else I will desire Justice from my Brother. Your Judge is sure to give it against you; *replied Hypolitus*, stretching out his Hands, it is not in my Power to be against *Julia*. And who then shall stand up for me, *add'd Lucilia*? I will for you against myself, *said Julia*: I am already blaming myself for having called your Secrecy in question, and for the future I will have none but what you shall know of. She then related to her every Thing she had told her dear *Hypolitus* before; and being a young Lady of great Presence of Mind, she judged rightly it would be very beneficial to them to bring over *Lucilia* into their Interest. She then received upon this Occasion the most convincing Proofs of her Friendship; for after the first Surprise, occasioned by so unexpected a Piece of News, was over, and that she had Leisure to consider how for the future she was no more to be *Julia's* Sister, she fell a crying most bitterly: Alas! *said she to her*, now you know that we don't belong to one another, I have all the Reason to fear you will withdraw your Heart from me, and fix it on some Body else, which may better deserve it than I. I know not, dear Sister, *replied Julia*, interrupting and embracing her, where I should meet with such a Friend as you speak of, and I believe I might look for such a one in vain; then don't think me so frail as to be guilty of such a Change; you shall always be dear to me, my tender *Lucilia*, and I give you the most convincing Proofs of it that is in my Power to give; but I think it is Time

for us to retire, for Fear of a Surprise. You know what a dark Lesson we had once on that Account.

They left the amorous *Hypolitus* to his own Thoughts, being like one enchanted and transported with Joy. His Fever which ow'd its Cause to nothing else but the Disturbance of his Mind, left him on a sudden, and in spite of all his Weakness, he left his Bed at the same time *Julia* took hers. The better to counterfeit this sick Woman, she had all the Windows of her Chambers darkened, and she engaged *Lucilia* to assist her in perswading my Lord and my Lady *Douglas*, that she was really ill, which they soon believed. The Physicians finding no Symptoms of a Fever, and there being no Signs of Illness in her Countenance, they were not a little puzzled what to prescribe her; she complained of a violent Head-ach, and would cry out sometimes for Pain. *Lucilia* told them, it was most at Nights, and that her Sister did not shut an Eye all Night long. So no body suspecting the Truth thereof, the Physicians ordered her to change the Air, which was done accordingly, and they carried her to *Buckingham*.

Whilst she was there, *Hypolitus* was made sensible of a certain Pleasure he never had tasted before, I mean, he now had the Opportunity of giving vent to the most tender and most violent Passion a Heart was ever possess'd with. He lost not a Minute, but always was with his Mistress; and no body imagining otherwise, than that she was really sick, and every body wishing for her speedy Recovery, nothing was omitted that could contribute towards her Diversion. This offered abundance of Liberty to *Hypolitus*, and facilitated his free Access to her every Hour of the Day.

Neither my Lord nor my Lady *Douglas*, were in the least concerned thereat, being fully perswaded she had not altered her Resolution, but that she would pursue it as soon as the Recovery of her Health would permit her to go into *France*. The Earl of *Bedford*, in the mean time flattering himself, that by his continual Addresses, he might prevail upon this fair Lady to alter her Resolution, made her frequent Visits at *Buckingham*, not omitting any thing on his part, which he thought might be
requisite

requisite to touch her Heart with Compassion; though at the same time, she always received him with so much indifferency, as might well make him lose all Hopes of Success. Notwithstanding all this, his repeated Addresses could not but cause some Uneasiness in the amorous *Hypolitus*, so that he could no longer forbear to discover it to *Julia*, one Day as she was taking a solitary Walk in a small adjacent Wood. Having for some Time spoken in general Terms of this Lover, I know, added he, he adores you, he carries your Fetters, and every body knows he does so. I cannot be an Eye-witness of it, without much Vexation. Ah! If you could be sensible how dear he pays for this Honour, said *Julia* to him smiling, you would have nothing but Compassion for him; for I give him such an Entertainment, as will make him not relish very long his importunate Perseverance.

Whilst they were thus diverting themselves in Discourse, they came to the Grotto, and *Julia* being somewhat tired with walking, they went in there to rest themselves. The Countess of *Douglas* happened to be at the same Time in the Grotto, to consider of some additional Embellishments she had made there; but perceiving her two Children coming that Way at some distance, and willing to overhear their Discourse, the better to satisfy her Curiosity and Jealousy concerning the pretended Sickness of *Julia*, and the Fear she lay under lest *Hypolitus* should prove an Obstacle to her intended Departure for *France*, she slipped immediately into a desert Place, which being between two Creeks, made a kind of a Niche.

Julia having seated herself, *Hypolitus* threw himself at her Feet; I cannot see you, said she, in so uneasy a Posture, and so made him sit down by her. Ah! have you forgot me, said he, my charming Mistress, that this is the same Place where you saved my Life; and ought I not to shew you my Acknowledgment at your Feet? Alas! *Hypolitus*, said she, why will you recall to my Mind that melancholly Day? I shall always remember it, and I ought to do so much more than you, dear *Julia*, said he, interrupting her, for that Day you call melan-

cholly to you, proved very charming to me; being the same Day when I understood from your own Mouth, that you were not insensible of my Passion; were it possible for me to tell you, what a Comfort this Confession produced in my Soul, at the very Extremity of my Despair, whilst I still thought myself to be your Brother, and that I could not reap any Benefit from that Tenderness, on which depended the Preservation of my Life, you would then be more fully convinced of my Passion. Ah, my dear *Hypolitus*, said she with a languishing Look, be satisfied with those Sentiments I have for you they are such as I could wish less violent; but my Heart will not hearken to the advice of Reason, and I dread sometimes the dismal Consequences of your Tenderness. If your Friends, who design you for your Cousin, should get notice thereof, without doubt they wou'd send me far enough off; and it is possible, *Hypolitus*, it is possible, alas, your *Julia* might never see you again. Don't disturb the Sweetness of my present Satisfaction, said he interrupting her, with your dismal Predictions, Madam, and rest assured, I will rather cease to live, than cease to be yours; no Power on Earth shall be able to alter my Resolution.

I am sufficiently convinced of your Constancy, as not in the least to doubt of what you tell me, reply'd *Julia*; but after all, supposing they should force me to go into *France*, and there to embrace a Religious Life, what must we do then? Venture at all, reply'd *Hypolitus* abruptly, Venture all, Madam; for rather than submit to such a Constraint, I would carry Things to the last Extremity: How! do you think I will see you to be made a Sacrifice to the Misfortunes of your Family; and under pretence that Fortune has deny'd you her Favours, when Heaven has heap'd them upon you, and made you the most adorable Person in the World? Under this Pretence, say I, should they force you to embrace a Life that is contrary to your Inclinations and my Repose? However, said he, and so arising in the utmost Fury from his Seat, and walking towards the other Side of the Grotto, he espies Madam *Douglas*; and

Julia

Julia seeing her as well as he, they remained as immovable, as if they had been two Statues.

My Lady *Douglas* seeing it was in vain to conceal herself any longer, came forth out of that fatal Place, and looking on both with Eyes sparkling with Anger, I never thought; said she to *Julia*, that a young Woman so well born as you are, would dispose of her Heart without the Approbation of those to whom she belongs; And as for you, *Hypolitus*, you I say, who knew our Intentions concerning your Marriage, you are very insolent in daring to enter into an Engagement with *Julia*, at a Time when we were upon the Point of concluding a Marriage with my Lady *Argyle* and you; and so she went abruptly out of the Grotto without saying one Word more.

Who is able to describe the deplorable Condition these two Lovers saw themselves reduc'd to? Certainly nothing could exceed their Trouble and Grief: *Hypolitus* drawing near *Julia*, she dropt, as it were, into his Arms. What will become of us, *Hypolitus*, said she, what a dreadful Storm is hanging over our Heads? Every Thing I foresee is enough to confound and render me quite inconsolable? Alas! Why did they undeceive me? Otherwise I had been in a Nunnery in *France* by this Time. What makes you regret this your Destiny, my dear Lady, said she, interrupting her? Our Misfortunes appear greater to you than really they are; a reasonable Share of Constancy will clear our Way, and deliver us from those Persecutions they prepare for us. *Hypolitus*, said she, I shall neither want Courage nor Constancy; but my Duty is still dearer to me than my Love, and you may be certain that when the first speaks, the last must obey. Oh! what do I ask of you, my dear *Julia*, continu'd he, that is contrary to your Duty? Was there ever a Passion more pure or full of Respect than mine? Don't therefore disturb yourself with vain Notions, at the time we stand in Need of all our Passion and Strength to support the War they are going to make upon us.

He then kiss'd *Julia's* Hands, and by his Raptures, and the Motions of his Heart, sufficiently discovered the true State of his Soul. It was already very late; Lovers

soon forget themselves when they are together, and the Hours of Love are very short: At last our two Lovers parted, but not without giving all the mutual Assurances that could be, that they would love one another till Death.

Julia intended to shut herself up in her Closet, there to ruminate upon the Oddness of their Adventure, and upon the future Deportment towards my Lady *Douglas*; but it was not long before one of her Maids came to desire her to come down Stairs to her Mother, who wanted to speak with her. Poor Lady, she went down trembling, and with such Paleness in her Countenance, that one would have believed she was going to receive Sentence of Death; and when she came into my Lord and my Lady's Apartment, she found them so far changed in their Looks from what they used to appear to her, that she was quite startled thereat. You deviate so far, *said my Lady Douglas to her*, from the Opinion I had conceived of your Tenderness, that I cannot at this Time give you the Name of my Child: How! *Julia*, after you had been received and treated by us like our own Child, can you have so little Gratitude in you, as to endeavour the Ruin of *Hypolitus's* Fortune, and to make his Heart rebellious against his Duty to us? You have raised in him a Passion you know must be displeasing to us; you cajole us with the Hopes of your going into a Nunnery, whilst at the same time, you take quite a contrary Measure to what is becoming *Julia*, of those Dispositions so full of Sincerity and Dutifulness we have infused into you. Are you not still the same you always used to appear to us?

The fair *Julia* was touched to the Quick at the Countesses Reproaches; she was so nice in what we call Duty and Sincerity, that she thought it the highest Piece of Injustice that could be done her, to be charged with want thereof: She blushed both for Shame and Spite to have so severe a Reprimand given her. She kept her Eyes fix'd upon the Ground for some Time, but at last turning them upon the Countess, she returned her an Answer, containing an equal Mixture of Modesty, and of a noble Haughtiness: *I dare assure you, Madam*, *said she*,

She, I am not ungrateful, and the Obligations I owe you shall never be rased either out of any Remembrance or my Heart; I am willing to own to you at the same Time, that I betrayed myself by my tender Sentiments for Hypolitus; I thought I loved him no otherwise than a Brother, and 'tis in vain to deny it, since you know it already: This Friendship should never have made any further Progress in my Heart than I would have wished it should, had I been Mistress of it; but I was not sensible of my Misfortune till it was too late, and past Cure. Hypolitus's Case was as desperate as mine; he protested to me in Terms so violent and so convincing, that his Life depended on me; that my Frailty seconded by certain particular Motives that engaged me in his Behalf, I had not Power to deny him some Acknowledgments; and what encouraged me in shewing this Indulgence both to him and to myself, was, that I thought myself not altogether unworthy of the Honour of being your Relation. 'Tis true, Madam, my Fortune is but moderate, but that don't always make the Repose and Happiness of our Life; I have heard say, that the Union of Hearts is a most necessary Ingredient in Marriage, which is not to cease till Death; I have the Honour to be related to you, as well as my Lady Argyle, whom you design for Hypolitus, and——So that, Madam, said the Earl of Douglas interrupting her, you thought it enough for my Son to love you, and you to love him, you thought that your Satisfaction and ours must be the same; but you have flattered yourself too far, and that for the future you may take such Measures as will be necessary for your Repose, I now declare to you, that you must either chuse to go into France in a Nunnery, or marry the Earl of Bedford, there is no Medium to be chosen betwixt these two; consider what you think most convenient for yourself, and let us know your Resolution to Morrow.

Julia, quite distracted at so rough a Treatment, went out of the Room strait to Hypolitus's Chamber, where she fell into a Swoon like one half dead. Lucilia came to give her all the necessary Assistance, but as for poor Hypolitus, he was so full of Affliction, that he stood no less in Need of Aid than his dear Mistress: But after

some Time, being recovered out of her Swoon, she told them every Thing that passed in their Conversation with my Lord and my Lady.

'Twas at this Time they began to set before their Eyes all the Misfortunes they foresaw were intended for them; Was I too happy, just Heaven, cry'd *Hypolitus*? Was I too happy, to see all my Hopes thus overturned at once? But, continu'd he, what is it I say, my dear Lady? If you are not against me, who is able to separate our Hearts? Believe me, *Hypolitus*, said she with a tender Look, 'tis Death alone can part us; I am resolved to venture at All, and I promise you I will never alter my Sentiments; not that I am insensible of what I am likely to suffer; but all my Pains will be welcome to me, so long as they can contribute any Thing towards preserving for you your *Julia*. This faithful Lover touched to the Heart with Love and Acknowledgment, told her every Thing that may be called tender and engaging upon such an Occasion as this; but they were both of them put to the greatest Nonplus that could be, what Answer *Julia* was to give to Morrow to my Lord and Lady *Douglas*; at last they resolved, she was to desire a longer Time to consider of the Matter, or else to be carried into *France*; and if they did consent to the last, then *Hypolitus* was to go thither also to see *Julia*, but that she should flatly reject the proposed Match with the Earl of *Bedford* in such Terms, as might forever after free her from any Importunities upon that Score.

Whilst they were thus framing their Projects, my Lord and my Lady *Douglas* were consulting with themselves what Course they had best to take to be delivered of the Fear they lay under of seeing their Son involved in too deep a Passion for *Julia*. If we carry her into *France*, said they, he will doubtless go and find her out there; Love never wants Ingenuity, and *Hypolitus* has Wit enough to find out a Way to meet with her; we can't make her a Nun against her Will, so that the best Expedient will be to send *Hypolitus* out of the Way into foreign Countries; perhaps he will forget *Julia* when he sees her no more, and perhaps she may also

change

change her Mind, and the Earl of Bedford's Constancy may at last prevail with her to marry him.

Having taken this Resolution, which they thought most suitable to their present Intentions, they sent Word to *Julia* by her dear *Lucilia*, that they gave her some longer Time to think of the Matter. This News reviv'd in her some small Glimpse of Hopes, that my Lord *Douglas* intended to make them both happy; she communicated her Thoughts to her Lover, but he was not so easy to flatter himself as she. Oh! dear Lady, said he to her, I only am too well acquainted with the Character of those that oppose our Satisfaction, they will not suffer us to live long at Ease; my Soul is disturbed, and I know not what it is that foretels me our Tranquillity will be of no long Continuance. At these Words *Julia* burst out into Tears, and *Hypolitus* did the like. It was not long before these Troubles they labour'd in, produced such a Change in their Countenance, that my Lord and my Lady *Douglas* fearing they would both fall into some dangerous Distemper, thought fit to hasten *Hypolitus's* Departure. For this Purpose they got secretly an Equipage in Readiness, which being very splendid, they hoped he would be well pleased to see himself thus sumptuously equipped, that he might appear with the more Lustre in foreign Courts. Things being in this Forwardness, my Lord and my Lady sent one Day to speak with him: My Son, said my Lord, had we no other Regard but to our own Satisfaction, 'tis certain it would be much more pleasing to us to keep you near us than at a considerable Distance; but you are now of an Age, when it will seem undecent for you to stay at Home; and therefore it will be requisite for you to go and see other Countries, to fashion yourself, to accomplish your Deportment, and render your Conversation more polite. We don't question but that you are overjoyed to find us inclined to second your laudable Intentions of seeing the World; you shall first of all go into France, from thence to Italy, afterward into Germany, and so return Home by the Way of the Netherlands, and within three Years Time we hope to see you again with much Joy and Satisfaction. *Hypolitus* was full of Distraction at this Proposal,

posal, every Word was like a Dagger to him that was struck at his Heart, he was under the greatest Perplexity what to do; sometimes he was for speaking out boldly, and telling them of his Passion for *Julia*, tho' they were acquainted with it already, and that nothing on Earth should part them; and that if they would send him abroad, they must first secure him in the Possession of his Mistress; but, soon changing his Mind, he began to consider that this would serve only to bring fresh Persecutions upon this fair Lady, and that perhaps they would carry her where he should never hear any Tidings of her: To be short, it is impossible to express the opposite and various Agitations of his Soul: My Lord and my Lady were not altogether insensible of it, by the Uneasiness and Irresolution they observed in him; but they thought it best to dissemble, and take no Notice of what they knew caused his Inquietude; so they told him they would have him go along with Monsieur *de Bois Dauphin* (the then *French* Ambassador in *England*) into *France*, who being his intimate Friend, he could not meet with a better Conveniency than this; but that he being ready to leave *England* in two Days Time, he had nothing else to do but to bestow it in taking his Leave of his Friends. *Hypolitus*, concealing his Trouble as much as possibly he could, told them coldly, he would obey; but that so sudden a Departure was more like an Exilement than a voluntary travelling; and so he withdrew.

He intended to have gone straightway to *Julia's* Apartment to give her an Account of what had passed; but he considered it would be requisite, above all other Things, to speak with the dearest of all his Friends, in order to take his Measures with him: So on Horseback he mounted to the Earl of *Sussex's* House in *London*, not questioning but that upon this Occasion he would prove as generous a Friend to him as he had done several other Times. Understanding he was in the Park, he went thither, and met him in Company with the Earl of *Northumberland*, and of the Son of the Earl of *Northumberland*. After the first Civilities he took two or three Turns with them, and took the first Opportunity to tell the

Earl,

Earl, with a low Voice, he had something of Consequence to impart to him.

The Earl of *Suffolk* soon parted from his Friends, telling them he would soon come to them again; but turning towards *Hypolitus*, You have obliged me very much, *said he*, in giving me an Opportunity of leaving their Conversation, which was not very pleasing to me, since it was upon State Affairs, they intending to engage me in the Interest of the Princess *Jane*, who, tho' she be very young and handsome, and Niece to our King *Henry VIII.* yet I can't but think the Princess *Mary*, (wherein the Crown is to descend into the Female Line) the lawful Heiress of this Kingdom. He was going on in the same Discourse, without observing that his Friends hearkened to it, not without much Disturbance and Inquietude, till coming into a solitary Walk, We are now at full Liberty, *said the Earl to Hypolitus, embracing him*, speak, my dear Friend, and don't delay to tell me wherein it is I can serve you. You may do me a great deal of Service, *said he*, in the Condition I am reduced to thro' the harsh Treatment of my Father; I know not where to look for Aid but from so true a Friend as you are: My dear Earl, *continued he*, I am almost desperate; I am going into *France* with *Bois Dauphin*, the *French* Minister, who is recalled by his Master; I am to leave *Julia*, the same *Julia* whom I adore, and who is the only Enjoyment of my Life; you are so well acquainted with my Sentiments, that I need not insist upon that Point any further at present; but, let come of it what will, I am resolved to pretend only that I am a going, but will send my Servant to your Country-Seat, (if you approve of it) and will myself lie concealed there, to take all Opportunities that possibly I can of seeing my Mistress.

All that is in my Power, *said the Earl*, is at your Disposal as much as if it were your own; but, give me Leave to tell you, it will be a hard Task to deceive the Earl of *Douglas* for any considerable Time. Were it but for one Day, *replied the amorous Hypolitus*, it will be very delightful to me, since it shall be spent in seeing of *Julia*. But tell me whether you will oblige
me

me in it? Whether I will oblige you, *cried the Earl*, truly this is a disobliging Question, and I hoped you knew me much better than I find you do. *Hypolitus*, embracing him, asked his Pardon, and having returned him Thanks for his Kindness, he was for going away as fast as he could, being very impatient to return to his dear Mistress, but the Earl would needs go along with him part of the Way. Whilst they were upon the Road, Alas! *said he*, if an Absence of some Hours is so troublesome to me, what would become of me if it were for Years? It would be impossible for me to live long without her, I should die infallibly for Grief. So soon as they came in Sight of my Lord *Douglas's* Seat they parted, and *Hypolitus* soon after saw *Julia* looking out of a Window, and making a Sign to come to her; he made all the Haste he could. And from whence come you, Brother, *said she* to him? What! after so long Conference with my Lord and my Lady, you mount on Horseback without giving me an Account of what Discourse passed betwixt you? Oh! Brother, is it thus you love me! Methinks, had I been in your Place, I should not have done so.

Tho' *Hypolitus* knew himself not in the Wrong; and that he might easily justify his Conduct, nevertheless *Julia's* Anger had such an Influence upon him, that her Réproaches rendered him quite speechless; but after having recovered his Senses, he told her, with an Air full of Respect, My lovely *Julia*, ought not I to complain of your Surmizes? How is it possible you should thus suspect my Heart, and that upon so slight an Occasion? Certainly you are not sufficiently sensible of my Passion, thus to accuse me. *Julia* had too much Tenderness for him to suffer him to continue long under that Inquietude, whereof she was the Cause. I must confess, *said she*, I am in the wrong to give you this Trouble; we are unfortunate enough already, without my being injurious to create us new Pains. Come, let us make Peace, my dear Lady, *replied Hypolitus, kissing her Hand*, I agree with you, that our Misfortunes are sufficiently great without any Addition of our own; my Father will have me leave you, he intends to send me into
France,

France, but I have taken such Measures as not to go out of England; the only Thing we have to do now, is to concert Measures how we may see one another.

He then gave her an Account of what Resolution he had taken with the Earl of *Suffex*, and after several Deliberations how they might now and then speak to one another in private, they desired *Lucilia* to come, because they concealed nothing from her; Come, dear Sister, said *Julia* to her, come to our Aid; your Mind is much more free from Troubles than ours, and you will therefore sooner think of a good Expedient than we; and they told her what they were consulting about. *Lucilia* was silent for some Time, but soon after told them, She knew a Pair of Back-stairs leading out of their Apartment into one of the darkest Walks of the Garden, at the End whereof, just at the Extremity of the Wilderness, there was a little Door looking into the Field; that they must get a Key to it, and that she would go down these private Stairs in the Evening, unperceived by any Body, to open it, and let *Hypolitus* in. Nothing could be better contrived, cried he. It is true, said *Julia*, but what Name will you give to this Contrivance? I am not your Sister, and if you let him in at Night, this will be like an Affignation, and I think there ought a better Decorum to be observed in our Interview. Are your Circumstances such, replied *Lucilia*, as to insist with the utmost Nicety upon such Matters? Tho' my Brother is not your Brother, yet is he to be your Spouse. I engage I will never leave you alone whilst your Interview lasts, tho', in so doing, I run the Risk of exposing myself to my Father's, and my Mother's Anger: I will willingly do it, to give you the utmost Demonstrations of my Friendship. And as for me, my charming Lady, said *Hypolitus*, me, says I, who stay in England for no other Reason than to have the Opportunity of seeing you now and then in this Place, what must become of me, if you will not consent to it? I had as good go into France. Is that your meaning, *Julia*? You have a mind to banish me. You are too well acquainted with what Power you have over me to engage me; however, consider what Danger we are going to expose ourselves to; the
very

very Thought of it makes me dread it most cruelly. They did all they could to remove her Fear, and the same Evening *Hypolitus* took a Pattern of the Key in Wax, which he sent immediately to the Earl of *Suffex* by his *Valet de Chambre*, in order to have another made after it, which he intended to deliver to *Julia* before his pretended Departure.

This being done accordingly, and the Day appointed for *Hypolitus's* Departure come, my Lord would needs conduct him to *London*, intending to see him aboard the Yacht; but contented himself to see him in his Barge with his Attendants, and embracing him with all the Marks of Tenderness at parting, he returned well satisfied to see his Son take his Leave of him without the least Reluctancy.

Hypolitus, coming aboard the Yacht, found Monsieur de Bois Dauphin to be there before him, and knowing him to be his trusty Friend, he took him aside, and told him, That since some irresistible Reasons obliged him to stay in *England*, he would open his whole Heart to him, that he conjured him to take Compassion of his present Condition, and that he hoped the Confidence he put in him would produce an Effect suitable to what he expected from his Goodness; and discerning by his Countenance and Actions a favourable Disposition in him to serve him, he told him, his Intention was to engage my Lord and my Lady *Douglas* into a Belief of his being sick at *Diep*, because if they should pretend he lay ill at *Paris*, his Father would wonder he should hear no Tidings of him by the *English* Minister, and some other Gentlemen of that Nation, residing at the *French* Court: But that if he would write to my Lord *Douglas* to that Purpose, and deliver it to him, he would make use of it in due Time; that, last of all, he was obliged to confess to him, that the Preservation of his Life depended upon his Goodness in granting his Request. I understand you, said Monsieur de Bois Dauphin, smiling, you are in Love, my Lord, and you would have me, in order to favour your Passion, expose myself to my Lord your Father's Indignation; but, be that as it will, I have been young, as you are now, and I find a certain

tain Inclination within me rather to espouse yours than your Father's Cause : Come, I will write immediately just as you will have me. *Hypolitus*, overjoyed at his Courtesy, returned him all imaginable Thanks for so signal a Piece of Service, and having received his Letter from his Hands, wherein he told his Father, that his Son was forced to stay behind at *Diep* by reason of his Illness, he took Leave of him, and got into one of the Ships Boats (because he had sent back his Father's Barge immediately) and so was carried to *London*, where he landed at the *Tower Wharff*, the Earl of *Suffex* expecting his Return there in his Coach, and had brought along with him a Gentleman in whom he could confide, with some Horses, who was to conduct his Friend and his Servants to his Country-Seat, where they did not arrive till pretty late, it being requisite they should come at such a Time when no Body might see and take notice of *Hypolitus*, whose Thoughts being altogether with *Julia*, began to bemoan his Fate, because he could not be in the same House with her.

I used to talk to her every Moment, *said he to the Earl of Suffex, who staid that Night with him in the Country*, I had the Freedom to come into her Chamber forty times a Day, and, in spite of all my Lady's Cautions, we found out Ways and Means to see one another almost every Hour in the Day ; but at present we are at a great many Miles Distance, which, tho' it may seem no great Matter to indifferent Persons, I find it too much for one that loves : Add to this, what continual Precautions I shall be obliged to take at our Meetings, what Fears of being discovered I shall be exposed to, and of a thousand unlucky Accidents a Man can neither avoid nor foresee, and which too often will break all our Measures at one Stroke. You are very amorous, *said the Earl, interrupting him, with a Smile*, these false Alarms which thus discompose you without any real Occasion, being the Effects of a most violent Passion : Pray do but consider, *continued he*, is it not much better to be here, than to be at Sea in a Yacht, which perhaps at this very Hour being under full Sail with a fair Gale towards the Coast of *France*, would soon carry you at a greater Distance

Distance from your beloved Mistress? Don't you think it a Happiness to find your Attendants so pliable in obeying your Orders, and even that same Gentleman, who, by reason of his Age, and his Station of being appointed by the Earl of *Douglas* for your Governor, had the most Occasion to be surprized at your Return, and to ask you the Reason of it, was the first who gave a good Example to the rest; I protest to you I wonder at your good Fortune, and find no Reason to pity you, since *Julia* is contented you should come and see her, this being in my Opinion a most essential Demonstration of her Friendship.

Perhaps, replied Hypolitus, *with some Impatience*, I am in the wrong not to be satisfied with my good Fortune; but Alas! my dear Earl, were you sensible what a violent Passion is, you would soon be of my Opinion; but you act the Coquet with the fair Sex, you tell a thousand pretty Things to every Lady you meet with, and never love any of them: I have often wondred, nay, have been angry at it. My dear *Hypolitus*, said the Earl, interrupting him, you fancy the true Felicity of Life to consist in loving beyond all Measure, but I am of a quite contrary Sentiment: I would have a Man appear gallant among the Ladies, I would have him also make his Addresses to them, in order to merit some of their Favours; but I would not have him engaged so far as to disturb his own Tranquility, or to make him neglect either his Duty or his Fortune. *Cæsar* was amorous in Time of Peace, but indifferent to Ladies in Time of War: Every Kingdom or Province he came into afforded him a new Mistress, and thus Love in great Men ought not to go beyond an Amusement; but, after all, I would not have a Man be without it, because we owe most of our Politeness to the Conversation of Ladies, since it, by Degrees, smooths our Temper, and takes away its Roughness, for it must be confessed that they are most refined in Conversation; notwithstanding all this, I still am of Opinion, that nothing is more dangerous than those violent frenzical Passions, which disenable us to think of any thing besides how to adore our Mistresses. A Man under these Circumstances

stances soon grows troublesome to all the World, nay, even to himself; he is unfit for civil Society, he cries, he sighs, always disturb'd, and very often jealous and peevish: You pay dearly for a happy Moment, which is preceded and followed by a thousand others that disturb your Rest. For God's Sake, cry'd Hypolitus, *interrupting him*, your Criticism is too severe, and your Palate out of Taste, two or three such Interlocutions would make me your irreconcilable Enemy, and I am not able to tell you what a Passion you have put me into whilst you was framing your Process against the *True Lover*. The Earl of *Suffex* burst out a Laughing, and told him, he would vex him no more, provided he would not contradict him in his Way of loving after his own Fancy.

It being day-break before they finished their Discourse, they did not rise out of their Bed till it was pretty late. *Hypolitus* desired the Earl to go to *Buckingham* House, in Order to settle Matters with *Julia* and *Lucilia*, to let him in at the back Gate near the little Wood. He willingly accepted of the Commission, and my Lord and my Lady *Douglas* having a great Esteem for him, they were both overjoyed to see him: You come in a lucky Time, said my Lady *Douglas* to the Earl, to give me some Consolation on Account of the Departure of my Son, which much afflicts me. You are the Occasion of it yourself, Madam, said he to her, since it was your Will it should be so, and in your Power to have kept him near you, if you had thought it convenient. I take you, Sir, said she, to reproach me with suffering him to leave us; but in Truth, tho' his Absence causes me Abundance of Pain, I see not how we could do otherwise than let him go abroad; Tenderness must give Way sometimes to Interest, I hope we may see him again with Satisfaction within these three Years. *Lucilia* and *Julia* were in the Room whilst they talked thus, and the Earl of *Bedford* coming in soon after, the Earl of *Suffex* entertained *Lucilia*, because the Earl of *Bedford* had seated himself next *Julia*. Every Thing being regulated betwixt *Lucilia* and him,

concerning the nocturnal Interview, he took his Leave and returned to *Hypolitus*:

It was judged most expedient they should go thither in a Disguise, for Fear of being known and discovered upon the Road, which they did accordingly, hiding their Hairs under their Bonnets, and so they set out on their Journey about ten o' Clock: It happened to be a very fine Night, and very still and quiet; they took no more than a *Valet de Chambre* along with them, who was to take Care of their Horses: They came to the little back Gate, which being open, they entred into the Garden, and the two Sisters, who were not far off, hearing the Noise, immediately came to meet them.

Hypolitus and *Julia* felt at this Meeting all that can be supposed to proceed from a violent Passion; their Conversation run for some Time upon general Matters, but soon after they parted Companies, tho' neither of them went out the same Walk: *Hypolitus* leading his Mistress by the Hand, as the Earl of *Suffex* did *Lucilia*. Thanks to Heaven, dear *Hypolitus*, said she to him, our Absence has not been very long, and you are come back in Spite of all the Precautions they have taken to separate us. Were my Passion for you, my dear *Julia*, said he, less violent than it is, perhaps I might have found it difficult to surmount so many Obstacles; but my Love is too strong, and too ingenuous to be check'd by all the Obstacles they can put in my Way. You were scarce gone, continued she, but your Mother talk'd to me in Private, and with such Demonstrations of Friendship as almost surprized me, considering how Matters stood betwixt us; told me, she had Reason to believe I intended not to embrace a religious Life, and that therefore she was obliged to advise me, as the best Friend and Relation I had in the World, to give a favourable Ear to the Earl of *Bedford's* Addresses, who was a Man of Honour, of Quality, and of a great Estate; and that once for all, I must bid Farewel to all Thoughts of a Marriage betwixt you and I; that she could not but frankly tell me, that it was I that was the only Cause of your Absence, and that neither my Lord nor she would ever consent to your Return till I was married. And what Answer pray did

did you give them, my dear Lady, said *Hypolitus* with some Impatience? I told her, continued she, That as for the Earl of *Bedford*, I begg'd of her never to mention any more to me, since nothing in the World could have a greater Aversion against him than I had; and, that since she had fixed your Absence for three Years, I might, not without some Reason, promise my self she would allow me some more time to consider of the Matter, since all the Repose of my Life depended on it.

She could not refuse me so reasonable a Request; and the Earl of *Bedford* coming at the same time when the Earl of *Sassex* was here, he began to renew his Addresses, till at last I told him, That his Perseverance had quite tired my Patience; that hitherto I considered him as one that was indifferent to me; but that the case was alter'd now, and that I could not look upon him now, but with an invincible Aversion; and that, if he had a mind to make me Unfortunate, he might continue to make his Addresses to me. How, Madam, cry'd he, And will you enjoin me not to see you? Yes, reply'd I, I most earnestly require you would let me be at rest. Oh! Madam, continued he, you reduce me to Despair. Will you envy me the only Felicity I have left in the World? I love, nay, I adore you, and what will become of me if I should not see you? You must endeavour to cure yourself, said I, of a Passion which is only troublesome to me, and which makes you suffer in vain: Having spoken these Words I left him; but could at the same time see all the Marks of Despair in his Eyes. Ah! my dear Lady, how happy am I, and how much am I indebted to you for this Sacrifice, said *Hypolitus* to her? It does not deserve the Name of a Sacrifice, reply'd *Julia*, I am very well pleas'd when I have an Opportunity of treating him at that scurvy Rate; so that you are not obliged to me upon that Score.

Thus having entertained one another for a considerable time, and given one another a Thousand reciprocal Assurances and Oaths of an everlasting Fidelity, they agreed to see one another as often as possibly they

they could, for which purpose a Valet de Chambre of the Earl of *Suffex* was to walk every Day once, at least, through the Garden (for fear of being taken notice of if he shou'd come so often into the House) and whenever he found a Flower-pot with Flowers standing in a certain Window of *Julia's* Apartment, this was to serve as a Signal for *Hypolitus* to come the next following Night to the Back-Gate near the Wood. Every thing being thus concerted, they parted, but with so much Regret, that had it not been for the Earl of *Suffex* and *Lucilia*, who urged them so to do, they had staid together till Day-light.

In the mean *Hypolitus* had taken Care to have Monsieur de *Bois Dauphin's* Letter delivered to the Earl of *Douglas* by an unknown Hand. The News of the Illness of his beloved Son caused no small Trouble and Vexation in the whole Family, but especially to the Earl; and the Son writ from time to time Letters to the Father, as if they had been dated at *Diep*: Sometimes he would tell him he was on the mending hand; and at another time, that he was worse again, according as he judg'd it best for his purpose, whilst he enjoy'd the Satisfaction unknown to every Body, of frequently seeing his Mistress. They continued in this happy State for above two Months, without the least sinister Accident or Obstacle; but their Satisfaction was too great to last much longer; Fortune, envious of the sweet Enjoyments of Love, would needs disturb their Felicity.

The Earl of *Bedford*, touched to the very Heart with Grief at what *Julia* had told him when he made her the last Visit, had taken a Resolution never to see her again, and if possible not so much as to think of her any more. He upbraided himself, he kept more Company than he us'd to do, nay, he wish'd he might meet with some Lady or other, whose Perfections might efface out of his Heart *Julia's* Charms; but these were so far beyond all those he saw or knew, that when he began to compare them to *Julia*, they appeared dispicable in his Eyes, and served only to encrease his Love for her. At last his Passion augmented to such a Degree

Degree, that he began to have Recourse to violent Remedies, and resolved to carry off *Julia* by Force. I am sure, said he to one of his Friends, my Lord *Douglas* will be very glad of the Match, because his Lady is descended of my Family, and he himself has offer'd me his eldest Daughter in Marriage; perhaps he is unwilling to constrain *Julia* to marry me, but when I once have got her in my Power, I am apt to believe he will be so far from being my Enemy, that he will contribute much as in him lies to make me happy.

To put his Design in execution with all possible Expedition, he pitched upon my Lord *Douglas's* Gardiner, who had formerly lived with him, and knowing him to be a covetous and daring Fellow, he look'd upon him as a fit Instrument to assist him in the carrying off of this young Lady: He sent for him, gave him a good Sum of Money, and promised him more, if he would be aiding in bringing his Design about. 'Twill be an easy Matter for you to compass it, said this Fellow to him, I have the Key of the little back Gate at the farther End of the Garden, and I can conduct you through a dark Walk to a little Pair of back Stairs, leading up directly into *Julia's* Apartment; I am sure that Door is very seldom lock'd, because I us'd to go up in the Evening to carry her some Flowers and Fruits; so you may easily carry her off, without making the least Noise in the Family.

The Earl seeing every thing ready to favour his Design, appointed a certain Day for its Execution. He went accordingly, attended only by two Gentlemen, his faithful Friends, about eleven a Clock at Night, and finding the back Door open, left one of the Gentlemen at a small Distance thence with the Horses, whilst he and the other entred the Garden without making the least Noise. As ill Fortune would have it, this happened just upon one of these Evenings when a Meeting had been appointed bewixt *Lucilia*, *Julia*, *Hypolitus*, and the Earl of *Suffex*; and the two first, as they were going to let them in, espied two Men by the Light of the Moon; but the Walk leading thither being pretty

dark and thick of Trees, they could not discern whether they were the same Persons they look'd for; as these on the other hand seeing two Women coming that Way were for shunning them and concealing themselves. What makes you shew so little Concern for your *Julia*, my dear *Hypolitus*, said she to the Earl of *Bedford*? You don't make haste to meet me! nay, it seems as if you were inclined shun me, what means this Coolness? These obliging Reproaches were sufficient to make the Earl know his Mistress's Voice, who was almost distracted that these tender Expressions were not intended for him: however, overjoy'd to meet with her in the Garden, he answered her not one Word for fear of discovering himself; but making a Sign to the Gentleman that was along with him, to take aside *Lucilia*, and keep her from making a Noise, he himself at once laid hold on *Julia*, and being a lusty strong Person, he carry'd her in spite of all the Resistance she could make, to the foremention'd Back-Gate; just when *Hypolitus* and the Earl of *Sussex* came into the Garden; and it being a very clear Moonlight-Night, and the Earl of *Bedford* not far from thence, they perceived at first Sight every thing that pass'd. Who is able to express the Fury of *Hypolitus*! Love and Anger soon made him draw his Sword, and the Earl of *Bedford* letting go his Hold did the same, and the Gentleman that came along with him was glad to quit *Lucilia*: They were all four brave, and animated by a just Resentment against one another. Poor *Julia* and *Lucilia* were put to the greatest Nonplus that could be, what Resolution to take; for if they called for Help, *Hypolitus* must of Necessity be discover'd; if they did not, they feared his destruction.

In the mean while the Gardiner fearing, not without Reason, that the Clashing of the Swords might be heard in the Family, he went thither himself, and having told the Earl of *Douglas* of it, he hastned into the Garden in Person, just as his Son was running the Earl of *Bedford* through the Body, which made him drop in an Instant. *Hypolitus* hearing a Noise of several
more

more Persons coming that Way, told the Earl it was Time to secure their Retreat; but they found the little Gate lock'd up, and all the Earl's Family running that Way; so into the Gardner's Lodge they got, where they baricado'd up the Door, whilst my Lord *Douglas* posted his Servants round about it to prevent their making their Escape, little thinking it had been his Son and the Earl of *Suffex* that were come thither in Disguise. He ordered the Earl of *Bedford* to be carried into the House, and for Fear, in Case he should happen to die, his Death might be laid at his Door, he sent for a Constable; this Night Magistrate, with his Attendants, came well armed after their Manner at Day-break, just when *Hypolitus* and the Earl of *Suffex* had been opening their Way with their Swords, thro' those that guarded the Lodge, and had infallibly made their Escape, because they drove my Lord's Servants before them, just as two young Lions would have done a Parcel of Curs, had they not been surrounded by the Constable and his Assistants, who crying out they should knock them down, and rather kill them than suffer them to get off, they thought it better to surrender themselves, than to expose their Lives at such vast Odds.

Julia and *Lucilia* were sitting all this while under a Tree, almost half dead with Fear and Vexation, which was such as is past expressing it; but when they saw them carried Prisoners to the House, they followed them at some small Distance, so as not to lose Sight of them. The Countess of *Douglas*, big with Expectation to see them, as they were brought into the Dining-Room, ordered their Bonnets to be taken off (which concealed their Hair, and in some Measure hid their Faces;) but she no sooner discovered *Hypolitus*, but fetching a great Cry, Just Heaven, said she, 'tis my Son, and so fell into a deep Swoon. My Lord *Douglas*, who had not taken Notice hitherto of what had happened, turning that Way, was not a little surprized to find his Son Prisoner in his own House, when he thought him to be sick at *Diep*. He was not able to speak for some Time, but at last recollecting himself, and looking upon him with Eyes sparkling with Anger, Is it possible that what I

see be true, is it you Hypolitus? What is your meaning by all this? At a Time when I supposed you to be in France, I find you disguised in my own House with Sword in Hand, and under the Misfortune of having wounded a Gentleman, who was our real Friend; one who bears the same Name as your Mother does, and who is a Person both of a great Estate and Interest? What do you think will be the End of this? For my Part I think you so unworthy of my Protection, that I am fully resolved to leave you absolutely to the Severity of the Law.

Julia, who till now had remained in one Corner of the Room, being now no longer Mistress of her Pain and Fear, Oh! Father, cry'd she, throwing herself at his Feet, and crying most bitterly, no Body deserves to be punished but myself, because Hypolitus was obliged to fight the Earl of Bedford in my Defence; and had it not been for him, he had carried me away, he held me in his Arms and was hurrying me away by Force, and in a most rude and barbarous Manner: Discharge all your Anger upon me, continued she, spare your own Blood, and rather be profuse of mine. Withdraw, Julia, said the Earl, endeavouring to hide Part of his Resentment, I find there is more in the Bottom of it than I could wish for; go along with your Sister to your Chamber, and don't stir thence without my Order.

The unfortunate Julia, as she was going to her Confinement, cast a melancholy, but very amorous Look at her Lover; who, soon sensible of the Effects thereof, stop'd her: He, I say, who had not so much as spoken one Word in his own Behalf, would not be wanting in taking his dear Mistress's Part: Sir, what has Julia done, said he to his Father, you punish her for my Faults? What is it she has committed to deserve so ill a Treatment at your Hands? Hold your Tongue, young Confidence, said my Lord, don't exasperate me more, and so he parted with them.

The Earl of Sussex, who was a Spectator of this whole Scene, was ready to run distracted at this unlucky Accident, and my Lady Douglas no sooner was recovered out of her Swoon, but she address'd herself to him: Sir, said she, you are a very dangerous Friend; you have

have shew'd too much Complaisance for my Son's Frailties; you see alas! to what Extremities we are reduc'd to; can there be a more deplorable Case than ours? I think *Hypolitus's* Case, *replyed the Earl with a great deal of Resolution*, is much more worthy of Compassion, you are too rigorous in exacting so strict an Obedience, and to send him away at a Time, when you knew he was so violently in Love. 'Twas done, *said the Countess, interrupting him*, to cure him of this Passion; we were in Hopes that Absence would produce the same Effect as it does in most Men; and I believe, had my Son not found you so much dispos'd to serve him, he had gone for *France*, and don't doubt but would have forgot *Julia* by this Time.

Whilst they were thus disputing the Matter, in comes the Surgeon who had dress'd the Earl of *Bedford's* Wounds, and told them, he had no less than three; and that one appeared to him to be mortal. The Constable understanding this, required my Lord *Douglas* to deliver up his Son to him, in order to have him examined and committed to *Nerogate*; but my Lord found Means to engage the next Justice of Peace to take Bail for his Son's Appearance to the Value of 2000 Pounds Sterling. My Lord and my Lady *Douglas*, and the Earl of *Suffex* would have withdrawn with the rest, because they had conceived a singular Aversion against him; but this generous Friend seem'd as if he did not perceive it, and dissimbling his Resentment at this Time, told them frankly he would run the same Fate with *Hypolitus*; that he resolv'd not to leave him, and that if he were to be ruin'd, he would bear his Share in his Destruction: So they were lock'd up in one Apartment, and *Julia* and *Lucilia* were as narrowly confin'd in theirs.

Matters being thus regulated at Home, my Lord and my Lady *Douglas* went straightway to *London*, and immediately waited upon the Countess Dowager of *Bedford*: She was not unacquainted with her Son's Passion for *Julia*, and had given her Consent that he might seek her in Marriage, but knew nothing of the last Night's Adventure; she was no less afflicted at the Danger she understood he was in, than at the Oddness of the Mis-

fortune he had brought upon himself. You may, perhaps, Madam, *said my Lord to her*, create us Abundance of Trouble, but in the End it will fall heaviest upon yourself ; for when it shall be proved at his Trial, that the Earl was attempting to carry off *Julia* by Force, and that her Brother, to rescue her, was forced to fight him, and gave him his Wound on that Account, all the Blame will be laid at your Son's Door ; therefore I would have you consider whether you will be satisfied with the Offer I intend to make you ; that is, I will condescend so far as to send *Hypolitus* abroad for three Years, that he may be no Eye-fore to you ; and in Case the Earl of *Bedford* recovers of his Wounds, and that his Passion for *Julia* is still the same as 'twas before, I will do all that is in my Power to make her marry him.

My Lady *Bedford* told them, she would resolve upon nothing in a Case of this Nature without the Advice of her nearest Friends and Relations, who, upon this dismal News repairing to her House, and being consulted withal concerning my Lord *Douglas's* Proposition, they willingly agreed to it, telling my Lady, she could desire no more, and that they wondered my Lord would consent to his Son's Departure out of *England* ; but they were altogether Strangers to those secret Motives that induced him to make this Offer. Every Thing being settled betwixt them, the Earl of *Douglas* went immediately in his Barge to *Gravesend*, (being informed that a Vessel lay there ready to sail for *Leghorn*) with a Resolution to send away *Hypolitus* aboard her, not doubting but that the *Italian* Beauties would soon make him forget *England*, and what he had left behind him there. He agreed with the Captain for the Price of his Transportation ; and being told by him, that he was ready, and staid only for a fair Wind, and therefore much questioned whether he should have Time enough to send for his Passenger out of the Country, my Lord told him, he would bring his Son to *London*, to be ready to embark as soon as Opportunity should present.

'Tis impossible to represent the deplorable State *Hypolitus* was reduced to ; he feared every Thing in Behalf of *Julia*, and did not in the least doubt, but that his Father

Father was seeking means for their Separation. These sad Reflections would certainly have thrown him into Despair, had not that Courage, which was natural to him, triumphed over all his Misfortunes. He could not prevail so far upon any of those that were set to guard him, to connive at his Escape, but he found it no great Difficulty to learn by them every Thing that passed; for looking upon him in some Measure as their Master, and having a singular Kindness for him, they told him what his Father had been doing at London; so that being fully convinced that this *Gravesend* Voyage would produce but little Good for him, he asked the Valet de Chambre, that constantly attended him, whether he would oblige him so far as to deliver a Letter to *Julia*, and bring her Answer to him? The young Fellow paused a while, but at last, thinking there could be no great Hurt betwixt a Brother and Sister's Correspondence, he promised to do it; and as for *Hypolitus*, he ran no Hazard in the Case, since his Parents were not unacquainted with his Passion for *Julia*, unto whom he writ these following Lines:

IS it possible, my lovely *Julia*, that in the same House where first of all I felt the powerful Effects of your Eyes, where I so often have tasted the Pleasure of entertaining you, we should at present be so far remote from enjoying that Felicity? I being the only Cause of your Sufferings, the Torments I feel had before this put an End to my Life, were it not that Love protects and supports me against my Despair. But, alas! what can I hope for from this Love? I am upon the Point of losing you, in Spite of all my Endeavours against it. What Terrors, good God, don't I feel within me? Alas! they are going to hurry me away from the Place you are in? The very Thought of this Separation touches me so to the Quick, that nothing but your own Heart is capable of judging what a Condition I am reduced to. If in the very Depth of this Abyss of Miseries, I have some Glimpses of Light left me, that may afford me some Comfort, 'tis the Hopes I have conceived, that you will prove for ever faithful and constant to me. Is it possible, *Julia*, you should prove

treacherous to a Man who thinks every thing in the World below you, and who will never believe any thing worthy to be compared to you? I am free to tell you, that I think it unnecessary to vow you my everlasting Constancy by new Oaths, you being too well acquainted with my Heart, and what Power you have over it. No, my Julia, no, I shall always be the same; it will not be in my Power to cease to adore you, and, in spite of all the Rage and Malice our Enemies are able to contrive to cause me new Vexations and Torments, my Passion shall always be as constant as ever it was. Write to me, dear Lady, don't leave me in this deplorable State, unto which I am reduced, you being the sovereign Mistress of my Destiny, and the only Object of all my Desires and Wishes.

The fair Julia having received this Letter, was a long Time of reading it, because she was scarce able to see the Characters of her dear Hypolitus, by reason of the Abundance of Tears that covered her fair Eyes and Cheeks. Lucilia had much to do to comfort her a little, tho' she almost stood as much in need of it as she did herself, my Lord and my Lady Douglas being highly incensed against her, because they believed her to be a Confederate in the Intrigues betwixt Julia and Hypolitus; she urged her to send an Answer to her Brother, she did all she could to stop the Torrent of her Tears; but tho' she did all she could to refrain her Passion, the Letter she writ was quite bathed with her Tears before she could finish it, and was as follows:

A Las! are you at the Point of being separated from me, my dear Hypolitus? And must I see you no more? Who can possibly comprehend my Pain, and the miserable State I am reduced to? Alas! Is it possible that innocent Tendernefs we conceived for one another, even before we were sensible of it, or in a Condition to resist it, should thus raise the Anger of Heaven against us? What Torrents of Misfortunes! How is it possible for us to stop them? I have not only lost all my Enjoyment and Repose, but even Reason itself; it is not in my Power to resolve to see you leave me, and yet, notwithstanding all the Torments

Torments that oppress us, I must see you depart. Let us then, my dear Lover, endeavour to triumph over our Misfortunes by our Constancy; you promise to remain always faithful to me, and in whose Power is it then to render us unfaithful to one another? Nothing in this World, nay, not Death itself; your Constancy shall triumph over our Misfortunes, we shall see one another again, dear Hypolitus, and Love will be the Reward of our Sufferings.

These tender and engaging Assurances given by the fair Julia to her Hypolitus, could never have come at a more proper Time, when he stood in need of all his Resolutions to support his drooping Heart against those Violences my Lord Douglas was at that very Time preparing for him; for, within a few Hours after, he sent for him and the Earl of Sussex, and likewise for Julia and Lucilia, and, in the Presence of his Lady, after a few Moments Silence, began thus to harangue his Son: I did not, Hypolitus, send for you now hither to load you with Reproaches, such as you have too much deserved; you have withdrawn yourself from that Submission you owe unto us; you have deceived us by fictitious Letters; you have blindly followed the first Motions of your Heart, and Julia bears her Share in that Disobedience you have shewed us: But rest assured, and I call Heavens to Witness to what I am going to declare to you, that we will never consent to your Marriage with her. Had your Conduct been otherwise than it has been, something perhaps might have been expected from our Complaisance; but now it is become so odious to us, that rather than to give our Approbation of such a Match, there is nothing we would not undertake both against you and her; for tho' she is not really our Daughter, she has so much Dependance on us, that it is in our Power either to make her whole Life happy or miserable; therefore be advised, and recal your Heart within the Bounds of its Duty, resolve to take a Voyage to Florence, where, to your good Fortune, you will meet with some Friends, who, in your Person, will give me infallible Demonstrations of their Affection; you will be looked upon with a good Eye by the illustrious House

of the de Medicis; and to make you acquainted with the true Cause thereof, I will tell you, that above forty Years ago, being a Traveller in Italy, just as you are going to be now, Fortune furnished me with an Opportunity of doing a considerable Piece of Service to the Cardinal de Medicis, who was afterwards made Pope, and known under the Name of Leo X.

He being then the Pope's Legate in the Army of the League, was taken Prisoner at the Battle of Ravenna, and by Gaston de Frixy ordered to be sent into France. He was so sensibly afflicted at his Misfortune, that all his Thoughts were employed how to make his Escape, but met with such Obstacles as rendered all his Efforts impracticable, till at last a Gentleman of his Bed-chamber, who attended him, found Means to engage the brave Zaeti into his Interest. I happened to be with Zaeti when this Gentleman proposed the Cardinal's Deliverance to him, and Zaeti desiring me to go along with him upon a certain secret Enterprize, we came to the Banks of the Po just as the Cardinal was ready to pass that River in a Ferry-boat; to be short, we beat the Convoy, and rescued the Cardinal, whom we carried in Disguise to the Castle of Barnaby Melispine. Here I took Leave of him with my Friend Zaeti, and the Cardinal assured us of his Acknowledgment in the most obliging Terms that could be; and I must confess, that since his Elevation to the Papal Chair, which happened about a Year after, he gave me sufficient Reason (upon divers Occasions) to believe that he was not forgetful of what I had done for him. Thus you see, Son, you may expect a favourable Reception from Duke Cosmus, unto whom you shall be introduced by the Senator Alberto, descended from one of the most illustrious Houses of Florence, my most intimate Friend; for tho' I am much older than he, our Friendship is never a jot the less: He has been twice in England and Scotland, and I can assure you he is a Person of such vast Merits, that I shall not be in the least uneasy after I hear you are with him, and I will take Care you shall want nothing there that may be either necessary or pleasing to you; not that we are willing to part with you, but that according to a late Agreement made with my Lady Bedford, I am under

der a Necessity to send you out of England on account of the Quarrel betwixt you and her Son, who is not beyond all Danger of his Life. If you don't go, or return into England before the three Years are expired, I will be the first that will get you seized, and perhaps the Mortifications of a nauseous Prison will prove more prevailing Arguments with you than all our Remonstrances. Son, your Liberty is in your own Hands, but we can't enjoy any till you are gone out of England; if my Lord Suffex, who has been so faithful in serving you of late, will speak to you as a real Friend, he will certainly advise you to obey us; and that your dear Julia may do the same with the less Constraint, we will leave you together to bid her farewell.

At these Words he went out of the Room without staying for an Answer, being followed by my Lady Douglas in an Instant. Our Lovers then drawing nearer to one another, whilst the Earl entertained *Lucilia*, *Hypolitus* threw himself at *Julia's* Feet, kissed her Hand, not being able to express his Grief but by his Looks and Sighs; a Sort of Language, which proving very intelligible and endearing to *Julia*, she broke Silence first. Don't be quite dismayed, said she, my dear and too unfortunate *Hypolitus*, if our Misfortunes are great, our mutual Tendernefs is still greater; one Moment may cause a great Alteration in our Destiny; you are going at a great Distance from me, it is a Necessity I don't see we are able to avoid, and therefore must submit to it with Patience; and it is impossible for those that separate our Bodies, to snatch from our Hearts those Engagements that have united them; our Absence is to last three Years, perhaps before they are at an End Heaven will take Pity on us. Oh! *Julia*, *Julia*, cried he, you put no small Constraint upon yourself in hopes to support my drooping Spirits; you would comfort me with Hopes full of Uncertainty, at a Time when I am going to lose, without Reprieve, the only Thing that is dear to me in this World: I used to see you, dear Lady, and now I must see you no more, what a Fatality is this? Can you resolve to stay behind in this detested Place, where you meet with so much ill Treatment?

Is not that alone sufficient to cause in me a mortal Inquietude wherever I go? You are too ingenuous in tormenting yourself, *Hypolitus*, said *Julia*, I shall be the same here I should be in any other Place; for my whole Mind being taken up with you, I shall look upon all other Objects with so much Indifferency, as to make me insensible both of the good and ill Tréatment I am likely to meet with. And will you not let me hear of you, my *Julia*, said he? Would to God, replied she, you could hear as often as I could wish, you might be sure you would never want that Satisfaction. But how shall we do to write to one another? *Lucilia* and the Earl of *Suffex* were not so deeply engaged in Discourse, but that they took notice sometimes of our two Lovers; overhearing these last Words, drew nearer, and told them, they should leave that Part to their Care, and that they would manage it well enough betwixt them; that they had nothing to do but to direct their Letters to the Earl, who was to deliver them to *Lucilia*. That cruel Moment which was to separate these two Lovers being now at hand, *Julia* took out of her Bosom a Bracelet set with Diamonds, on which hung a small Picture, representing two Hearts pierced through with one Dart, made of her own Hair, with this Motto underneath, *They are joined for ever*.

Keep this Present, said she, my dear *Hypolitus*, you are the only Man that knows the Value of it. He was transported with Joy at this Favour he durst scarce have asked; he kissed this dear Pledge of his lovely Mistress with all the Transports of Love that can be imagined, and then embracing, once bid farewell to one another; but with such Agonies and Distraction of Mind, that the Earl of *Suffex* and *Lucilia* were not able to forbear to mix their Tears and Sighs with those of the two Lovers. At that very Instant the Earl of *Douglas* and his Lady coming into the Room, ordered *Hypolitus* to follow them out, whereat he appeared so surprized, as if he had never expected any such Thing; he turned his Eyes upon *Julia*, who kept hers fixed on the Ground, to hide her Tears. *Lucilia* and the Earl, observing *Hypolitus* unresolved what to do, took him under

der the Arms, and so led him down Stairs. He embraced his Sister with all the Marks of Tenderness, and told her several Times, *That the best, and the only Proof she could give him of her Friendship was, to devote all her Cares to be serviceable to Julia; and to him, in speaking to her at all Times in his Behalf.*

So he departed, and Julia was left at full Liberty to give Vent to her Moans, Sighs, and Sobs; it was in vain for Lucilia to endeavour to afford her some Consolation; for, so soon as Hypolitus was got out of Sight, she threw herself upon the Ground, and leaning her Head in Lucilia's Lap, she expressed herself in Terms so full of Tenderness and Passion, as would have allayed in some Measure Hypolitus's Grief, had he been near enough to hear it. He, on the other hand, abandoned himself no less to this tormenting Thought than she, keeping a most profound Silence, without so much as uttering one Word, till, coming aboard the Vessel, he was to take Leave of his beloved, generous Friend, the Earl of Suffex. The Wounds of his Heart beginning to bleed afresh at this Separation, *I am then condemned to lose All, my dear Friend*, said he, embracing him; *we must part; I thought, after what I had left behind in Buckinghamshire, I could not be sensible of any other Loss, since that first Stroke would make me insensible of all the rest; but, considering the Condition I find myself in at this Moment, I am apt to believe, that Love, even in its most exalted Degree, is not incompatible with Friendship; preserve me yours, my Lord, pray do that Justice to these Sentiments I have for you.* He was not able to say any more, and the Earl was so highly afflicted at this dismal Parting, that he could not say one Word, but embraced him with such extraordinary Marks of Affection, and with Tears in his Eyes, in my Lord and my Lady's Presence, that notwithstanding all their Anger on account of having supported Hypolitus his Cause, they could not but be very well pleased thereat. As for Hypolitus, he was himself again exposed to the Trouble of his Father's and Mother's Lessons and Advice; but being vexed to the Heart at their rigorous Proceedings, he would not put so much of Constraint upon himself as to
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hide his Sentiments, but broke out into such mournful Complaints, as would have touched any Body's Heart but that of his Father's. They had taken Care also to provide him new Servants, being not very well satisfied with those that had remained at the Earl of *Suffex*'s House in the Country. *Hypolitus* rewarded their Fidelity with some Money, desiring his Father to take Care of them, which he promised to do, by taking some into his own Service, and recommending the rest to some of his Friends.

My Lord and my Lady *Douglas* returned in their Barge towards *London*, and took the Earl of *Suffex* along with them, to take away all Hopes from *Hypolitus* of returning a second Time. Before they were got quite out of Sight, the Wind chopping about, they saw the Vessel hoist her Sails, and, after a Discharge of some Cannon, to make the best of her Way to pursue her Voyage for *Italy*. *Hypolitus* remained upon Deck as long as he could see the *English* Shore, sending forth a thousand Sighs towards that Part of the Country whereabout he judged his dear *Julia* might be; he wished a thousand times, that by some violent Tempest they might be forced back into one of the *English* Harbours; and it was not many Days after they had lost Sight of the *English* Coast, that they were overtaken by so violent a Storm, as put them in the utmost Danger of being lost, all the Hands they had aboard being not sufficient to manage the Ship; for the Masts came by the Board, the Cables broke, and the Sails were shattered to Pieces, the Vessel being sometimes covered with Mountains of Water, which soon would raise her up to the Clouds, and immediately afterwards seem to swallow her up in the Depths of the Sea; every one dreading his approaching Fate, they sent forth most lamentable Cries to Heaven, looking with doleful Countenances upon those Shelves on which they feared the Vessel would be staved to Pieces. *Hypolitus* was the only Person there who appeared more courageous than all those that had for a long Time been accustomed to the Danger of the Seas; he seemed undisturbed, expecting Death with an unshaken Resolution; nay, he wished for it sometimes, as the only Re-

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medy that was likely to rid him of his Pain ; notwithstanding which, such was his Presence of Mind, that he gave Orders in every Thing that fell within his Knowledge.

At last this terrible Tempest ceased, the Sky began to be serene, no Thunder or Lightning was heard or seen any longer ; the Storm was succeeded by a Calm, and the Sea became so smooth, as if the Wind were quite banished from the Sea. All Hands were now employed in repairing the Damage the Vessel had received during the Tempest, and they had much ado to finish their Work before they were threatened with another Danger by the so much celebrated and redoubted Pirate *Dragut Rais* : He no sooner got Sight of the *English* Ship, but he prepared for an Engagement, the *Englishman* refusing to strike at the Sign given him by the Pirate. It was at this Time that *Hypolitus*, laying aside all his Troubles, behaved himself like a Man of Action, encouraging the Captain and Seamen, not only by his Words, but also by his Example. After they had plied one another briskly for some Time with their great Guns, the *Turk* boarded the *Englishman*, upon which Occasion *Hypolitus* did Wonders in his own Person, appearing everywhere where the Danger was greatest, and carrying every Thing before him wherever he came. At last he leaped into the Enemy's Ship, followed only by a few of his Men ; but the great Actions they performed aboard the *Turkish* Vessel, put *Dragut Rais* into such a Fright, that he thought it his safest Way to think of retreating, for fear of falling into his Enemy's Hands. Accordingly he gave the necessary Orders for getting his Ship off clear from the *Englishman*, which he would have found a hard Matter to effect, had not *Hypolitus* at the same Time perceived a *Turk* aboard his own Ship laying about him most bravely, killing all that came in his Way, and making a Baricado of dead Carcasses to defend himself alone against all the rest, so that scarce any one durst venture to come near him. Seized with a noble Emulation to fight this brave Enemy, *Hypolitus* got back again into the *English* Vessel, and whilst these two brave Men were engaged in a most furious Combat,

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the Pirate took the Opportunity of getting clear, and sheering off. Nothing else could have parted these two valiant Men, who were both wounded in several Places; and he who belonged to the *Turkish* Ship seeing himself left behind alone, had no other Way left him than to surrender himself to *Hypolitus*, whom he judged to be most worthy of that Honour. Use me, *said he to him in English*, as I have always used those of your Nation, who hitherto have always had Reason to be satisfied with my Deportment towards them. I hope, *said Hypolitus to him*, you shall likewise have no other Reason than to be satisfied with me; and so he went to the Captain of the Ship, desiring he might be treated with peculiar Respect, as a brave and valiant Man. We owe every Thing to your Valour, *said the Captain*, and since, without your Assistance, we should scarce have come off with so much Honour as we have done, the Person you interceed for is at your absolute Disposal; the only Thing I have to desire of you being to take Care of yourself, and to have your Wounds looked after without Delay. *Hypolitus* returned him Thanks for his Civilities and Care, and finding himself much weakened, because he had lost Abundance of Blood, he was forced to lay himself to rest upon his Bed; but he scarce got thither, when remembering his Prisoner, he ordered a Bed to be got ready for him in his own Cabin, where he desired him to lie down, and let his Wounds be searched. None of them were found to be dangerous, and had *Hypolitus* been as secure in all other Respects, his Cure would have been both easy and short; but so soon as he had no more Enemies to encounter, he relapsed into his former Melancholy, and his Prisoner heard him cry out in his Sleep for several Nights successively, *Oh! Julia, Julia, in losing thee I have lost All; nothing can comfort me for your Absence.*

After this, it was no hard Matter for *Muley* (for that was the valiant Prisoner's Name) to guess that *Hypolitus* was in Love, and overburdened with heavy Afflictions. *Muley* was of a middle Age, exactly well shaped, and had most regular Features, with a certain haughty and noble, but most engaging Air and Politeness in his Conversation.

versation. I can't well conceive, *said Hypolitus to him one Day,* how a Person that makes Profession of pirating should appear with so honourable a Character, so agreeable, and so far different in his whole Deportment from what may be supposed to belong to the Life that you lead! *Muley,* fetching a deep Sigh, told him, *That every one was not at all Times Master of his own Destiny, to chuse such as he could wish; that he could not but own that God had not sent him into this World to act the Pirate, but that he was compelled to embrace this Life by the barbarous Usage of Dragut Rais.* This Answer raised a more than ordinary Curiosity in *Hypolitus*; I say, in the same *Hypolitus*, who ever since he had been forced to leave his Mistress, had not shewn the least Concern for any Thing; but now feeling within his Breast a certain Emotion which made him very desirous of being better acquainted with *Muley*; I know not who you are, *said he,* but you appear to me to be above what you seem to be; if you will discover yourself upon your Honour and Faith, I shall take it as a singular Obligation, and you may be fully assured both of my Secrecy and of my Friendship. Your Duty obliges you to both, *said Muley, embracing him;* for I dare assure you, that I am one of your Father, the Earl of *Douglas's*, best Friends: The first Thing I did was to enquire after your Name, and it seems to me next to a Miracle I should happen to fall into your Hands. Whilst he was talking, *Hypolitus* had Leisure to view him much better than he had done before, and discovered in him a certain near Resemblance to his dear *Julia*, both in respect of his Air and Features. Ah! I pray you don't envy me any longer the Satisfaction of knowing you, *said he to him.* You can scarce remember any thing of me except my Name, *continued Muley,* and perhaps you may have heard your Parents talking of my Misfortunes; I am the same Earl of *Warwick*, who was supposed to be slain in the Venetian Service fourteen Years ago. At these Words *Hypolitus* fetched a sudden Cry, and appeared so far transported with Joy, that my Lord *Warwick*, (for it was actually he) could not but be surprized at his Deportment, nor guess at the Reason thereof. But their first

first Surprize being over, *Hypolitus*, by those extraordinary Marks of Tenderness and Respect, having soon convinced him that he had such Sentiments for his Person, as could not be the Product of a few Minutes Conversation, he conjured him to give him a Relation of his Adventures, assuring him, that no Body in the World could take a greater Share in them than himself.

I may soon satisfy your Curiosity, *said he to him* ; I am a Catholick, you are not unacquainted with my Family ; I married one of the handsomest and most virtuous Women in the World ; but Fortune, envious of my Happiness, and the Satisfaction I enjoyed in her, thought fit to part us ; for *Edward Navelle*, my near Kinsman, being accused of, and condemned for High-treason, had his Head cut off ; and the King being informed that I had let drop some threatening Words, I soon became the Object of his Hatred, which obliged me, to avoid the Effects of his Vengeance, to quit my dear Spouse, and the Kingdom also, leaving with my virtuous Wife one Daughter only, named *Julia*, who was then no more than two Years old, and very dear to us both. If at that very Instant the Earl of *Warwick* had cast but an Eye upon *Hypolitus*, he might soon have discovered in his Countenance the various Agitations this Name produced in his Soul ; but his Thoughts being taken up wholly with his Relation, he continued thus : I went to *Venice*, embarked aboard the Fleet, commanded by their chief General *Capello*, and being joyned by the *Spanish* and the Pope's Gallies near *Corso*, we engaged *Barbarossa*, and the Galley I was in more than once attacked that wherein was the famous Corsair *Dragut Rais*, with good Success on our Side, but very unfortunate for him ; for I slew *Zinkin Rais*, his own Brother, whom he loved as tenderly as his own Life. He swore he would be revenged of me, and succeeded in his Vow ; for whilst we were hovering about the Gulf of *Arta*, and the Prince *Doria* retreating with his Squadron to the Surprize of all the World, *Dragut Rais*, animated with Hatred against me, took this Opportunity of surrounding our Galley with his whole Squadron. I did
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all I could to defend myself against so many Enemies, and was seconded most bravely by another *Venetian* Galley; but, being quite overpowered, dropt into the Sea, covered all over with Wounds. *Dragut Rais*, who saw it, commanded me immediately to be taken up, not out of any Kindness to my Person, but to satisfy his Revenge for the Death of his Brother, for he put me immediately in Chains.

Whatever Promises or Proposals I made to him for my Liberty, it availed nothing. I had continued in this miserable Condition for above four Years, when we took an *English* Vessel after a smart Engagement. The Misfortunes of my Countrymen served only to revive in me the Thoughts of my own; I asked them what News they brought from *England*, and whether they had heard nothing lately of the Countess of *Warwick*? There happened to be among the *English* Prisoners one whom she had taken into her Service since I left *England*, and who had lived with her till she died; a doleful, fatal Day to me, and which I can never call to Mind without Tears. The Earl, overburdened with Grief, stopped here for some Time, till at last reassuming the Thread of his Discourse, and recovering his Spirits, almost drooping at the Remembrance of that melancholly Hour, I understood by him, *continued he*, that my Lady *Warwick* hearing the News of my being slain, (which she believed to be too true) she was so overwhelmed with Grief, as to sink quite under it, past all Recovery; in short, she died in a few Days after. This sad Relation was followed by another, *viz.* By that of the Death of my Daughter, that innocent Babe that was so dear to me, being the only Thing, after her Mother's Death, that could incline me to live. It is certain that this last Stroke quite crushed me almost to nothing, such was my Affliction as to render me quite insensible of all the Hardships of my Captivity; and that to such a Degree, that the Corsair was vexed at it to the Heart. He renewed his Threats continually, but these proved ineffectual upon me, because every Thing was now become so indifferant as to me, even my Misfortunes themselves, that the best Comfort I had was to see

see myself in Chains, shut up in a dark Hole as like in a Grave, which put me in hopes of my approaching Death. How often used I to blame myself to have left my Wife and Daughter at such a Distance from me! If it had pleased God, *said I*, to have spared but one of these two, it would have afforded me some Consolation; but, alas! all is lost to me! and such is my Misfortune, that whilst I am debarred from being among the Living, I cannot as yet be numbered among the Dead.

I will not abuse your Patience with a long Recital of my Grief, it will suffice to tell you, that after a most doleful Captivity of eight Years, *Dragut Rais* one Day remembering me again (for I am sure he had forgot me) sent for me, and no sooner came I into the open Air, but I fell into a Swoon; but soon recovering myself, Come, come, *said he*, Warwick, take Courage, I have a great Mind once more to put a Sword into thy Hand, provided thou wilt swear to me by what is most sacred among you *Christians*, that thou wilt draw it for no Body but for me, and against all my Enemies without Exception; if thou agreeest to this Proposal, *continued he*, giving me his Hand, I will give thee my Word thou shalt be as much respected here as myself; nay, thou shalt command, and be obeyed here, and thou shalt have an equal Share in my Fortune; and, to give thee a convincing Proof of it, thou shalt be called *Muley*, a Name I have in great Veneration, and wear the same Habit as I do, tho' this be a Thing scarce ever practised among the *Mahometans*. Thy Offers are not sufficient to tempt me, *said I*; I disdain thy Fortune and thy Command thou sets so high a Value upon, because they are all below me; but if my Services are capable of purchasing me my Liberty, tell me what Time thou wilt appoint, and I will besides this pay thee my Ransom. It shall cost thee 6000 *Rixdollars*, *said he to me*, after ten Years are expired, during which thou shalt serve me faithfully, and upon those Conditions the Agreement is made. It was this that obliged me to fight against you. I was engaged upon Honour so to do, and could in no wise avoid it, tho' my Wishes were all that While for you, and Heaven has been pleased to hear them at last;

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Dragut Rais has been forc'd to leave us, and thereby my Captivity has been lessen'd for several Years. I did not think it convenient to discover myself, being taken fighting against the *English* for the *Infidels*; but the good Opinion I had conceived of you, continued he, made me soon imagine you would make as good Use of this Secret as I could wish for.

I think this a very happy Day to me, said *Hypolitus* to the Earl of *Warwick*, on which you are pleas'd to judge me worthy of being your Confident, before you had any particular Knowledge of me; this Testimony of your Esteem I shall be careful not to misuse, and after all, you could not have entrusted your Secret with any other Person in the World, who is able to repay you this Obligation so well as I can, by communicating to you a Piece of News, which will prove no less acceptable than surprizing to you, and which, Sir, very nearly concerns you. He then gave him an exact and faithful Account of every thing relating to *Julia*; and tho' he did not think fit to tell him of his Passion for her, his most passionate manner of speaking concerning her, and the Description he gave of her, join'd to other Circumstances the Earl had taken notice of before, and now recall'd to his Remembrance, as his Sighs, his Moans in the Night-time, his calling in his Sleep upon *Julia* by Name, easily convinc'd him that he was most passionately in Love with her.

Nothing can be compar'd to his Surprize and Joy, when he heard that his Daughter was still alive; and it was no small Satisfaction to him, to understand that she was adopted in the Catholick Religion, and become a very accomplished young Woman: His Desire to see her was such, that had there been a Vessel to be found that would carry him to *London*, and had it been in his Power to appear there, he would have undertaken that Voyage immediately, with the greatest Pleasure imaginable. The next thing he ask'd, was, How Matters went in *England*, as well in point of Religion as the Government. *Hypolitus* told him, That not long ago *John Dudley*, Duke of *Northumberland*, had got the
Title

Title also of Earl of *Warwick*; That he had accused *Edward Seymour*, the King's Uncle, and Protector of the Kingdom, of a Conspiracy to assassinate him, and for that purpose was entred into a League with the Duke of *Sommerſet*; That *Seymour* being unable to reſiſt the Power of his Enemies, was put to Death, with his Lady and ſeveral other Perſons of Note. That after this, the Duke of *Northumberland* being become abſolute Maſter of all, and procur'd a Match betwixt the Princeſs *Jane*, King *Henry* the VIIIth's Niece and his Son, had ſet her up for Heireſs Apparent of the Crown; That it was generally believed that they had poiſon'd King *Edward*, a very hopeful young Prince, in order to facilitate and anticipate this Succeſſion; upon whom they had alſo prevailed ſo far, as to conſtitute *Jane* his Succeſſor, and excluded the Princeſs *Mary* his Siſter from the Throne: But that the Legality of her juſt Pretenſions prevailing above the King's laſt Will, ſhe now reign'd in *England*, and was very zealous in re-eſta- bliſhing the *Roman* Catholick Religion there; and that this was the true State of the Kingdom, at the Time of his Departure from *London*.

After long and ſerious Deliberations upon what *Hypolitus* had told the Earl of *Warwick*, he thought it moſt expedient to go to *Venice*, in hopes to reap there the Fruits of ſo long and painful a Captivity he had undergone for the Service of that Republick. He did not in the leaſt doubt, but that his Daughter was extreamly well at the Earl of *Douglas's*, the generous Care his Lady had taken for her hitherto, being a ſufficient Pledge of what ſhe was likely to do for the future; and little thinking that Matters ſtood in that Family as actually they did, he reſolved only to give them News of his being alive by Letters, whiſt he was to manage his Affairs at *Venice*. He imparted his Thoughts to *Hypolitus*, who was not ill pleaſed to underſtand that he intended not to go to *England* as yet. 'Tis poſſible, ſaid he to a Gentleman in whom he much confided (tho' he was one of thoſe ſent along with him by his Father) that if my Lord *Warwick* were at *London*, they would be

be urgent with him to marry *Julia*, and in such a Case it would prove a much more difficult Task for her to resist her Father's Commands, than my Father's Arguments; so that, as long as I am absent, 'tis best for me he should be so too. These Reasons obliged him to confirm the Earl in the Resolution he had taken; and from that Time forward they entred into the most strict and most tender Engagements of Friendship that can be conceived, with this Difference only, that *Hypolitus* had always so much Respect and Deference to the Earl, that it could not but seem most surprizing, to all those that were unacquainted with the true Motions thereof. *Hypolitus* most generously shar'd his Money and every thing else with his Friend, and would have given him all, but that he would not accept of it; thinking that in serving the Father of his dear *Julia*, he did her an acceptable Piece of Service; and he thought nothing in the World too much to oblige her.

His Inclinations and Desire of being serviceable to my Lord *Warwick*, kept *Hypolitus*'s melancholy Thought as it were in Suspence, and the Satisfaction of so agreeable a Companion prov'd a great Allay to his Pain. They arriv'd without any further sinister Accident at *Leghorn*: Here the Captain of the Ship told *Hypolitus*, he would resign to him all his Interest to the Prisoner, for he knew not that *Muley* was an *English Man*. *Hypolitus* would not be behind with him in point of Generosity, but presented him with a Jewel valued at 400 Pistoles, a Piece his Mother had given him at parting, and told him, He hop'd to be one Day in a Condition, to make him a better Present, to shew his Esteem for *Muley*, and his Acknowledgment for the Civilities they had both receiv'd at his Hands.

No sooner were they landed at *Leghorn*, but *Hypolitus* pressed the Earl of *Warwick* to write to *Julia*; but there needed not much to engage the Earl to what he was sufficiently inclined to before; he writ at the same time to my Lord and my Lady *Douglas*, giving them an Account of what had befallen him, and returning his hearty Thanks and Acknowledgment for all those Favours they

they had heap'd upon *Julia*. *Hypolitus* enclosed a Letter in the Earl's Packet for my Lord *Douglas*, and sent a Packet of his own with several other Letters, among which you may suppose, that to his dear *Julia* was the first in Rank and Moment, the rest being for *Lucilia* and the Earl of *Suffex*, unto whom the Packet was directed, with advice, that he expected their Answer at *Florence*, whither he was to go by his Father's absolute Orders. He had given a Letter to his Son to the Senator *Alberti*, wherein he recommended his Son to his utmost Care, with all imaginable Expressions of Tenderness. So the Earl of *Warwick* and *Hypolitus*, without making any Stay at *Leghorn*, *Lucca* or *Pisa*, went directly to *Florence*, where they continued to give one another all possible Demonstrations of Esteem and Friendship.

Whilst these Things pass'd betwixt them in *Italy*, the distress'd *Julia* enjoy'd neither the least Repose nor Health in *England*; her Grief had produc'd such an Alteration in her, that she was scarce to be known by her best Friends: She was so far from appearing abroad in the World, that she scarce ever stirr'd out of her Chamber. If she had any tolerable Moments, it were those she spent with her dear *Lucilia*, or with the Earl of *Suffex*, which was not very often, for fear of creating fresh Suspicions in my Lord *Douglas*, which would have prov'd a means to be quite debarr'd of the Earl's Company.

As for the Earl of *Bedford*, he was for some time so ill, that he was thought to be at Death's Door: But so soon as his Mother understood that he was in the least on the mending hand, and in a Condition to be carried in a Litter, she would not suffer him to stay any longer in the same House where he had fought with *Hypolitus*, but sent for him to *London*: However, before he left *Buckingham*, he desir'd the Favour of my Lord *Douglas* to bid Farewell to *Julia*, but could not obtain it, she persisting resolutely in her Refusal of seeing him, in spite of all the Intreaties of my Lord and my Lady; nay, she desired to be conducted into *France* into a Nunnery, because she was now resolv'd to renounce the World for ever. But whatever she could tell them upon that Point, they did not

not believe her to be real, and were so far from complying with her Request, that not doubting, but that if they consented to it, *Hypolitus* would soon find her out in *France*, and that thereby all the Precautions they had taken of breaking their Correspondence would be frustrated; they put her off sometimes, under Pretence of their Tenderness to her, and sometimes by a full Denial, and gave her to understand, that she must either resolve to marry now, or stay with them till she did.

So rigorous a Treatment could not but revive in her all the Pains she had felt before. I am then Prisoner, dear Sister, said she to *Lucilia*, they will not so much as allow me the Liberty to retire to some Solitude, where I may at my own leisure reflect upon and abandon myself to my tormenting Thoughts: Here I am oblig'd to be constantly upon my Guard to conceal my Pain; I am forc'd to see those whose Importunities serve only to encrease my Affliction; Alas! what am I reserv'd for! All other Women are permitted to chuse what is now refused to me; nobody opposes a young Woman in her Intentions of embracing a religious Life, nay, they are often forced so to do, and I alone am so unfortunate as to be subjected to new Laws, and it seems as if those who cause my Sufferings took Delight in seeing them. These different Thoughts so far prevail'd both over her Body and Mind, that, notwithstanding her natural sweet Disposition, she appear'd to be full of Spleen and Vexation, though *Lucilia* afforded her all the Consolation she could. This young Lady being very discreet and prudent, alledg'd to her every Thing that could be said or thought on to allay her Troubles, and was no less assiduous in obliging her with any Thing she thought might serve to give her some Diversion; but without any considerable Success.

In the mean while *Hypolitus* being arrived at *Florence*, met with a Reception from the Senator *Alberti*, even beyond what my Lord *Douglas* could have desir'd or hop'd for from so generous a Friend. A few Days after his Arrival, he and the Earl of *Warwick* were conducted by him to *Cajena*, to a magnificent Summer-seat built

by *Laurence de Medicis*, where you may meet with every Thing that was thought rare and curious in those Times. *Cosmus de Medicis* the then reigning Duke of *Florence*, who happen'd to keep his Court there at that Time, would fain have engaged the Earl of *Warwick* to stay at *Florence*; and gave so favourable a Reception to *Hypolitus*, that he might well have flatter'd himself with great Advantages to be obtain'd there, had he been in a Capacity to employ his Thoughts upon any Thing else but upon his present troublesome State. Most People perceiv'd it, and *Hypolitus* finding himself not in a Condition to hide it, desir'd *Signior Alberti* not to make any long Stay at Court.

At the same Time my Lord and my Lady *Douglas* did, in the so much desir'd Absence of their Son, taste the Sweats of an agreeable Tranquility, there being nothing now left to interrupt it at this Time, unless it were the Apprehension they lay under, of seeing themselves disappointed in these Measures they had taken of getting all the Letters that should be writ betwixt them into their Hands: For, when upon *Hypolitus's* Departure, his Father gave him Liberty to bid Farewel to *Julia*; 'twas not done so much with an Intention to give some Cause of Satisfaction to him, as to find out what Measures they would take to maintain their Correspondence by Letters. For this Purpose they had placed one of the Countesses Waiting-women in a hollow Part of the Room, cover'd only with Tapestries, where she could see and over-hear every thing that pass'd betwixt them; and it was by her Means they were inform'd, that all their Letters were to be directed to the Earl of *Suffex*: So they resolv'd to intercept them, not questioning but this might be done, provided they spar'd neither Pains nor Charges. To compass their Design, my Lord *Douglas* corrupted one of the Post-Officers with Money, who was to deliver to him all the Letters that came from *Italy* to the Earl of *Suffex*. On the other hand, he prevailed with the *English* Agent, or Chief Factor, at *Florence*, who was his old Acquaintance, to secure for him all the Letters that should be directed to his Son: He told him, that his
Son

Son being fallen in Love with a young Woman who had no Fortune, he had sent him away on purpose to cure him of that Passion, and that therefore he lay under a Necessity of making use of all the Stratagems that possibly he could, to reduce him to Reason, and to his Duty; and that he conjured him to lend him a helping Hand, since *Hypolitus's* Fortune lay at Stake.

The first Packet my Lord *Douglas* received from *Italy*, was actually directed to him from *Leghorn*, and in it the Earl of *Warwick*, and *Hypolitus's* Letters: He was not a little surprized to understand that *Julia's* Father was still alive, and he had not the least Reason to doubt of the Truth of it, after the Letter he had writ him upon that Subject. He did not think it convenient to impart this good News to *Julia*; she will, said he to the Countess his Spouse, make this a plausible Pretence to contradict us, whenever we shall propose a Match to her; she will say, she ought to stay till the Return, or at least for the Consent of the Earl of *Warwick*; and, since he himself tells us of the great Obligations he has to our Son, and that 'tis probable he may have discovered to him his Passion for *Julia*, her Father is not likely to act contrary to the Interest of a Friend, who is already so dear to him. Upon these Considerations, it was resolved not to let *Julia* know the least Thing relating to the Earl of *Warwick*; and that they might not omit any Thing they thought requisite to thwart the Designs of these two tender and unfortunate Lovers, they got certain Letters forged, and directed to the Earl of *Sussex* (after having intercepted the true ones sent him from *Leghorn*) to *Lucilia*, and to *Julia*, in *Hypolitus's* Name. In these 'twas pretended he writ them Word, that having received a Wound in the Hand, in his late Voyage, he was obliged to make Use of a Friend to write to them in his Behalf. This was done to remove all Suspicion, when they should see their Letters written by another Hand but *Hypolitus's* own; and to play their Cards the better, that written to *Julia*, was conceived in Terms full of Indifferency and changing; whereas those for *Lucilia*, and the Earl of *Sussex*, were extremely tender.

On the other Hand, my Lord *Douglas* caused other Letters also to be forged, as if written by *Julia*, her Sister, and by the Earl, to *Hypolitus*, stiled in such a Manner as they judged most proper to perswade him they were written by them; and to take away all Manner of Suspicion from him, because they were not written with their own Hands, they let him know, that it was agreed among them to disguise their Hand Writing, that in Case they should miscarry, it might not be known from whom they came.

Then my Lord *Douglas* wrote again to the *English* Head Factor at *Florence*, to desire him to intercept those Letters that actually came from the Earl of *Suffex*, and instead thereof to deliver to *Hypolitus* the suppositious ones; to distinguish these Letters, he sent him a Print of the Signet wherewith the suppositious Letters were to be sealed, conjuring him to suffer none but those to come to his Son's Hands, and send all the rest back to him. By this Means seeing himself Master of all the secret Correspondence betwixt *Julia* and her dear Lover, he began now to hope to bring his Desires about according to the Scheme he had laid of them; for, according to his Directions, these suppositious Letters, by Degrees, appeared more and more cold on both Sides. *Julia* became inconsolable. *Alas! Sister*, said she to *Lucilia*, *your Brother loves me no more; pray mind how indifferently he writes, and he has missed several Posts without letting me hear from him, and when he does, it seems as if it were only out of Complaisance, and as if I were forced to snatch from him his Demonstrations and Remembrance of our Friendship; I am sure what he does is only for a Decorum's Sake, his Heart has no Share in it.* *Hypolitus is changed, Sister*, continued she, *Hypolitus is changed;* at these Words she dropt from her Chair like one half dead. *Lucilia* would willingly have spoken in Justification of her Brother, and maintained his Constancy; but thinking herself convinced of his Infidelity, she was not a little discomposed at his Inconstancy.

Whilst these lovely Persons passed whole Nights under the most sensible Affliction that could be, and in their Letters loaded the unfortunate *Hypolitus* with a thousand Reproaches,

Reproaches, his Mind laboured under no less Distraction than theirs: Upon the Departure of the Earl of *Warwick* for *Venice*, he had disclosed to him his Passion for *Julia*, without in the least disguising the Matter, and told him how much my Lord *Douglas* was exasperated against him on that Account, and he had prevailed at last so far upon the Earl, that he brought him over quite into his Interest, and obtained from him a Promise, *That this fair Lady should be no Body's else but his*. He did not fail to acquaint his beloved Mistress with this agreeable Piece of News, but to little Purpose, since every Thing was kept from her Sight and Knowledge, except what might serve to increase her Grief; as *Hypolitus*, on the other hand, observed that she wrote to him as if it were with some Constraint and Diffidence, which proved the constant Occasion of new Disturbances in his Mind.

I told you before, that he was received with all Demonstration of Esteem and Friendship by the Senator *Alberti*; he had a Son much of the same Age as *Hypolitus*, named Signior *Leander*, a Person well shaped, witty, obliging, of a sweet Temper, and a pleasing and most engaging Conversation. These two Gentlemen soon discovered in one another such a mutual Disposition to love one another, and their Tempers suited so exactly well, that at first Sight, by a certain Effect of Sympathy, they contracted so near, and so firm a Friendship, that in a very small Time after they had no Secret, nay, nor scarce even a Thought but what they communicated to one another. It is easy to imagine, that living in so strict a Friendship, *Hypolitus* could not forbear to make him his Confident of his Passion for *Julia*, and he took much Delight in talking of her, and in extolling the Charms and other great Qualities of his Mistress, that it wanted very little but that *Leander* had fallen in Love with her. *Nothing in the World*, said he, *is comparable to her for Beauty, nothing more accomplished than her Wit; she has a great Soul, and an engaging Air, enough to enchant every Body that converses with her. How happy are you*, *Hypolitus*, said *Leander*, *to be, my dear, beloved by so accomplished a Lady!*

As for myself, I have not as yet tasted the Pleasure of a tender Love. I never met with any yet, in my Way, but what were Coquets, who are fond of many Lovers, without loving, or being cruel to any one. Those are dangerous Women, cried Hypolitus, I loved Julia before I knew myself, and I knew not what Love was when I felt myself in Love with her; so it is not Experience has made me a Lover. Oh! how should I dread such a Woman as you speak of. I suppose them to be of so unreasonable and unequal Tempers, that I cannot but pity all those that serve them.

After they had spent some Time in such like Discourses, he shewed him the Bracelet with *Julia's* Hairs in it; he kissed it a thousand Times with all the Transports of Tenderneſs that can be imagined, expecting, with the utmost Impatience, to have a Letter from her fair Hands: But tho' he neglected no Opportunity of having his Letters as soon as they were delivered out, the *English* Factor took such effectual Care to oblige my Lord *Douglas*, that he had none but the suppositious Letters instead of the others; so that his Grief increased in Proportion as he observed in his Mistress's Letters a certain Coldness he thought he deserved less now than ever. *Pray mind,* said he, with a melancholly Air, to *Leander*, *what Effects Absence is able to produce; the longer it is, the more Neglect I observe in Julia. Oh! cruel Absence,* cried he, *thou hast robbed me of my Mistress's Heart.*

Leander would willingly have perswaded him to take a Turn to *Rome*; and thence to *Venice*, and to stay there for some Time. No, said Hypolitus, no, I will not stir out of *Florence*; for since my Father's Desire was to send me out of *England*, I will at least stay at *Florence*, because it is nearer to it than any of the other two Places you would have me go to; all the Beauties in the World I can look at with Indifference only, till such Time as I see that again I love; and since I can delight in nothing, since I am insensible to every Thing, nothing can reach my Heart; all my Passions being centred in that lovely young Lady, I can take no other Impressions but what proceeds from a most profound Grief:

Grief: But tho' I adore without Intermission, you see she kills me by her Indifferency. It is that, *said Leander*, which obliges me to find out some Means or other to engage you to conclude a Truce for some Time with this splematick Temper, which makes you shun the Conversation of all the World. I cannot conceal it any longer from you, *That you are looked upon at Court as if you were a Barbarian, every one asks me the Reason of it, and the Ladies especially shew very much their Dislike at your Deportment; pray at least be a little more sociable. I neither can, nor will be otherwise than now I am,* answered *Hypolitus*. Give me Leave to sigh, my dear Leander, give me Leave to bemoan my Misfortunes at Pleasure; don't straiten my Pain! *Alas! this is a Request few will be able to deny me.*

A whole Year being thus past, my Lord and my Lady Douglas were extremely pleased to see their Designs succeed so fortunately, that not the least Discovery thereof had been made hitherto; but at the same Time they were convinced, to their no small Grief and Vexation, by those of their Son's Letters, and by such of *Julia's* Letters as fell into their Hands, that Absence had not made the least Alteration in their Hearts; that their Tenderneſs continued still to be the same, and that it was evident, by what they had writ to one another, that even Death itself should not make them change their Minds. My Lord having all the Reason in the World to fear that some Accident or other might overturn the Frame of his Structure, before he should be able to bring it to Perfection, went immediately to the Agent of *Florence*, then residing at *London*, and having told him what Vexation he lay under on account of his Son's Passion, from which neither Time, nor his positive Commands, had been able to divert him hitherto; he intreated him to lend him a helping Hand in bringing about a Design he had framed to bring him to Reason. Finding him sufficiently inclining to comply with his Desires, they contrived certain Letters, one as if written by *Hypolitus*, the other by the *English* Head Factor at *Florence*, the third by the Marquis *de Neri*, and the fourth by the Senator *Alberti*. These Letters con-

tained in Substance, *That Hypolitus desired my Lord's Consent to marry Madam Neri, a young Lady of Quality, whose House was related to the most illustrious Families of Italy, and who, being an Heiress, would be a vast Fortune to him.* They sent also her Picture, which being not drawn after any Original, but merely according to the Picture-drawer's Fancy, he had made it a perfect Pattern of Beauty, such a one as no Body could look upon without Admiration. The Senator *Alberti* in his pretended Letter positively told my Lord *Douglas*, *That his Son was so far enamoured with this lovely Lady, that if he refused his Consent to marry her, he would certainly die for Grief.* The English Agent added to this, *That it would be a very advantageous Match.* And the suppositious Marquis *de Neri* sent a complimentary Letter to my Lord, telling him, as it were *en passant*, *That Hypolitus's Merits had made so deep an Impression upon his Daughter, and that he had given her such undeniable Demonstrations of a most violent Passion for her, that he was no longer able to resist both their Prayers and Intreaties to acquaint him that he should joyfully embrace the Honour of his Alliance, provided his might not be unacceptable to him.*

Every Thing being thus concerted, one Day when the Earl of *Suffex* was at Dinner with my Lord *Douglas*, in comes a Servant of the *Florentine* Agent, desiring to speak with my Lord; he told him that his Master might come at what Hour he pleased, and that he would expect him all the Remainder of the Day. Not long after, in he comes, and *Julia*, who loved to be solitary, was going to withdraw; but this being a Time wherein she was to have the chief Part, the Countess told her, with a low Voice, that Decency required she and *Lucilia* should stay as long as she staid. After the first Compliments were past, the Agent told my Lord he had something of Moment to communicate to him concerning *Hypolitus*; and my Lord told him he might tell it with all imaginable Freedom, there being no Body present but his Mother, Sister, and intimate Friends. Then the Agent, who acted his Part to the Life, offered the before mentioned Letters, which my Lord *Douglas*

glas read first with a low Voice ; but soon after told his Wife, so that every Body there present might hear him ; *There is nothing that is a Secret in these Letters*, said he to his Lady, *pray mind what they write me* ; and then he read the Letters again aloud, and opening the Case wherein was the Picture of the pretended Madam *Neri*, seemed surprized at her Beauty, as well as my Lady *Douglas*, whilst the Agent took Care to extol her to the Sky for a thousand other great Qualifications : At last he intreated my Lord to give them a favourable Answer, and not to retard the Felicity of two such accomplished and passionate Lovers. Good God ! who is able to describe that miserable State unto which the unfortunate *Julia* saw herself reduced during this cruel Conversation ; she resolved to put a Constraint upon herself, and would see her Rival's Picture ; but she had no sooner cast her Eyes upon that fatal Piece, which appeared to her most surprizingly beautiful, but she fell into a Swoon, without Sense, Voice, Motion, or Pulse, and Death seemed to have fixed his ghastly Look in her Face. Any Body, less prejudiced than my Lord and my Lady were, would have been touched with Compassion at so melancholly a Spectacle ; but they seemed unconcerned, and only ordered her to be carried into her Bed-chamber. *Lucilia* and the Earl of *Suffex*, almost drowned in Tears, staid with her ; but for all the Help and Remedies they could give her, it was above four Hours before she recovered so far as to judge whether she were dead or alive.

Then she just opened her Eyes, fixing them stedfastly on *Lucilia* and the Earl, but said not one Word, nor shed one Tear ; and soon after shut them again, nor would she open them any more, nor speak one Word. *Dear Sister*, said *Lucilia*, embracing her very tenderly, *perhaps your Evil is not past Cure, Hypolitus is not married as yet, and it is likely he will repent of his Inconstancy ; if he should return to his Duty, would not you receive him again ? And if he continues to be ungrateful, will you sacrifice your Life for an ungrateful Person, and leave me in this desperate Condition I am in now ?* The Earl forgot not to joyn his Arguments to the Intreaties

of *Lucilia* ; but *Julia* would not so much as make them understand by a Sign that she took notice of what they said, and it being very late, the Earl went away without having the Satisfaction of hearing her speak ; and *Lucilia* spent the whole Night with her in Tears and Lamentations. The next Day the Earl came again, and being told by *Lucilia* that she would take nothing at all, nay, that whatever she could tell or pray her, she would not so much as open her Eyes, nor speak one Word, he went immediately to speak with my Lord and my Lady. These seemed not in the least surprized or touched with Compassion at poor *Julia's* desperate Case ; they only told him carelessly, *That Hunger would bring her to eat, and that Lovers had generally but a slender Appetite for Vi&u;als.* How ! cried the Earl of *Suffex*, in an angry Tone, *you don't only ruin a young Lady, but also insult over her Misfortunes ; can you imagine but that so unjust a Proceeding will not make you blush one Time or other ?* He continued to intermix most bitter Complaints with his Reproaches, but all in vain : So, perceiving no Good was to be done with them, he went, full of Affliction, to *Julia's* Chamber again.

Lucilia ceased not to make most pressing Instances to *Julia* to take some Nourishment, but to no Purpose ; however, at last opening her Eyes, she told them with a feeble Voice, intermixed with Sighs and Sobs, *Dear Sister, and you, my generous Friend,* said she, *don't urge me any further to eat, I am highly obliged to you for all your Cares, and the Demonstrations you give me of your Tendernefs, but I hope soon to see an End of this deplorable Life.* Oh ! barbarous Hypolitus, said she, Oh ! barbarous Man, *what have I done against thee to deserve such cruel Treatment at thy Hands ? What is become of all thy Oaths and Vows ? Thou lovest me no longer, faithless Man ; and I am so frail and foolish as to afflict myself at it.* Having said these Words, she spoke no more, nor would take the least Nourishment, tho' she was reduced to a very weak Condition, having taken not the least Thing for two whole Days. *Lucilia* and the Earl being sensible her Design was to starve herself to

to Death, they thought it their best Way to touch her in her Conscience, knowing her to be very meek and tender in that Point; so they sent for her Father Confessor, and having discoursed him in private, left him alone with her. His Authority proved more prevailing upon her than all the Tears of *Lucilia*, and all the Intreaties of the Earl of *Suffex* were able to do before. *Julia* submitted herself to the Directions of him who had always been her Guide, and he was no sooner gone, but she spoke thus to her Sister and the Earl of *Suffex*; *Don't bear me any Ill will, said she to them, because I was so positive in resisting what you desired of me; it was not an Effect of want of Friendship for you, but of my Despair only. They tell me, I must not shorten my own Days, and that I must be accountable for my Life to him who gave it me. Then I will live, continued she, with a deep Sigh, then I will live the most unfortunate Person that ever was seen; and since I am under a Necessity to live, I would not have the ungrateful Hypolitus know all those Troubles and Grief he has occasioned in me. Sister, added she, if I dare hope that you love me, give me this Proof of it; don't speak to your Brother concerning me; or if it happen you cannot avoid it, tell him I was not concerned at his Infidelity; That Indifferency has made me set aside all my Anger, and that I scarce ever so much as named him. Grant me this Favour, said she, addressing herself to the Earl, don't let him be acquainted with the Pains I suffer for him; I make you my Confident, but don't reveal my Secret.* They promised to do as she desired them, being overjoyed to see her take some Care for the Preservation of a Life which was very dear to them.

A considerable Time was spent in bringing her to the intire Use of her Reason, and *Lucilia* and the Earl of *Suffex* in their Letters wrote such bloody Reproaches to *Hypolitus*, that supposing the Matter of Fact upon which they were founded to have been such as it appeared to them, they must needs have reminded, and perhaps also recalled him to his Duty: But alas! none of those, no more than all the rest they had written before, came to his Hands. In the mean while *Julia* would sometimes

flatter herself in the midst of her Despair with the pleasing Hopes that her Lover might repent, and not consummate the intended Marriage; she could not forbear sometimes to tell *Lucilia*, *Notwithstanding what Hypolitus has done against me*, said she, *I am sensible I should be glad to pardon him if he could return to his Duty; but alas! when I consider these rare Qualifications of Madam Neri, I have great Reason to fear he will never be mine.* At this Consideration she plunged into an Abyss of Pain and Torments. *Lucilia*, on her Side, being resolved not to flatter her with such uncertain Hopes as would serve only to revive her Passion, and consequently to torment her in vain; *You must forget Hypolitus*, said she, *dear Sister, you ought to hate him; and notwithstanding he is my Brother, I am absolutely against him: Forget, and to hate him*, replied *Julia*, *Oh! Sister, do you think me to be Mistress of my own Sentiments? A Soul prepossessed with a Habit of loving and being beloved, and that contracted by a long Process of Time, a sincere Heart engaged in a Passion without Disguise, is not in a Condition to recover itself at the very Moment it finds itself betrayed. Don't you see how unfortunate I am, even after I was confirmed to have lost this faithless Man? I must own to you, my Love for him is rather increased, I am very ingenious in contriving my own Torments, I call to mind every Thing he has told me, every Thing he used to do before me; he is always present in my Sight, I discover every Day new Perfections in his Person, all which serves only to increase my Pain; no, dear Sister, no, my Case is deplorable beyond all Comparison, and it is impossible for you to be sensible of the Pains and Torments I suffer.*

The News most of all dreaded by *Julia*, I mean that of *Hypolitus's* pretended Marriage, being come at that Juncture my Lord *Douglas* had contrived it should be known, this fatal Stroke once more revived in this fair Lady all her Discontents and Troubles; for tho' she expected to hear of it every Moment, yet she still flattered herself with some small Glimpse of Hopes to the contrary: So that now seeing her Case to be such as to be past all Cure, she took a Resolution of shutting herself up in a Nunnery, and there to linger away the remaining

maining Days of her languishing Life, when on a sudden a certain Motive of Honour and Pride overturned this whole Design. *How*, said she to *Lucilia*, *shall I leave the World for this worthless Lover? And shall he have the Satisfaction of imagining that it was Grief that made me take this Resolution, because I was not capable to dispense with the Loss of him? No, I cannot bear the very Thoughts of it; no, let it cost me what it will, I will make him believe at least that I am contented and happy. And since the Earl of Bedford continues to make his Addresses, and with the same Passion courts me to be his Spouse, I will sacrifice my Repose to my Pride. I hope you are not in earnest, Sister*, cried *Lucilia*; *how can you resolve to marry a Man whom you love not? Do you foresee the ill Consequences that attends such a Match? I sufficiently foresee them*, replied she, in a melancholly Tone, *but I foresee also that this will prove a Means to prevent your Brother's being acquainted with my Frailties and tender Inclinations for him; he will then have Reason enough to believe that I changed as well as he; nay, it would be a kind of Satisfaction to me, if he was persuaded that I did so first.* All *Lucilia's* Reasons and Intreaties to dissuade her from it proved fruitless upon this Occasion, and as the Countess of *Douglas* let slip no Opportunity of diving into *Julia's* Sentiments, she no sooner understood her favourable Disposition for the Earl of *Bedford* but she acquainted him of it, nor lost they one Moment to strengthen *Julia* in her Resolution. *Dear Daughter*, said she to her, *tho' your Inclinations are not much for the Person you have pitched upon, you have so great a Share of Virtue, and he adores you (if one may so term it) in so extraordinary a Manner, that your Gratitude and Duty will produce in his Behalf what your Tenderness would engage for another Man.* *Julia* kept Silence for a While, but when she was obliged to return an Answer, she said, with a melancholly Air, *That since she had resolved upon this Match, she hoped she should not be wanting in her Duty.* So great Preparations were made for the Nuptials, and that fatal Day being come, *Julia* appeared in a white Apparel, brocaded all over with Silver, adorned with Abundance

of Jewels, and her fair Hair curiously tied up in Locks and Buckles; she had never appeared more beautiful, and at the same Time more languishing; she looked somewhat pale, but without being the least injurious to her Complexion; and her large Eyes containing a certain Languishment by reason of her Grief, seemed rather to increase than to diminish her Charms. The Earl of *Bedford* thought himself the happiest Man in the World, and could scarce imagine how so unexpected a Change could fall to his Lot. He was not able to conceal the Transports of his Mind; but neither his Transports, nor his Love, nor his Constancy, were able to touch the lovely *Julia's* Heart. She was married at *Buckingham* House, in the Presence of a noble and numerous Assembly; every one took notice of her Melancholly, and some would ask her the Cause of it; but she scarce returned any Answer to any Thing, whether serious or otherwise.

The Earl of *Bedford* understood the same Day he was to be married to her, that *Julia* was the Earl of *Warwick's* Daughter, my Lord and my Lady *Douglas* thinking it not convenient she should marry the Earl in the Quality of being their Daughter; but he desired the Thing might be kept as a Secret, and that he might pass for her Father hereafter as he had done hitherto. The Earl, instead of bringing his new Spouse to *London*, carried her into *Berkshire*, where he had a Country-seat not inferior in Magnificence to a royal Palace, Art and Nature being joyned together to accomplish it; its Situation being infinitely delightful, by reason of an adjacent Forest, which furnished it with the most pleasant Walks in the World, in the midst of a spacious Solitude: For tho' this Seat was not above forty Miles distant from *London*, its Situation among the Woods made it appear much more remote from that great City than actually it was; and tho' Abundance of Gentlemen live in that Country, yet none had their Houses within a small Distance from this Seat. This was the Place whither the unfortunate *Julia* was conducted by her new Spouse; she desired the Countess of *Douglas* to let the lovely *Lucilia* stay with her some Time, which

was

was soon granted. Alas! were it possible to represent to you the doleful State of her Heart, you would certainly afford her some Compassion. *I did not think, said she to Lucilia, that my Pain could possibly be increased; I believed, that after what I had undergone, nothing could augment my Sufferings; but how much do I find myself deceived? My dear Lucilia, every Moment produces additional Torment to my Pains; this continual Constraint I am forced to put upon myself for a Husband I don't love, these secret Reproaches I constantly feel within myself, and these Remorses, which are the Consequences of the tender Remembrance of a Lover who is still beloved by me; these Desires of discharging one's Duty, and the Violence of tearing from one's Heart an Inclination which now is become criminal; all these Considerations appear so dreadful, and cause such heavy Afflictions to me, as makes me apprehend sometimes they will reduce me to Despair. Whilst I was my own Mistress I had this Comfort at least, that I need not blush on account of my Passion. Just Heaven, what a Martyrdom is this! How long shall I be thus afflicted! At these Words she cried bitterly; her Sister mingling her Tears with hers, would fain have afforded her some Consolation, but without Success.*

The Earl of Bedford, in the midst of all the Pleasures he enjoyed, could not but be sensible that he was not beloved by his Lady; for tho' Love be blind, it is very quick-sighted and discerning in certain Respects. It is true, we are apt, when we are in Love, scarce to make a real Distinction betwixt that which is the Effect only of Complaisance, and betwixt what proceeds from pure Inclination; we are very willing to flatter and to deceive ourselves: But, after all, there is a certain nice and delicious Relish which affects the Heart from Time to Time with a mutual Passion; but when only one of the two happens to love, he must expect Abundance of turbulent Hours, and the Object beloved must also bear her Share in them. This was the Case of the Earl of Bedford, who, during these turbulent Minutes, thought of nothing so much than who could be the Person that robbed him of his Lady's Tenderness,

ness, tho' at the same Time he knew not where to fix the Matter, she being a Lady of so much Prudence, of so much Indifferency and Reservedness to all the World, that he had all the Reason in the World to believe, that if she did not love him, she did not love any Thing else in the World; and tho' he could not but look upon it as a great Misfortune to know himself not to be beloved by his Wife, he thought it nevertheless none of the least Felicities, that her Heart was not engaged another Way. Time will make me happy, *said he to one of his intimate Friends, Julia* is insensible to all the World now; but when her loving Hour is come, I don't question but she will do that in my Behalf out of Inclination, which now is purely the Effect of her Duty and Virtue.

T H E

H I S T O R Y

O F

HYPOLITUS,

Earl of DOUGLAS.

P A R T II.

THREE whole Months were now expired, in which neither *Lucilia* nor the Earl of *Suffex* had written to *Hypolitus*; they were so enraged against him by reason of his Inconstancy, that they could not forgive him, and the Earl most of the two; for tho' he never used to keep constant to one Mistress, he was a Man of Honour, whose Maxim it was, that a Man who pretends to Honour, should never break his Word; and this it was that made him so angry with his Friend.

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My Lord *Douglas* having now gained his Point, writ to the *English* Factor at *Florence*, that he returned him Thanks for his Assiduity in intercepting his Son's Letters, but that for the future he might let them take their due Course; yet this afforded no Matter of Comfort to *Hypolitus*, because those Persons from whom he expected his Letters, thought fit now to send him none. This put him under strange Inquietudes; forty times was he upon the Point of resolving to go into *England* to see his dear *Julia*, had not *Leander* made use of all the Power he had over him to divert him from it. One Evening, when his Spleen made him quite averse to all Conversation, even of that of his intimate Friends, he walked out of the Town, following for some Time the Current of the River *Armis*, till, turning off a little Way, he got into a Wood of *Orange*, *Myrtle*, and *Pomegranate Trees*; he traced for some Time the Tract of the High-way, but at last, by several By-paths, got into the most remote Part of the Wood. He, finding himself at full Liberty, and without the least Constraint, began to sigh, and to make the most dreadful Reflections in the World upon what could be the Cause of his Mistress's not writing to him, as also of his Sister's and the Earl of *Suffex*, and that in so long a Time. He took a fixed Resolution to leave *Florence* without Delay, much about the same Time when his Valet, who knew he was under the greatest Vexation that could be, on account of his hearing no News from *England*, having now received some Letters, went with all possible Haste to find him out. Being told that his Master was seen to go into the Wood, he searched all Corners thereof, till, having found him out, he delivered him the Packet. *Hypolitus* sent him home again, and overjoyed to see the Earl of *Suffex*'s Hand, he opened it hastily, and found in it these Lines.

THO' I had taken a Resolution not to write to you any more, yet I thought at last three Months Silence a Time sufficiently long to make you sensible how highly I am concerned at your Infidelity to the fair *Julia*; and tho' all your Friends ought to be well satisfied in so advantageous a Mar-

a Marriage as yours is, and that I am one of those, who are most sensibly touched with every Thing relating to you, I can nevertheless not forbear to own to you, that I cannot be overjoyed at it, and that I could have wished you had never changed your Passion. Poor young Lady, she was troubled to the highest Degree when the Florentine Agent delivered your Letters to my Lord Douglas, and with them the Picture of your new Mistress: The Consequence of this Affair, did reduce her to the very Point of Death; and she has since done something out of meer Spite, whereof, I fear, she will soon repent. Tho', perhaps, your Concern may not be so great as it used to be in this Case, nevertheless I believe you cannot but have some Resentment against it, when you understand that she is married to the Earl of Bedford. This Sacrifice has been attended with so many Tears, that her Nuptial Day seemed to be rather designed for a Funeral, than for a Feast. She is now in Berkshire; the lovely Lucilia keeps her Company in her Solitude; and whilst you wallow in Pleasures in the Place where you are, she feels a thousand Torments where she is. Do not take it amiss, because I did not write sooner, and because I write with so much Indifference, my dear Hypolitus, I was not able to overcome myself upon that Point; and that I might be yours again, as entirely as I was before, it was requisite I should discover my Mind to you with an unlimited Freedom.

Hypolitus read with the greatest Surprise in the World the Beginning of this Letter, not knowing what to make of it. His Marriage, his Inconstancy, and all these Reproaches, seemed to be nothing but Chimeras to him: But when he came to that Passage, where the Earl told him, that Julia was married to the Earl of Bedford, he was like one Thunder-struck, he reeled down under a Tree, and was several Times in Mind to run himself through with his own Sword, and so at once to put an End to his unfortunate Life, but that some small Glimpses of Hope stopped his Hand: 'Tis no difficult Matter for me, said he, to see what they aim at; 'tis possible Julia has conceived some Jealousy, and to put me

to the Tryal, she has pitched upon this Contrivance, to put me in Fear of losing her; and to bring me back to my Duty, in Case I had laid it aside. But these Thoughts continued not long, being succeeded by others much more afflicting than those: How! Is she married, cried he? Is it possible I should be acquainted with this fatal News, without dying out of Despair! Julia, adorable Julia, what is it I have done to you! What could move you to suspect my Heart to be guilty of such a Treachery! That Heart you have intirely linked to yours by a thousand endearing Engagements! Do you think it could have any other Disposition but for you? Alas! I am afraid you were inclined yourself to be unfaithful to me, and 'tis this doubtless that has made you give Ear to those Insinuations against me. He paused a while, and soon after repenting himself to have accused his Mistress; he asked her Pardon, no otherwise than if she had been present, with Tears in his Eyes, and such mournful Expressions as are scarce to be imagined; threatening the utmost of his Revenge to him who had robbed him of his Felicity, and to all those who had given a helping Hand to play him such a Game. In this afflicted Condition he little minded what Time of the Night it was, and tho' it was pretty late, he was not inclined to go as yet out of the Wood; but sometimes would be leaning against a Tree, sometimes sitting upon the Ground, but without finding the least Ease in this Variety; the violent Agitations of his Mind, his Despair, Anger, all these Passions tormented him to such a Degree, that he seemed to be nearer Death than living.

Signior Leander, with whom he was to spend that Evening, not a little disturbed because he did not see him, asked the same Servant, who had carried the Packet of Letters to *Hypolitus*, where his Master was? And being told he had left him in the Wood, he was somewhat surpris'd and discomposed at his staying so long there, (tho' indeed the Pleasantry of the Place, and of the Season, might have invited any Body to stay there some Part of the Night) so he went to look for him, soon found him, and heard him send forth most doleful Lamentations. This faithful Friend, fearing
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left some sinister Accident was befallen him, hastned towards the Place where he heard his Voice, and by the Light of the Moon saw him lye stretched along upon the Ground, like one without Sense or Motion. *Oh! my dear Hypolitus*, cried he, *I doubt you are wounded? What, were you assaulted by Highway-Men, or some other Villains?* Hypolitus looking at him with a sad Countenance, *How happy should I be*, said he, *were I either wounded or dead? My Misfortunes are of a much worse Nature*, my dear *Leander*, *I have lost every Thing. Great God, I have lost every Thing.* He said no more; the Earl of *Suffex's* Letter lay just by him. *Leander* finding he could not get one Word from him, in Answer to those Questions he asked him, and not questioning but that that fatal News which had reduced him to so deplorable a State, was contained in this Letter, he took it up, and by the Brightness of the Moon-light read it. Finding himself oppressed with Grief at the News which he knew had caused his Friend's Affliction, he went at some Distance from him, to give vent to his Passion; but soon after, returning to the Place where he had left him, found him to be gone thence: For *Hypolitus*, without thinking on what he did, or without remembering that *Leander* was far off, had left that Place, and was walking in the Wood as fast as he could, without knowing whither. *Leander* was much concerned thereat; he called him several Times by his Name, till at last he heard him sigh and speak to himself so loud, that he could easily trace and overtake him by his Voice: He took hold by his Arm, and embracing him with all the most tender Demonstrations of a sincere Friend, told him every Thing that either Reason, Wit or Tenderness is able to inspire into a Man upon such an Occasion as this. He joined with him in his Complaints, not thinking it convenient to contradict him at once; but by Degrees endeavoured to allay his Pain, sometimes by flattering him with Hopes; sometimes by representing to him, that a great and generous Soul, such as Nature had endowed him with, ought not to suffer itself to be so far overburthened with Afflictions, as not to be able to support itself under the Weight thereof; he conjured him by every

every thing that was most dear to him, and in particular by the same *Julia*, who was the only Object both of his Love and Pain, to endeavour to vanquish himself, lest that might be attributed to his Want of Courage, which actually was the Effect of his Passion and of his Pain. He knew *Hypolitus* to be a Person of Honour, and that he hit him in a Point, which he was not in a Condition to contradict. He added, that since his Mistress had shewn so much Repugnancy to that Marriage, it was an Infallible Sign, that he was still Master of her Heart; and that his Misfortunes were not quite past Remedy, because he was still belov'd.

These several Arguments produc'd this Effect upon *Hypolitus* that he gave some Respite to his Sighs and Sobs, and contented himself for this Time to ease his Mind by his Moans, which sometimes prove no small Consolation to an unfortunate Lover.

Day began to appear before *Leander* could prevail upon *Hypolitus* to go home along with him; for by his good Will he would have roam'd about in the Wood for ever, like a Mad Man. They were no sooner got home, but *Leander* caus'd him to be put into a Bed; but would needs stay along with him, knowing that his Presence might stand him in great Stead at this Time. It is scarce to be imagin'd, what a strange Alteration this fatal News had made in *Hypolitus*, and that in a few Hours; it was such, that any one that had seen him then, would have sworn he had lately had some violent and long Disease. And truly can there be a more violent one than Love? Or can there be a more dangerous one? Because we are not sensible of the Danger at the the Beginning of a tender Passion, every thing appears pleasing; every thing seems engaging; the Poison slips insensibly into our Heart, and is the more dangerous, because we take it with delight; all our Senses conspire against us, and are as it were our Murderers.

A considerable Time was elapsed, before *Hypolitus* could take any fixed Resolution, till after having fram'd a Thousand vain Projects, he at last resolv'd to travel back to *London*: His Father's Anger, his Agreement with

with my Lady *Bedford* that he should not come into *England* within the Space of Three Years, were not Motives strong enough to divert him from this Design, and he was so far from being concern'd thereat, that he thought it below himself, so much as to make the least Reflection upon it; so that when Signior *Leander* put him in Mind of it, Oh! these treacherous People, cry'd he, sent me out of the Way for no other End, than that they might with the more Ease do their worst to me. What Reason have I to fear them now? Just Heavens! there is no Danger so great, but what I would encounter without fear; my Misfortunes are come to their utmost Period; my ill Fortune has poured upon me all its Malignancy, and in that deplorable State I am reduced to, I can fear nothing, unless it should be the Dread of living too long. *Leander* seeing him so resolute, resolved to go along with him; and as *Hypolitus's* Grief rendered him incapable of taking Care either of his Person or of his Affairs, he managed every thing with that Earnestness and Assiduity, as is becoming a true Friend upon such like an Occasion: He told him, they would pretend to go no further than to *Rome*, and would take along with them each only one Servant, whom they knew to be true to them. Accordingly *Leander* ask'd his Father leave to take this Journey with *Hypolitus*, which he easily obtained.

They both left *Florence* at the same time, and travelled to *Bologne*; but tarried there no longer than just to give a Visit to Count *Bentivoglio*, an intimate Friend of the Senator *Alberti*, who had sent him a Letter by *Leander*; then passing over the *Appennines*, return'd privately through *Fierosola* to *Florence*, and thence to *Leghorn*: But there being no Ship in that Port, then ready to sail for *England*, they hir'd a *Tartane*, which carried them with a fair Wind to *Marseilles*. They had scarce been there two Days when they embark'd for *England*; but *Hypolitus*, before his Departure thence, had the Satisfaction to receive a Letter from the Earl of *Warwick*, with whom he had all along maintain'd a very strict Correspondence, though they had not very often an Op-
portu-

portunity of writing one to another. The Earl of *Warwick* was gone to *Venice*, with an Intention to offer his Service to that Republick, but he soon found that they enjoy'd the Sweets of a perfect Peace there; this great and glorious City remaining an idle Spectator of all the Calamities *Europe* was then involv'd in. 'Twas about the same time, that *Cosmus de Medicis*, with the Assistance of the Imperial Auxiliaries, besieged and took *Siena*, and that the *Venetians* had revenged themselves upon *Mustapha Riso*. This so much celebrated *Corfsair* entering the *Adriatick* Sea with his Squadron of light Ships, ravaged the Coast of *Dalmatia*, till being engaged and vanquish'd by the General *Canalis*, he had his Head cut off on the Deck of his own Galley. After this Expedition, the *Venetians* directed all their Councils to the maintaining an exact Neutrality with their more powerful Neighbours: And the Earl of *Warwick*, whose Intention was to signalize himself in the Field, soon considering with himself that there was but little Likelihood to succeed in his Design, in a Place which enjoyed the Fruits of a perfect Tranquility, understood, to his no small Satisfaction, that great warlike Preparations were making in the Isle of *Malta* against *Dragut Rais*, who, by *Soliman's* Orders, was preparing to appear at Sea with fifty Gallies. And the Knights of that Island, becoming jealous of these vast Preparations by Sea, left no Stone unturned to put themselves, not only in a State of Defence, but also to attack the Enemy. The Earl of *Warwick*, who had not as yet forgot the ill Treatment he had received at his Hands during his Captivity, was overjoyed at this Opportunity of fighting for his Religion, to signalize himself in so good a Cause, and to revenge himself upon *Dragut Rais*; so he desired *Alvisio Mocenigo*, the then Duke of *Venice*, to honour him with his Recommendation to the Great Master of *Malta*. The Duke was very ready to gratify the Earl of *Warwick* in his Request, to shew his own and the Republick's Acknowledgement of those Services he had done them: So he set Sail for *Malta*, where meeting with a very agreeable Reception, he

went

went aboard the Commodore *Valette*; and having performed every Thing that could be expected from the Valour and Conduct of two such brave Men, and the Gallies being laid up again at *Malta*, the Earl of *Warwick* return'd to *Venice*, and gave immediate notice of his Arrival there to *Hypolitus*, who had written to him concerning *Julia's* Marriage, and into what a deplorable Estate he had been reduced by this terrible News. The Earl, highly afflicted at the Misery of his Friend, writ him, in answer to his, That he was transacting some Matters of the greatest Consequence at *Venice*, which he soon hoped to bring to a good Issue, and that then he would make all the Haste he could for *England*, to snatch his Daughter out of the Earl of *Bedford's* Arms, since the Match could not stand good, being made without his Consent; and that therefore he might rest assured, that *Julia* should be nobodys but his. The Amorous *Hypolitus* being willing enough to flatter himself with these pleasing Hopes, this gave some present Allay to his Pain, especially since Signior *Leander* did not fail to put him frequently in Mind, that *Julia* having still a Father alive, and a Father of such extraordinary Merits, and of no less Quality than the Earl of *Warwick*, they would be glad to restore her to him, so soon as he should demand her.

Our two illustrious Travellers meeting with a prosperous Gale, happily arrived in the Port of *London*; but *Hypolitus* bearing an Aversion to his Father's House, would not so much as come in sight of it, but went strait to the Earl of *Sussex* who at first gave him but a cold Reception. Signior *Leander* seeing *Hypolitus* ready to run distracted, without being able to speak one Word in his own Behalf, address'd himself to the Earl of *Sussex*, (though altogether unknown to him) discovering to him the whole Truth of the Matter, how treacherously *Hypolitus* had been dealt with; how he had met with the Earl of *Warwick* at Sea; and in short, every thing he had understood from *Hypolitus's* own Mouth. The Earl then grieved to the Heart at his Friend's Misfortune, threw himself about his Neck, and clasp-

ing him close within his Arms; Oh! my dear and most faithful Friend, said he to him, what is it they tell me? What shall we be able to do, to remedy your Misfortune? For you are not married in *Italy*, and yet it is this false News has occasioned you the Loss of your Mistress. At these Words *Hypolitus* reviving as it were out of his Trance, and fetching a deep Sigh, Where is she, *said he interrupting him?* Where is she? That Mistress I still adore; in spite of all the Pain her too precipitate Resolution has caused me. She is still in *Berkshire*, replied the Earl of *Suffex*; and the fair *Lucilia* stays with her: This young Lady is so generous as to comfort her continually, and to bear Share in all her Afflictions: I have been told also, that she has been very dangerously ill, and that her Spouse is mortally jealous of her. The other Day my Lord *Neville* having invited me, with several other Persons of Quality, to a Hunting-match at his Country-seat (which you know is not far distant from the Earl of *Bedford's*) I was very glad to embrace this Opportunity of staying for some Days at a Place, where, by Reason of its Vicinity, I might visit *Julia* without any Manner of Suspicion of a framed Design. The Earl of *Bedford* being one of those that were invited to this Match, I thought I would prepare him before-hand for that Visit; but he told me, with much Coldness, tho' in Terms full of Civility, that it would be a great Favour to him, but that he was scarce ever at Home. You have, replied I, a Lady at Home, who knows how to perform the Honour of the House in your Absence. He blushed and seemed discomposed at these Words; but soon recollecting himself as well as he could, That Lady loves to be by herself, *said he*, and is very often out of Order. This Answer, instead of checking me in my Design, as the Earl supposed it would, produced a quite contrary Effect; for I resolved to run the Hazard of a downright Refusal. Accordingly I went to his House; but such effectual Care was taken, that they were always ready with some Excuse or other, either that she was asleep, or that she was not very well; so that it was impossible for me to see her, or to speak to *Lucilia*. Alas! cried *Hypolitus*, and how is it possible for me to see her! For me,

who

who have wound'd her Husband, and whom questionless he hates more than any other Man in the Universe. I see no Way for you to see her, *replied the Earl*, unless it be under a Disguise. They began then to consider, by what Means to bring this Interview about; but *Hypolitus's* Mind was too far over-burthened with Grief, to be able to reflect duly upon the Matter: *Leander* being but newly come into *England*, was unacquainted with the Customs and Manners of the Country; so that without the *Earl of Sussex's* Assistance, they might have thought long enough, and that to a very little Purpose.

A lucky Thought comes into my Head just now, *said he to them*; My Opinion is, to get somebody to buy some Ribbons, Gloves, Fans, and in short, all Manner of other Toys, such as commonly are sold by your Hawkers and Pedlars in the Country; with these you must have two or three Boxes filled, every Way like those the Pedlars make Use of; and your Dress being suited to your pretended Profession, you may under this Disguise go to the *Earl of Bedford's* House, and meet with an Opportunity of seeing *Julia*, without the least Suspicion. *Hypolitus* desired the *Earl of Sussex* to go and buy what Toys and other small Wares he thought most convenient; which being done, their Wares were put up in the Boxes, and their Cloaths fitted to their Intentions; for *Leander* being resolved to share his Friend's Fortune and Adventure with him, would act the same Person as he did, and tho' he was unknown in *England*, yet thought fit to disguise his noble Air and Mein under this vulgar Habit: But, as to *Hypolitus's* being obliged to take more especial Care of himself, for Fear of being discovered by the *Earl of Bedford*, he put a large Plaster upon one Eye, which covered Part of his Face.

So they set out towards Night in their own Cloaths, attended only by two Servants, who carried their Boxes and other Accoutrements. A Thousand melancholly Reflections, intermixed with some Glimpses of Comfort, of Hope, and of Despair, crowded into the amorous *Hypolitus's* Head. What Disposition am I likely to find my dear *Julia* in? *Leander*, *said he*, do you think she will look upon me with Compassion? do you think she will

give a favourable Ear to me? Oh! the various Agitations of my Heart! What an Anxiety of Mind! What a Passion do I feel! What will become of me at the first Sight of her? If her Husband should happen to be in the Room, how shall I be able to forbear him, and not revenge myself upon him, for all the Pains he has made me suffer? They thus passed their Time away upon the Road, till coming to the Place where they intended to disguise themselves, they alighted from their Horses, put on their Cloaths with their Boxes, and for Fear of any sinister Event, provided themselves each with a Pair Pocket-Pistols charged with Balls, and then left their two Servants with their Horses in the Wood.

Julia's House was not far from thence, and *Hypolitus* having been there before, they soon got thither, and *Leander* undertook the Task of speaking and answering all the Questions that should be asked him. The first Man they met with in the Court-yard was the Earl of *Bedford* himself; this fatal Sight made *Hypolitus* tremble for Anger, so that with much ado he could scarce contain himself within due Bounds. *Leander* accosted him in *Italian*, (a Language the Earl understood perfectly well) and told him he had Abundance of fine Toys and Rarities to sell: The Earl ordered them to be brought into a spacious Room, where having taken a View of their Wares, he was so well pleased with them, that he sent a Page immediately to desire his Lady and *Lucilia* to come down Stairs. They came in a few Minutes after, *Julia* leaning with one Hand upon a Cane, and the other being supported by *Lucilia*, like a sick Person; besides, there appeared a certain Paleness in her Countenance, her Eyes full of Languishment, and an Air full of Melancholly and Sadness: But, good God, notwithstanding all these Disadvantages, *Hypolitus* thought her so surprizingly handsome, that had he not been leaning against the Wall, he had certainly not been in a Condition to keep himself upright.

An Elbow-Chair being brought in for *Julia*, she overlooked all the Rarities in a careless Way, neither did she shew the least Inclination of buying any Thing, unless it were a Piece of Miniature, representing Love seized

seized with a violent Disease, and Reason standing near her, and offering to her a Viol with Liquor; but Love pushed it back with her Hands; underneath were these Words, *Nothing can cure me.*

She could not forbear to shew this little Picture to *Lucilia*, which *Hypolitus* (who narrowly watched every Action and Motion of her's) soon observing, felt a strange Emotion in his Heart; and perceiving the Earl of *Bedford* very busy in viewing what *Leander* shewed him, and fearing lest *Julia* should withdraw before he could speak to her, he drew nearer, and pretending to look for some extraordinary rare Things in his Box, he brought out among the rest, the same Parapet and Picture *Julia* presented to him, when they took Leave of one another, upon his going for *Italy*; he gave it into her Hands, and without much disguising his Voice (which was sufficiently changed already, by the various Agitations he felt within himself,) *Pray, Madam,* said he, *buy this Piece, which represents Love; perhaps you never saw any Thing so fine in your Life:* She took it carelessly; but no sooner cast her Eyes upon it, but she appear'd so much surpris'd, that had her Husband but taken ever so little Notice of her at that Instant, he must needs have suspected there was some Mystery in the Case. After having for some Time viewed with much Attention, the Hairs, the Colours, the Device, and the Hearts: *Where did you buy this Piece,* said she to him with a low Voice, *as not to be understood by any Body else but by him?* *Leander*, seeing his Friend engaged in a Discourse with his Mistress, took Care to keep the Earl of *Bedford* from over-hearing them: So that *Hypolitus* finding himself somewhat at Liberty, replied, *You ask me, Madam, where I bought it? But there are certain Things not to be purchased for Money; I remember the Time, which was the Happiness of my Life, when I ador'd a certain Lady, and she was pleas'd to accept of my Services; but that Time is pass'd and gone.* *Divine Julia*, continued he, drawing nearer to her, as if he intended to shew her the Excellency of the Workmanship of the Piece, *that Time so dear and charming to me, is now no more: She suspected my Constancy, she believed me un-*
F 3 *faishtful,*

faithful, and I am come to protest at her Feet, that I never was so. These Words, which touched *Julia* to the very Heart, soon putting her in Mind of her dear *Hypolitus*, she fetched a deep Sigh, and leaning her Head on one of her Hands, could not refrain from shedding some Tears: *It would be a great additional Misfortune to this Lady,* said she to him, *if it be true, that you are innocent upon that Account.* Whilst they were thus discouraging together, Signior *Leander* shewed the Earl of *Bedford* a most curious *Quadrant*, and told him, that the better to observe its Exactness, they would make Trial of it upon the *Terrass-walk* that was without the great Room: So that *Hypolitus* seeing no body with *Julia* but her dear Sister, could not forbear throwing himself at *Julia's* Feet, and taking hold of her fair Hands, kissed them with such a Transport of Tenderness and Passion, that it was thought he would never have stirred from the Place again. *Lucilia* was overjoyed at her Brother's Return, and *Julia* was not able to utter one Word, being quite confounded with Joy, Fear, and Pain; neither had she Courage enough to make a more narrow Enquiry into the Truth of the Matter, (notwithstanding she felt in herself a great Eagerness of upbraiding him with his Infidelity) but he was before-hand with her. *My lovely Lady,* said he to her, casting a most amorous Look at her, *no, I am not guilty; those Traytors that have deceived you with a suppositious Marriage, (a thing I never so much as thought of) made this Contrivance on Purpose to render the Remainder of my most doleful Life insupportable to me: I am faithful to you, Julia, but you are not so to me.* Don't encrease my Pains, my dear *Hypolitus*, said she to him sobbing and crying, *what I am convinced of to Day is a sufficient Revenge to you, and a Punishment to me, for having been so unfortunate, as to suffer myself to be thus caught in the Snare. Tho' my Passion, and the Respect I bear to you, will not suffer me to reproach you, my dear Julia, I cannot however but tell you, that you were too hasty in consummating that fatal Marriage, and that it seems to me, as if some other Reasons besides your Anger, had had a great Share in it; for what could make you so far neglectful of your Duty, as*
not

not to ask your Father's Consent, and stay for his Approbation? At these Words *Julia* looked upon him with Eyes full of Compassion, for she verily believed no other-wise than that he was distracted: *What do you tell me of my Father,* said she, *whom as far as I can remember, I never saw in all my Life-time!* Alas! had he been alive, I should not be so unfortunate as now I am. *Hypolitus*, by this Answer, soon understood, that my Lord *Douglas* had intercepted and kept both the Earl of *Warwick's* and his Letters. *You ought not to be ignorant any longer,* my dear Lady, continued he, raising himself from the Ground, for Fear of being surprized, that that same Fortune which has been so contrary to me in every Thing else in my Voyage, would however oblige me with one Favour that most nearly concerned me; I mean in that strange Adventure of meeting with your illustrious Father at Sea. He was a Slave to the famous Corsair *Dragut Rais*, the same against whom he fought in the Venetian Service, when he was supposed to be slain; I delivered him from his Captivity, and he acquainted you with it in his Letters directed to you. — Here the Earl of *Bedford* came back into the Room, deep'y engaged in Discourse with *Leander*, concerning the Price he was to give him for the *Quadrant*; for it being his Business to keep him upon the Terrass-walk as long as he could, he had set so high a Price upon his Ware, that they were above a Quarter of an Hour arguing the Matter, before they could agree about the Price; which they did at last, *Leander* being unwilling to carry the Jest too far with the Earl. Scarce were they got into the Room, where *Hypolitus* was entertaining *Julia*, but in comes the Countess of *Neville*, who was actually *Julia's* Aunt, without knowing it; for she was ignorant of her being the Earl of *Warwick's* Daughter; but she had always shew'd her as much Tenderness, as if she had been acquainted with the Secret of her Consanguinity: Their Seats were at no great Distance from one another in the Country, so she came to invite her to her Daughter's Wedding, who was to be married to my Lord *Howard*, descended from one of the most noble Families in England. *Tho' I expect but little Company there,* said she to her, *I do not question but*

we shall be very merry. I must frankly tell you, Madam, most obligingly, replied Julia, that unless it be the Pleasure of seeing you and your dear Family there, nothing will divert me; for give me Leave to tell you, that I am scarce recovered of a very long Distemper, which makes me still so weak and faint, that I am much afraid my Presence will only prove troublesome to so agreeable an Assembly. You may tell me what you think fit, returned the Countess of Neville, but unless you are there the Match shall not be consummated; we shall not enjoy ourselves without you, and therefore am resolved to carry you immediately along with me to my House. My Lord Howard being a near Relation of the Earl of Bedford's, he so effectually joined his Entreaties with my Lady Neville, that Julia, not being able to refuse them, went immediately along with the Countess of Neville, without having the least Opportunity of speaking with Hypolitus, or of knowing where the Earl of Warwick now was; so she, as well as Lucilia, contented themselves for this Time, with telling the supposed Pedlars, that they should not fail to come again another Time, because they intended to buy several Things of them they liked. They took mutually their Leaves with the most tender and passionate Looks that could be; and so soon as the Ladies were got into their Coaches, they likewise went their Ways.

Leander, as well as Hypolitus, walk'd along for some Time, without speaking one Word, both their Minds being quite taken up with their Thoughts, which made them very pensive: At last Leander addressing himself to his Friend, You have, said he to him, brought me to Day to the Sight of two of the handsomest Ladies in the World. I am of Opinion, 'tis impossible for anyone to behold them without Admiration: I look upon Julia as the Object of your Love, but Lucilia, the Charming Lucilia, is become the Object of mine; but that you are her Brother, continu'd he, I should fear, lest you should be my Rival: She has quite enchanted my Senses, her whole Deportment, her engaging Air, her regular Features, her Shape, her goodly Mien, all these Perfections she is Mistress of beyond all other Women, have rais'd such an Amazement in my Soul, that I must confess to you, I never felt that for any other

other Person in the World, what I feel within myself for her. Hypolitus overjoy'd to hear him, threw his Arms all on a sudden about his Neck; I could find but one Fault in you, dear Friend, said he to him, that was, your want of Love; I sometimes relented my being in Love, unless you would be in Love as well as I; it seem'd to me, as if what I told you, was not very intelligible to you, and as if my Pains did not affect you sufficiently, because you had never felt any thing like it. I am overjoy'd to hear, you have at last met with an Object, that is capable of touching your Heart, and it shall not be my Fault, if my Sister does not inspire into you a most violent Passion. But what do you think of the lovely Julia? Have I not sufficient reason to die for her? Did ever you see any thing that comes near her for Beauty? For my Part, I must confess, I am quite enchanted with it; That Languishment, that Sadness you observe in all her Actions, only serve to augment her Charms, and to render me the more unfortunate. Alas! All these things taken together, serve only to make me the more sensible of my Loss in her.

Their Conversation lasted till they came to the Wood, where they were again to change their Cloaths; but whilst their two Servants were getting them ready, they on a sudden heard a great Noise of Men and Horses, who soon surrounded them. They were not a little surprized, and had no reason to question, but that they aim'd at them, when they saw some with Swords drawn, others arm'd with Guns and Pistols, approaching on all Sides, and (without shewing their Authority) calling to them to surrender. They were sensible it would be in vain to withstand so great a Number; but being resolved not to submit tamely, they pull'd out their Pocket Pistols, and wounded no less than four, and then clapping their Backs against some Trees, (to avoid being surrounded) they fought it out most bravely, and were successfully seconded by their two Servants; but at last, finding the Number of their Enemies encrease, as their Strength begun to decay by degrees, and that they aim'd not at their Lives, because they call'd to them without Intermision to surrender, they saw themselves under a Necessity of doing so. No sooner

had they got them into their Clutches, but, to revenge themselves and their Comerades, that were wounded, they tied *Hypolitus* and *Leander*, and their two Servants, Hand and Feet, for fear they should either once more fight against them, or make their Escape.

In this Condition they carried them before a neighbouring Justice of the Peace, upon whose Warrant they had seiz'd them; tho' (being mad and in drink) they had not produc'd nor nam'd it: The Thing happened thus, just as Signior *Leander* and *Hypolitus* were changing their Cloaths in the Wood, when they were going to the Earl of *Bedford's* House, some Butchers happening to pass by that Way, and seeing them pull off their embroider'd Coats, and instead thereof to put on others of a quite different Make, and one clapping a Plaister to his Eye, they did not in the least question, but that these were the same High way men, who had of late committed many Robberies in that Part of the Country. Several Constables with their Attendants, had been abroad in Search after them, and were just come back to the Justice of the Peace's House, when these Butchers came in, to give an account of what they had seen: There needed no more to satisfy them that these were the Men they look'd for; and when after the Return of *Leander* and *Hypolitus* from the Earl of *Bedford's* House, they found them again busied in changing their Cloaths, they thought themselves so certain that these were the Highwaymen, that without any further Ceremony they fell upon them, seiz'd and carried them to the Justice of the Peace's House.

Whilst they were carried along, *Hypolitus* made the most melancholy Reflections that can well be imagin'd, upon the Oddness of this Adventure; not being able to conceive unto whom to attribute, or whom to blame for this Mishap. *Is this the Effect of my Father's Aversion*, said he to himself? *Am I found out, and has somebody or other discover'd to him my Return into England! Or perhaps, has my Lady Bedford and her Son taken the Advantage of my Father's Agreement with them?* As he was under a great Uncertainty as to his Enemies, so he could not but be surpriz'd, what should make them to seize *Leander*, being vex'd to the heart, he should prove the
Occasion

Occasion of his Friend's ill Treatment. They had taken care to part them, so that they had not the Satisfaction of speaking to one another, and no sooner were they brought before the Justice, but he examin'd them each apart; Guess at their surprize, when he ask'd them, whether they had not kill'd such and such Persons and robb'd them? They disown'd the Fact, but you may believe, this would not discharge them; so far from that, that they were put, Hands and Feet tied, into a deep Cellar, the Door whereof was narrowly watch'd by a Constable and his Attendants.

Being now at Liberty to speak, they told one another, every thing that can be thought tender and kind, or what can possibly be conceiv'd to proceed from a most sincere Friendship upon such an Occasion as this. *Be not disturb'd, my dearest Friend,* said Leander to Hypolitus, *you see the whole thing is no more than a Chimera, and that let the worst come to the worst, you need only discover yourself, and they will be glad to set us at Liberty. Would you have me not be disturb'd, cry'd Hypolitus? Oh! Leander, I see you are far from being fully acquainted with the Sentiments I have for you, and with what may be the Consequence of this Mischance: I see you tied Hands and Feet like a Criminal, in a dark Hole, upon the bare Ground; you follow'd me into my own Country, after you had shew'd me a thousand Courtesies in yours: The first Place I bring you to is a Prison, pray consider what Entertainment I give you in my native Country? And would you have me remain insensible at such a Misfortune? Yes, I would,* said Leander, interrupting him, *I would not have you carry Things to that Extremity of Tenderneſs, and assure your self that in bearing a Share in your Misfortunes, I don't feel my own; besides, let me tell you, my Friend, I am above such an Accident as this; a dark Hole, ill Treatment, those are things I value not in Respect to my self, and were you thoroughly acquainted with the Sentiments of my Heart, this Mishap would not give you the least Disturbance. I should be very unworthy of the Goodness you shew me, my dear Leander,* reply'd Hypolitus, *where I not highly sensible of it; and not to conceal from you my further Inquietudes, pray consider, what will be the Con-*

sequence of it; if I am forc'd to tell my Name; and if the Earl of Bedford should be inform'd of our Disguise and all its Circumstances, what Constructions do you think he will make of it? He will lay the blame at Julia's Door; he is a violent Man, and full of Jealousy: Neither her Virtue nor her Innocence will be sufficient to remove his Jealousy. What will be the End of this! Alas! 'tis I, that perhaps shall prove the Instrument of troubling her Tranquility for ever! Can there be any thing in the World beyond this, to reduce a Lover to the utmost Despair? Add to this, that in Case the thing comes to my Father's Ears, he will think nothing too much for my Punishment; and, so soon as I am discharg'd by the Justice, I must expect to take up my Lodging in some other Prison, as he often has threaten'd me; So that at once I ruin Julia in respect to her Husband, and lose Julia in respect to my self. Truly, reply'd Leander, these are very cruel Extremities; and what is worse, I see not which way we shall be able to avoid them. I have thought of something, added Hypolitus, you know these Justices of the Peace are sometimes covetous, I will try him that Way, perhaps that may prove the best at last. Leander approv'd of his Thought; and so they pass away the Night, as well as they could, in this unfortunate Condition.

It was almost Noon, when they came to take them out of the Cellar, to carry them up into the Justice's Room. Instead of examining them, as they thought he would have done, he ask'd them whether they had Courage enough to fight? They not being able to guess at his Meaning in asking them that Question, Hypolitus told him, he ought to propose that Question rather to those that came to assault them, than to them; but, continued he, speaking to him softly, if you will set us at Liberty, you need only tell us your own Terms, you shall have whatever you can desire. I am not to be brib'd, said the Justice, I will discharge my Duty with Honour, and there being so many People concern'd in this Matter, you ought to be made an Example to others. Hypolitus almost reduc'd to Despair to see his Project fail him, after several repeated Instances, to no Purpose, at last resolv'd to tell him his Name; My Request

quest of discharging us, said he to him, *will not turn in the least to your Prejudice, for I am willing to tell you my Name, and am ready to give you what Reward you please, provided you will keep the Secret, because I have some weighty Reasons, to remain incognito here. I am Hypolitus, Son to the Earl of Douglas, and I am contented to stay with you, till I have made you actually such a Present as you shall require. You are very bold, reply'd the Justice, with an angry Countenance, to dare to take upon you such a Name before me, as if I did not know positively, that the Person you mention is at present in Italy; and so out of the Room he went, ordering those that guarded the Prisoners, to keep themselves in Readiness to carry them away.* 'Twas not long before the Justice put himself at the Head of these Guards, who had *Hypolitus* and *Leander* in the midst of them. They had not walk'd far, before they discover'd on the Top of a Hill a very sumptuous Structure, the Arches whereof being planted on both Sides with very fine Trees, afforded a very agreeable Shade, and extended even from the Hill into the Plain; they could perceive at a Distance a great Concourse of People, and as they came nearer, heard the pleasing Sound of various musical Instruments. *What does this mean, my dear Hypolitus, said Leander? Are we to be carried to this glorious House, where all the Pleasures seem to have fix'd their Seat? What Part are we likely to act in this Scene? Hypolitus* casting a melancholy Look at him, *I suppose, said he, we shall only be Spectators of this Feast at a Distance; for I believe they intend to carry us to the next great Town, or perhaps to London.*

Whilst they were thus discoursing together, they saw a Person coming towards them, who appeared to be a Person of Note, as well by his noble Air, as by his numerous Attendants. *Leander* ask'd his Friend, whether he knew him? *No, said he, but I believe him to be somebody of this Country:* So he drawing nearer, the Justice of the Peace alighted from his Horse to pay his Respects to him. *'My Lord, said he, I am come on Purpose to beg your Pardon, and testify my Uneasiness at the Disappointment I am forced to give you. The*
two

‘two Prize-fighters that promised to be at my House Yesterday, have fail’d of their Promise; I staid for them till Noon, but they not appearing, I know not what to do.’ My Lord told him with an angry Countenance, ‘Had you not given me your Word, I would have taken care to have some others provided for me, and the Company that is at my House, in full Expectation of being entertain’d with this Divertisement, according to my Invitation; What must I do in this Case? My Lord, *reply’d he*, here I have brought along with me four supposed Highwaymen, and some of them being Foreigners, and no positive Proof against them, it will I believe prove no hard Task, either by fair or foul Means, to make them fight together, provided they may be put in Hopes of being discharged. My Lord told him, that if he would take the Thing upon himself, he would be contented; and casting his Eyes upon them, was extreamly taken with the goodly Mien and Air of *Leander* and *Hypolitus*; he told the Justice these two might give sufficient Diversion to his Company, desiring him to make what haste he could, whilst he would go and give order to make the necessary Preparations for the Combat; and accordingly the Justice ordered his People to walk on as fast as they could.

Leander being not so well versed in the *English* Tongue, as to understand what they were contriving against them; *Hypolitus* fetching a deep Sigh told him, ‘Oh! my dear *Leander*, what do you think they are preparing for us, the strangest Catastrophe that ever was seen; Good God, to what Misfortunes are we reserved? They would have us fight against one another. Pray explain yourself, *said Signior Leander*, for I don’t understand your Meaning. You know, *reply’d Hypolitus*, that the *Romans* used to divert the People with publick Spectacles; in these certain Criminals used sometimes to fight one another. This Custom was introduced into *England* when they made themselves Masters of this Island, and has been transmitted to our Times; with this Difference however, that our Gladiators or Prize-fighters, devote themselves voluntarily to this Trade; I say devote themselves, for there have been Examples of their
‘ leaving

‘ having died of the Wounds they received in these Com-
 ‘ bats, and I call that a Trade, which is made use of to
 ‘ get Money by it; they are commonly dress’d only
 ‘ in a Shirt and a pair of Drawers, with a Scarfe about
 ‘ their middle, and a Bonnet on their Heads. Thus
 ‘ prepared, they make their Appearance in a Place co-
 ‘ vered with Sand, upon a spacious Theatre or Stage,
 ‘ with broad Swords, but blunt at the Points, being in-
 ‘ tended only for cutting and flashing, and promise the
 ‘ Spectators not to quit the Stage, till they draw Blood
 ‘ from one another two or three times. So to work they
 ‘ go, wound one another most miserably, cut off a
 ‘ Piece of the Skull or Shoulder, and don’t spare one
 ‘ another in the least at that Time, tho’ otherwise they
 ‘ are very good Friends, and go snacks in the Money
 ‘ that is given. They have also a Way of fighting
 ‘ with pointed Sticks almost like small half Pikes, where-
 ‘ with they prick one another’s Eyes out; to be short, it
 ‘ is a most terrible Sight, and those that are the Spec-
 ‘ tators of it, are no less to blame, than those that do
 ‘ it. This Tragedy, dear *Leander*, they intend we
 ‘ should act against one another. I, my dear *Hypoli-
 ‘ tus*, to fight and to wound you, cry’d *Leander*, I will
 ‘ rather die on the Spot than do’t.

They had just finish’d their Discourse, when com-
 ing to the beforementioned fine House, they were con-
 ducted into a spacious Room, without being unty’d;
 some Victuals were set before them. but they would eat
 none, which the Justice (who was an ill natur’d surly
 Fellow, and in these Times of Trouble, presumed he
 might stretch his Authority beyond its due Bounds) be-
 ing acquainted with, he came to them, and told them,
 they had best to comply with what was desired of them;
 that their Deliverance or Death was in his Hands, as
 the Case stood, and that he swore to them by all that
 was holy and sacred, that in Case they would not do
 what was proposed to them, they might make no other
 Account, than upon a certain Death, and therefore he
 would advise them not to put it to the Trial. They
 requested several Times to speak with the Master of the
 House; but the Justice, who had observed there was a
 strict

strict Friendship betwixt *Hypolitus* and his Friend, soon perceiving that their Intention was to beg of him, not to suffer them to fight against one another, would not let them see any Body. Nothing can be comparable to the desperate Condition they saw themselves reduced to; the appointed Hour was come, and the more resolute they appeared in not complying with the Justice's Demands, the more he threatened them with Death and Destruction. At last these two Friends dreading the Effects of an arbitrary Power, resolved that as soon as they had got the Swords into their Hands, instead of employing them against one another, they would make use of them to sell their Lives at the dearest rate they could; so they took their Arms and appeared within the Barriers where they were to fight.

Notice being given to all the Company there present, that two Highwaymen, who had fought so desperately in the Wood before they were taken, were to fight, every one was very desirous to see the Issue of this Combat; but no sooner were they entered within the Barriers, but you might have heard a confused murmuring Noise among the Spectators, every Body there looking upon them with Admiration; their Youth, their Beauty, their goodly Mien gain'd the Inclinations of all that were present. There was not one Person who could have the least Knowledge of Signior *Leander*; but there were not a few who stood almost amazed, there should be so great a Resemblance betwixt a Robber, such a one as they supposed *Hypolitus* to be, and my Lord *Douglas's* Son: were he not in *Italy*, said they to one another, who could believe otherwise, but it was himself in Person? These two faithful Friends view'd first the whole Assembly with a noble and fierce Countenance, and then cast their Eyes upon those Wretches they were to engage; of these there were thirty in Number headed by the Constable and the Justice of the Peace, who little imagined there would be any Danger in the Case. Soon after *Hypolitus* and *Leander* closely embraced one another, imagining (as they had great Reason to do) that they were to go to a certain Death; but they were too courageous to dread the Event; and *Hypolitus* had
this

this particular Satisfaction in this Misfortune, to think he should remain undiscovered, and that it would never be known, that he had disguised himself, with an Intention to see *Julia*.

Pursuant to what was concerted betwixt them, they leapt both together over the Rails, and running with Sword in Hand towards the Justice, the Constable and his Attendants placed along the Barriers to guard them, they snatch'd their Swords out of their Hands (because they would prove more serviceable to them than those they had) and fighting like two enraged Lions, you might have seen them in an Instant covered all over with Blood, and wounded in several Places. *Julia* and *Lucilia*, who were not present at this Spectacle, because they being naturally of a sweet Disposition, took no Delight in so cruel a Divertisement, hearing an extraordinary Noise that Way, and the Cries of the Ladies, (some out of Fear, others out of Pity) run straightways to a spacious Terrass where the Spectators were placed, which had divers marble Steps leading into the Place where the Tumult was: They cast their Eyes, tho' not without much Reluctancy upon the pretended Gladiators, whom at first they could scarce distinguish in this Confusion from the rest: But alas! 'twas not long before they discovered their dear *Hypolitus* and his generous Friend. Guess what a Sight, what a Stroke this must be to them! What Words are able to express their Surprize, their Fear, their Affliction: Just Heavens! 'tis *Hypolitus*, 'tis him, cry'd they both at once; so running headlong down the Steps, made all the haste they could to secure what they loved from so imminent a Danger. There was scarce any Body there but what was ready to espouse their Quarrel, every one follow'd them with their Swords drawn. They kept close to their Lovers, and these seeing them come to their Relief gathered new Strength and Courage, so that Mr. *Justice* with his Guard seeing so many Swords ready to be turn'd against them, were glad to seek for their Safety in their Heels, leaving these two Champions and dear Friends absolute Masters of the Field of Battle; but their Strength hitherto supported by their Anger, now beginning to fail, *Hypolitus* almost

almost drown'd in a whole Rivulet of Blood; drop'd down half dead at *Julia's* Feet, and *Leander* drawing near to assist his Friend, had the same Fate. *Julia* and *Lucilia* at this most deplorable Sight, being no more Mistresses of themselves, *Julia* was altogether taken up with her dearest Lover, whose Head leaning upon her Knees; she held upright in her Arms, bathing his Face with her Tears, breaking forth into most passionate Moans and Lamentations, and endeavouring to stop with one of her Hands the Blood that gush'd out of one of his Wounds; whilst *Lucilia* apply'd all her Care to the Assistance of *Leander*; and this young lovely Lady, shew'd already so particular a Concern for the Preservation of this Stranger, as might well be supposed to owe its Origine to another Principle and Motive, than to Generosity alone. They were going to carry *Hypolitus* into a Chamber to dress his Wounds, but he not considering before whom he spoke, and casting a languishing Look at *Julia*, told her with the utmost Passion; *Permit me, dear Mistress of my Heart, to die in your Arms; this Death will be more agreeable and more happy to me than my Life.* There were but few who could hear these Words, and those that heard it, look'd upon it as an Effect of a Frenzy, which is often the Forerunner of approaching Death; but the Earl of *Bedford*, who was one of those that heard it, was struck with it as with a Thunderbolt; he knew *Julia* and *Hypolitus* to be no Brother and Sister; he knew that they were educated together, that it was he who wounded him in the Garden, when he was attempting to carry off *Julia* by Force; in one Moment every thing presented itself before his Eyes, which he had to fear, and these Surmizes were in his Mind changed into undeniable Realities: But so soon as he was told by the Justice of the Peace, that these two Gentlemen were taken disguised in Pedlars Habits, he had the Curiosity to look into their Boxes, and there needed no more to convince him that there was a mutual Love betwixt *Julia* and *Hypolitus*; but he had so much Prudence, as to hide the Dart that had pierc'd him through the Heart.

Both these loving Friends were carry'd into one Chamber, where their Wounds being search'd and dress'd immediately, were found to be much larger than dangerous. In the mean while *Julia* considering with herself, but too late, that her Spouse would be heartily vexed to see her so much concerned at *Hypolitus's* Misfortune, to repair in some measure this Fault, she desired *Lucilia* to tell her Brother, how she was oblig'd to act with Circumspection, and not to see him unless it were in the Earl of *Bedford's* Presence; that he himself might easily judge, what violence she put upon her own Inclinations, since she was so unfortunate as not to be able hitherto to efface out of her Heart the Impressions he had made there, and that she conjur'd him, to let her hear where her Father was.

My Lord *Nevil* was almost inconsolable, that so unfortunate an Accident should fall out in his House, bearing a most profound Respect to the Earl of *Douglas*; and consequently to his Son; and being inform'd of the true Quality of *Leander*, he omitted nothing that might convince both of them, of his Uneasiness on that account, and of the particular Esteem he had for them. *Hypolitus*, unto whom he address'd himself in a most peculiar manner, desired him not to acquaint his Father with what had happened, and told him frankly, that it was his Love Passion that had hasten'd his return out of *Italy*, and made him disguise himself in a Pedlar's Habit; that if his Family got to know of it, it would prove the Occasion of great Contentions betwixt them and him, till he might have Time and Opportunity of settling Matters upon a better Foot; and my Lord promised to do all he desired of him.

Several of the Company were mighty solicitous to know what could induce these two Gentlemen to disguise themselves thus, and there were very few but what supposed there was a Love Intrigue in the Case, but they could not guess at the Persons concerned therein: for every Body believing *Julia* to be *Hypolitus's* Sister, there was not the least room for any Suspicion upon her Account,

count, so that every Body guess'd according to his Fancy, but no Body hit the Mark.

In the mean time the Justice of the Peace being sensible how far he had abused his Authority, and dreading the Revenge of those he had so grossly misused, with the utmost Submission beg'd *Julia's* and *Lucilia's* Pardon, and that they would be so generous as to interceed in his behalf with *Hypolitus* and *Leander*, which they promised to do, judging it most convenient, at this Time, to Sacrifice their Resentment to other more weighty Considerations.

Lucilia frequently came into her Brother's Chamber, because *Julia*, as well as she, was impatient to hear, almost every Minute, how he did. He called her to him and said, 'Why, dear Sister, will you always come alone? Does not the lovely *Julia* think fit to come also sometimes to afford me some Consolation under my present Affliction? Were she to consult her own Inclinations only, reply'd she, you would have seen her oftner than me; but she is obliged to be so much upon her Guard, that she dares not venture to see you, unless it be when her Jealous Husband is present. She has enjoin'd me to tell you so, and to give you from her a thousand Assurances of an eternal Friendship, and to desire you to let us know, in what Place you parted with her Father, because you were interrupted yesterday before you finish'd your Relation. Oh! my dear *Lucilia*, said he interrupting her, excuse me if I make the best use of her Curiosity; pray tell her, the Amorous *Hypolitus* will tell no Body but herself where the Earl of *Warwick* is; this will at least engage her to come to see me. After these Words he paused a while, but soon reassuming his former Discourse, 'Is it possible, said he, she can refuse me a Favour I stand so much in need of at this time. Dear Sister, I conjure you, neglect nothing to make her grant me this Request; I know not but that my Life may depend on it, or at least do you perswade her as much as you can, that it does; perhaps, that may prevail upon her to come. *Lucilia* promis'd she would

would do all that lay in her Power, to engage *Julia* to give him a Visit in his Chamber.

The Assembly at my Lord *Howard's* Wedding, was so numerous, that being somewhat straitned for Room, *Julia* and *Lucilia* lay together in one Bed; they went into their Chamber very early that Night, and no sooner were got into Bed and their Maids gone, but finding themselves at full Liberty to talk together, *Julia* fetching very deep Sighs, intermingled with Sobs, and clasping *Lucilia* very close in her Arms; ' Oh! dear Sister, ' said she, did ever any Body see such a Series of odd ' Adventures as these? Wonder with me at the Fatality ' of my Stars; scarce had I got the first Taste of that ' Satisfaction of seeing again a Man who has remain'd ' always faithful to me, in spite of all the Reasons I ' had given him to hate me, scarce had he acquainted ' me with the happy News of my Father's being alive, ' but this Felicity is overturn'd by a thousand sinister ' Accidents. Here you see me at a Feast, where I had ' the Affliction to see him almost slain before my Face, ' and the singular Concern I shewed in his Preservation, ' has prov'd a signal Prejudice to me with my Husband; ' I could discern his Serious Thoughts in his very Eyes ' and Countenance, in spite of all my Distraction, and ' the Pains he took to conceal them: I dare not flatter my self any longer upon that Score, he is certainly convinc'd at this very Minute, that *Hypolitus* is ' dearer to me, than my own Life, and that he is the ' sole Master of it: Add to this, that most cruel Necessity I lie under of not seeing him, and consider, if ' you can ————— You must overcome those Niceties which thus disturb you, dear Sister, said *Lucilia* ' interrupting her, my Brother's Life lies at Stake, he ' has charged me to make you acquainted with it, and ' to conjure you in his behalf, by that Passion he has so ' inviolably preserved for you, not to refuse him this ' only Consolation he has left. Oh! dear Sister, cry'd *Julia*, he has not rightly considered of what he desires, if you could be sensible of the Anguish I am ' likely to feel within me, whilst I am with him, you ' would

' would pity me, and not desire it; for what I owe
 ' to my Duty, I am afraid will not agree so well with
 ' my Sentiments for him, but that I may either be too
 ' favourable or too cruel to him: But *Julia*, said *Lu-*
 ' *cilia*, if you don't go you will hear no farther News
 ' concerning your Father; of your Father, I say, who
 ' being as it were recovered from the Dead, ought to
 ' be very dear to you. If you can be so rigorous to
 ' poor *Hypolitus*, certainly your Curiosity to know what
 ' is become of the Earl of *Warwick*, will make you
 ' more pliable; for my Brother protests, continued
 ' *Julia*, he will tell it to no Body but to your own self.
 ' Alas! dear Sister, said *Julia*, you need not take so
 ' much Pains to perswade me, my Heart declares for
 ' your Brother without it, it seconds your Endeavours,
 ' and will prove too strong for my Reason: O! how
 ' difficult is it to keep from seeing that which is dearer
 ' to one than one's Life; how weak a Creature is a
 ' Woman upon such an Occasion as this, and how
 ' much in vain is it to struggle against what one loves;
 ' must I at last make a frank Confession to you, dear
 ' Sister, I find myself sufficiently inclined to follow
 ' your Counsel, provided you can find out a Way to
 ' do it with Secrecy. Unless we go to him immedi-
 ' ately, said *Lucilia*, we may be in Danger of being
 ' surprized; I left a Candle burning on Purpose, and
 ' I have found out this very Evening a Pair of private
 ' back Stairs, which lead up to the upper End of the
 ' Gallery, near our Chamber; we may go that Way
 ' if you please, without making the least Noise.
 ' What Sister, said *Julia*, interrupting her, what, in the
 ' Night-Time, what if we should be discovered? That
 ' would signify nothing to the World, said *Lucilia*,
 ' for all the World believes us both to be *Hypolitus's*
 ' Sisters. But the Earl of *Bedford* knows to the contrary,
 ' said *Julia* sighing. You are too fearful, answered
 ' *Lucilia* somewhat impatiently, come, come, Sister, let
 ' us go; come don't pause any longer upon the Matter.
Julia got out of Bed trembling all over, and throwing
 a loose Gown about her, *Lucilia* took her by the Hand,

and

and conducted her to her Brother's Chamber. It was by this Time pretty late, but he had not shut Eyes as yet that Night: Hearing the Door to make a Noise, and seeing his beloved Mistress coming in, he was so far transported with Joy, that it had almost cost him his Life; for all his Wounds opening afresh, he was covered with Blood, before he was sensible of it himself. *Julia* seated herself near his Bed-Side; ' Dear *Hypolitus*, said she, with Tears in her Eyes (which she was not able to retain, in Spite of all the Pains she took to keep them back) you have this Day been made sensible by the Excess of my Grief, that the unfortunate *Julia* in changing her Condition, has not changed her Sentiments for you: Yes, my dear *Hypolitus*, I am willing to own it to you, you are at all Times dearer to me than my own Life; which I would willingly part with, to purchase your Tranquillity; I think of nothing but you, I lament you, and bemoan myself, and I shall always be inconsolable under my Misfortune; but since 'tis past all Cure, we must surmount it by Virtue: You see I come to pay you a Visit, and it is in Order to bid you my last Farewel; we must, *Hypolitus*, we must submit to this cruel Necessity my Duty imposes upon us: Death shall always be more preferable to me than a shameful Life; and were I the only Person now living in the World, I would act as if the whole Earth had their Eyes fixed on me: Don't go about to shake my Resolution, it would serve only to augment my Pain. No, my dear *Julia*, said he to her, no, I will not pretend to shake it: I own myself highly indebted to you, because you would soon free me from this languishing State; you could not have pitched upon a more convenient Time to put a speedy End to my Misery. The weak Condition I am reduced to by my Wounds, and by what you have told me, will soon deliver you from an unfortunate Lover, whom you would not have abandoned as you have done, had you truly loved him. I will not reproach you, Madam, you wish for my Death, you have wished for it long ago, and I do so too, having more pressing Reasons for it than you.' He said no more.

more, *Julia* observed him to turn quite pale, his Eyes half shut, and his Silence threw her into a mortal Anguish; she called *Lucilia*, who was discoursing with Signior *Leander*, to his Assistance, who coming to *Hypolitus's* Bed-Side, found him swimming in his own Blood: They were so surprized at the Sight thereof, that at first they knew not what to say to him, but at last called for *Leander*. Tho' he was as yet very ill himself, he got out of Bed, and found Means to bind up his Wounds again. *Julia* was ready to run distracted, to find what dismal Effects her rigorous Proceedings had produced in her Lover, she took him by the Hand, and bathing it with her Tears, ' You did mistake my Words, said she, and since there can be no Medium betwixt your seeing me and your Death, we will chuse the first, my dear *Hypolitus*, because the Loss of your Life would be beyond all other Things to me.' At these Words he was going to kiss *Julia's* Hand, but she would not suffer him, ' I must own to you, said she, that every Thing appears extraordinary to me, and that the least Favour I should grant you, would seem a Crime to me. Dear *Hypolitus*, reconcile your Passion with my Duty, and then I shall rest contented. That will not be so difficult a Thing as you imagine, fair *Julia*, said he, you have a Father alive, you have been married without his Approbation, he did not give his Consent to your Marriage; if you doubt it, I have a Letter he writ me on that Subject, will convince you of it.' He then desired *Lucilia* to assist him in opening a small Spanish-Leather Case, that was fastned to his Arm, and with it the fore-mentioned Letter of the Earl of *Warwick*, which he gave *Julia* to read, whereby she was fully convinced of the Truth of what he had told her. ' 'Tis certain, added he, he will snatch you from the Arms of that unworthy Ravisher; so that, Madam, if you please, 'tis still in your Power to make me happy.' *Julia* was not a little nettled, and under no small Uncertainty what Answer to make, tho' her Inclinations sufficiently told her what to say; she thought that being once married, she was obliged to stay with her Husband; that she had no Force put upon her when she married

married him; she considered what the World would say of her, and these Considerations made her to delay her Answer. *Hypolitus* soon perceiving her Irresolution, 'I am undone, Madam, *cried he*; all that Tenderness you had for me is gone, you are unresolved to testify your Satisfaction in a Matter which ought to be yours, were you not altered from what you used to be. Alas! *Hypolitus, replied she*, I am not changed, you deal unjustly with me, let me see my Father, and I will obey him in every Thing he shall command me, provided it be not against my Conscience and my Reputation; you are no less dear to me than my Life. My adorable Lady, *said he*, do you think I could entertain a Thought that might be displeasing to you? Pray be better acquainted with my Passion and its Motions. I will do you Justice on that Account, *said she*, and 'tis that that engages me to make these Steps which are not very common, I hope you will think yourself obliged to me for it, and not make the least ill Use of them, my dear *Hypolitus*; and let me know all the Circumstances relating to my Father's Adventures.' He gave her an Account of it, and she was ready to give him fresh Proofs of her Acknowledgement and Love. *I am indebted to you*, *said she*, *for my Father's Liberty*; continued she, *may perhaps for his Life, and therefore cannot deny you, without Ingratitude, all the Acknowledgment I am able to give you.* Whilst they were thus talking together, *Lucilia* interrupting them, said, it was near Day-break, and that it was more convenient to afford some Time of Rest to these two Gentlemen under their present Circumstances. *Hypolitus* and *Leander* blamed her for breaking off their Conversation, which was so precious to them; but *Julia* being willing to follow *Lucilia's* Advice, conjured her Lover to think of nothing else but of his Cure. 'Tis the utmost of my Wish at this Time, dear Brother, *said she* to him, giving him her Hand, which he kissed most tenderly; and you cannot doubt much without doing me Injustice, that it concerns me to the highest Degree. She shewed Abundance of Complaisance to *Leander*, and then returned with *Lucilia*, to her own Bed-Chamber. The Earl of Bedford had not slept one Wink all that Night; his Jealousy and Inquietude being such as would

not suffer him to take the least Rest; all his Thoughts were taken up in contriving a Design, such a one as he knew would revenge him sufficiently upon these two Lovers, and the better to succeed in it, he resolved to bring it about with all imaginable Secrecy. He pretended the next Day to be very ill of a Fever, got not out of Bed till pretty late, and then said he would go Home. *Julia* not daring to contradict him, went immediately into *Hypolitus's* Chamber: *Dear Brother*, said she, *I am obliged to leave you, the Earl of Bedford is resolved to go away immediately. I once more put you in Mind, manage Matters with my Father as you think fit; I have no Time to tell you any more, but pity and love me. I leave Lucilia with you till your Wounds are cured. And will you leave me, Julia*, cried he full of Anguish, *must that Tyrant of my Repose snatch you from me? Oh! thou too charming Felicity, what makes thee turn away from me so unexpectedly? And when shall I see you again, Madam?* *Alas!* replied she sighing, *that is more than I am able to tell you; I shall be sufficiently guarded, and sufficiently unhappy.* *Lucilia* came that Moment to tell her that every Thing was ready, and that her Husband only staid for her coming. Then the amorous *Hypolitus* kissing her Hands bathed them with his Tears; *Farewel*, said he, *continue faithful to your faithful Lover.* *Julia*, without speaking one Word, gave him a fine Turquoise she drew from her Finger; *Pray Heavens soon bring the Earl of Warwick into England*, cried he. *I wish it with all my Heart*, replied *Julia*, *and you may promise yourself every Thing from this tender Heart; but act so, as not to leave the least Scruple or Nicety to my Virtue, to my Honour, to the World, all these must be fully satisfied.* She left him immediately, and taking Leave of my Lady *Nevil*, recommended in very pressing Terms her Brother to her Care, and then embracing *Lucilia* several Times, they parted, with such evident Marks of Trouble in their Countenances, as if they had some Fore-sight of the Misfortunes that were likely to befall them.

Julia was no sooner arrived at her own Seat in *Berkshire*, but her Husband privately made all the necessary Pre-

Preparations for the putting in Execution his Project of carrying her into *France*. Three Days were spent before every Thing could be got ready, notwithstanding which, he carried Matters so closely, that she knew nothing of her intended Departure, till he ordered her to go into the Coach.; and she had enough to do to get so much Time as to carry her Jewels along with her. Is it possible to express the Anxiety of this fair Lady? For being a Person of a quick Penetration, she perceiv'd at that very Moment, what she must expect from her Husband; she would willingly have writ to *Hypolitus* and to *Lucilia*, to give them notice of her Disgrace, to desire their Assistance, and even to afford them some Comfort under that Affliction she foresaw they would lie under; but was too narrowly watch'd by the Earl of *Bedford*, to be in a Condition to attempt any such Thing. *Isabella* her Woman was the first who told her what she had understood concerning the Resolution her Husband had taken of carrying her into *France*; and in spite of all her Tears and Entreaties, he made her go along with him, without any further Delay. 'In what is it I have displeased you?' said she, with an Air so full of Goodness and Sweetness as would have moved a Heart of Stone? 'Ought not you, Sir, to be better satisfied before you condemn me? 'Twill be always in your Power to punish me; but after you have punished me, it may be too late to repair the Wrong you have done me, both in Respect to the World and to yourself. Enter into your own Heart, Madam, said he in an angry Tone, 'tis that which will justify my Proceeding; and if I don't enter with you into a long Debate, 'tis not that I act upon my own Head, or that I am not sensible upon what Foundation I act, but because at this Instant it is not proper now to spend our Time in trifling Arguments.' So he remained deaf to all her Complaints, and all her Tears and Lamentations did not produce the least Effect upon him; and without having the least Opportunity of advertising *Hypolitus* and *Lucilia* of her Misfortune; she was forced to see herself carried to *Dover* by her jealous Husband, attended only by *Isabella* her Woman. She spoke not one Word

to him all the while they were upon the Road, but sigh'd without Intermiſſion. They embarked at *Dover* for *Calais*, whiſt *Julia* ſent forth her Prayers to Heaven to favour them with a Storm that might force them back into *England*, and that with much more Ardour than ſhe would at another Time have prayed for a favourable Wind and Weather. She lay above Deck, her Head reſting upon her Hand, her Face covered with a Veil, and her Eyes turned towards the *Engliſh* Coaſt, which ſhe left behind with the greateſt Anxiety of Mind. ' I ' am carried away by Force, my dear *Hypolitus*, ſaid ' ſhe, whiſt thou flattereſt thyſelf with our good Fortune. See how all our Hopes are vaniſhed, all our ' Projects overturned at one Stroke ! Perhaps we ſhall ' never ſee one another any more : Perhaps I ſhall be ſo ' unfortunate as to prove the Cauſe of your Death, for ' I am afraid you will not be able to ſupport yourſelf ' againſt ſo fatal a Stroke, as that of my Abſence will ' prove to you.' Thus ſhe paſſed away her Time in anxious Reflections, when the Earl of *Bedford* told her ſhe muſt go in to the Boat, in order to be carried aſhore. It being very late before they arrived at *Calais*, they ſtaid that Night there, and finding herſelf in her Chamber with *Iſabella* only, whom ſhe knew ſhe might conſide in, ſhe writ with a Diamond theſe following Words, in one of the Glaſs Windows.

If Chance ſhould bring you to this Place, dear H——, and your Heart diſcovers to your Eyes the Character and Hand of the unfortunate J—— let this be an unfeigned Teſtimony of her everlaſting Conſtancy to you : Remain faithful, and do not afflict yourſelf, if you will give me real Proofs of your Paſſion for me.

Day no ſooner appeared, but her Husband carried her forward to *Paris*, but without affording her ſo much Leiſure as to reſt a few Hours in that great and fine City, tho' ſhe ſtood much in Need of it, being much tired with her Affliction, and the Fatigues of ſo long a Journey. He went thence towards *Bourbon*, where ſome Years before he had made Uſe of the Waters, which are much in Requeſt among the *Engliſh* againſt the Conſumption, but they muſt be taken upon the Spot. Be-
fore

fore, he reached *Bourbon*, he stopt at a very ancient Abbey of young Ladies, named *St. Menwick*, situated betwixt *Moulins* and *Bourbon* at a small Distance only from the last of these two Towns. Its Situation is sufficiently pleasant, but in a very solitary Ground; so that were it not for the Company that resorts thither, at two different Seasons to drink the Waters, it might be stiled a Desert. The Earl of *Bedford* had formerly contracted an Acquaintance with the Abbess, being as yet very young, and descended of the noble Family of *Amboise*, one who had a great Value for herself, and not a very great Share of Sense; so he doubted not but to prevail with her to take *Julia* into her Custody. He thought it no great Difficulty to succeed in his Intentions, for having promised her a considerable yearly Allowance, she soon promised him his Wife should be watched as narrowly as a Prisoner of State, nor should she see or write to any Body, this being all the Earl desired of her: So he delivered up *Julia* to the Abbess, as likewise her Woman that attended her, and at parting told her with a scornful Smile; *I hope the fair Hypolitus will scarce venture himself so far for your Sake; he will scarce take so much Pains again to disguise himself, in Hopes of seeing you, and he will scarce run the Hazard of another Imprisonment.* She was pierced to the Soul at these scolding Expressions: *Do not make these Things a Pretence, wherewith to cover the unworthy Treatment I am forced to take at your Hands: I had no Hand in Hypolitus's Disguise, and under this present Misfortune, the only Comfort I have is, that I have nothing wherewith to reproach myself. You treat me with the utmost Injustice; but Time will justify my Conduct.* He returned no Answer, but left her, being very well satisfied to have settled this Matter according to his Desire.

Julia was treated not altogether with so much Severity by the Abbess, as she had promised her Husband; but none of all the Religious Ladies, except those who were set to watch all her Motions, were suffered to speak to her; *Isabella* being the only Person in whom she could put some Confidence. This was a young Woman, not unhandsome, very prudent, and one who bore

an extream Love to her Lady; and this made her set all her Wits to work to find out Means to afford her some Consolation. ‘ You ought, Madam, *said she*, to expect every Thing from Time, and from *Hypolitus’s* Love; your Husband may happen to die; my Lord *Waravick* may get your Marriage annulled, as you hope he will, and even the greatest Misfortunes have their certain Turns. The End of my Life, *said Julia in a languishing Tone*, will be the Period of my Miseries. I am not so much as permitted to sue for my Liberty; I have a hundred and fifty Jaylors instead of one, about me: Thus you see me a Prisoner by my Husband’s capricious Temper; and as to what relates to the annulling of my Marriage, that is at too great a Distance to make any Account upon it; and I do not know even whether I should be desirous of it, were it not that my Honour and Conscience are concerned in that Matter. How am I sure but Time may make *Hypolitus* alter his Sentiments for me; and supposing myself to be at Liberty to leave the Earl of *Bedford*, and that *Hypolitus* should continue faithful, how do you think I should get out of this Place? No Body knows of my being here, and I have no Opportunity of acquainting any of my Friends with it, because all my Letters I have endeavoured to send, have been intercepted; so that hitherto I have reaped no other Benefit from all the Endeavours I have made that Way, but the Shame and Vexation of seeing them miscarry. This was poor *Julia’s* daily Entertainment, and the Nights she spent in Sighs and Tears; Sleep seldom robbed her of any Time to improve her Pain, which at last pressed so hard upon her Spirits, that she was seized with a most violent Diltemper.

Whilst these Things were transacting at St. *Menwick*, let us see what is become of the amorous *Hypolitus*, who was one of the last that got Intelligence of his beloved Mistress’s Misfortune. *Lucilia* sent to her House in *Berkshire*, to know how she did, but my Lord’s Servants, according to their Master’s Orders, sent Word that *Julia* was gone along with him on a sudden to *London*, upon a Business of Consequence. *Lucilia* was not a little disturbed

sturbed at so hasty a Departure, whereof she could not comprehend in the least the Cause, especially since she had not given the least Notice of it to her ; so that not questioning but that some Mystery of very ill Consequence lay concealed under this unexpected Journey, to be fully satisfied in the Point, she told her Brother, that *Julia* had sent Word she desired to see her ; that she would go accordingly, and return in a little Time. This passionate Lover conjured her to tell her every Thing that could be thought most tender and engaging ; and that he was ready to die with Impatience to see her again. His and *Leander's* Wounds began to have a promising Aspect, and neither of them being very dangerous, they hoped for a speedy Cure.

Hypolitus living now in certain Hopes of hearing from *Julia*, by his Sister, he appeared much more satisfied than he used to be, and 'twas that that engaged him to say to *Leander* ; Come, dear Friend, said he, give me a faithful Account of the present State of your Heart : What Progress have you made with *Lucilia* ? I can protest to you, that to give you the more Leisure to entertain her, I often deprive myself of the Satisfaction of talking to her about *Julia*. O ! my dear *Hypolitus*, cried he, *Lucilia* acts with a great deal of Circumspection : hitherto I have not been able to dive into her Sentiments, or whether her Heart is capable of Tendernefs, or not : I have discovered to her my Passion, with that Fear which is the constant Attendant of a truly passionate Lover ; she always turned it into jest, and whatever I could tell her, it has been impossible for me to engage her into any serious Conversation upon that Point. The first Time I saw her, I was extremely delighted with her pleasing and diverting Air, but at present it does not at all agree with me, and I am under most dreadful Apprehensions, lest she has no more than a general Esteem for me. I have better Skill in Physiognomy than you, answered *Hypolitus* ; besides this, I look upon this Affair with somewhat more of cool Blood than you do ; and if you will take my Word for it, you are not indifferent to her. She has spoken to me concerning you, with a more than ordinary Esteem, and in such Terms, as need not the Interpretation of a Conjuror to explain them.

She asked me positively, whether I was sure you had loved no Lady in Italy? And when I told her, you did not; is it possible, Brother, added she, that a Person of such extraordinary Deserts should be without an amorous Engagement; For, if one may judge by his Looks, he has a tender Heart. 'Tis possible, said I smiling, Sister, that since he has seen you, his Heart may be full of Tendernefs; and if it should be you that has inspired these Sentiments into him, would you not lend me a helping Hand to discharge the Obligations I owe him? Pray, Brother, said she, do not engage me to pay your Debts, your Gratitude will be more acceptable than mine, and your Friend, I suppose, has too nice a Palate to wish for this Exchange. And, dear Hypolitus, said Leander, did you discourse with her in such a Manner as this? I actually did, said he, as I tell you; and I can assure you she is very well pleased, when we talk concerning you.

Lucilia being by this Time got to Julia's House, in Berkshire, had much ado to discover the real Truth of what she desired to know; most of her Servants were ignorant in the Thing, and those few that knew it, durst not tell it; till at last she made her Application to the Steward: This Man being much obliged to her, because she had, by her Intercession, procured him this Place in my Lord's Family, could not forbear to give her an Account of Julia's Journey.

This sad News put her under no small Trouble; her Lamentations and her Tears were undeniable Proofs of the Tendernefs and Affection she bore to her Sister. She threw herself upon the Bed, and continued there distracted with Thoughts, to the highest Degree, for a considerable Time; and that which proved no small Addition to her Fear, was, that she knew not how to acquaint her Brother with this Misfortune: She was afraid least his Wounds might grow worse, at the Recital of so unexpected an Accident; and on the other Hand, lay under as great Apprehension, that if she should keep it conceal'd from him, it might prove prejudicial to her dear Julia's Affairs. Whilst she was under this Uncertainty, it came into her Head, that she would consult with

with *Leander*, what Course she had best to take in this critical Point.

Hypolitus was expecting her Return with the utmost Impatience; and he was no sooner told she was come, but he sent to desire her to come into his Chamber: She did all she could to disguise her Grief, notwithstanding which, he discovered sufficiently the Marks thereof in her Eyes and whole Countenance. *Don't flatter me, dear Sister*, said he, with a great deal of Confusion and Disturbance of Mind, *some Accident or other is befallen Julia. I find you are inclined to conceal it from me; but this will cause me at least as much Pain, as if you disclosed the whole Secret to me. 'Tis not my Intention*, said she, *to conceal any Thing from you; Julia is fal'n sick; her Weakness since her last Distemper joyn'd to what has happened here, has thrown her into a violent Fever. At these Words the Tears arose in her Eyes, in Spite of all she could do to keep them back. O! Lucilia, cry'd Hypolitus, my Misfortune is greater than what you tell me of; I am sure some very sinister Accident is happen'd to Julia; your Tears will scarce let you speak: Sister, continued he, seeing she gave him no Answer, will you see me expire before your Eyes? I am under such an Anguish of Mind, as is past all Apprehension; tell me what Misfortune has befall'n us? For it is certain, that her and my Interest are inseparable, and that I forebode such cruel Things, that 'tis impossible for me to augment my Pain. Lucilia persisting in what she had told him before; You know, added she, what Tenderness I have for Julia, and yet you are surprized to see me concerned at her being ill. You might with much more Reason wonder, if you should see me to be otherwise. My Heart has too quick a Foresight, reply'd Hypolitus fetching a deep Sigh, Sister, 'tis not an easy Matter to deceive a true Lover: I am resolv'd to rise immediately out of Bed, and to go into Berkshire; I will be satisfy'd in every Thing; I will hazard all, and dive into your Secrets at the Expence of my Life, if it must be so. He had scarce spoken these Words, but he call'd for his Gentleman to help him to get out of Bed: He was but just come back from London, whither he had been sent by *Hypolitus* to the Earl of *Suffex*,*

to acquaint him with every Thing that had happened at my Lord *Nevil's* House; and at the same Time, desired him in his Letter, to enquire whether my Lord *Douglas* had heard any Thing of this Adventure; and to let him know immediately how Matters stood there, that he might take his Measures accordingly.

Lucilia perceiving her Brother resolved to rise out of Bed, in spite of his Wounds, she drew as near as she could to *Leander*: Good God, Sir, *what must we do?* said she to him very softly; *the unfortunate Julia is no more in Berkshire, her Husband has carried her away into France; how shall I do to acquaint my Brother with this sad News? And without it you see he will certainly go to look after her.* *Leander* remain'd for some Time under such a Consternation, that it could not possibly be greater, had this Misfortune happened to *Lucilia* her self; however recovering himself as soon as he could, because he saw she expected his immediate Answer. *Alas! Madam,* said he to her, *I don't see how we shall be able to conceal it from Hypolitus; his Distraction is such, that it would be a Piece of Cruelty to leave him longer under such an Uncertainty.*

Hypolitus perceiving them to talk softly, drew nearer to them, being supported by his Gentleman, and then seating himself in an Elbow Chair, near *Leander's* Bed-side, with a Countenance, in which appeared all the Marks of Despair, *Lucilia*, said he, *tells you what has happened, and I, who am the only Person concern'd in it, must be the only Man from whom she thinks fit to conceal it.* Brother, said she, *since you have discovered in my Eyes that Affliction which oppresses my Spirits, I am willing to tell you the true Cause of it. The Earl of Bedford became jealous and enraged at what happened in your Disguise, and has carried away Julia into France some Days ago; but we know not where or how he intends to dispose of her: He had taken care to charge such of his Servants as knew of it, to keep the Secret, but the Steward disclosed it to me. This is that afflicts me, and 'tis this I was willing to keep conceal'd from you, at least for some Days.* *Hypolitus*, laying his Arms across, with his Head hanging down upon his Breast, stood like a Statue without

without saying one Word. My dear Friend, said Leander, this Mishap is not past Reprieve, we shall hear where this treacherous Man has carry'd her, we will fetch her thence ; you will have the Satisfaction of being her Deliverer ; and you will see your self seconded by the Earl of Warwick : You know it is not justifiable for a Man who takes a Chimera into his Head, to treat a Lady of Quality at that rate. O ! why will you flatter me thus, cry'd the disconsolate Hypolitus, my Thoughts are far different from what you can tell me upon this Head ; 'tis I that am the Occasion of Julia's Misfortune ; 'tis I, and my impatient Desires, that have plunged her into this Abyss of Troubles ; you have Recourse to Time to allay both our Misfortunes ; But what a slender Comfort is this ? What is likely to become of me, Great God ! What is likely to become of me ? Whilst he was thus giving Way to his Affliction, and rendered Lucilia and Leander almost as inconsolable as himself, Word was brought them that the Earl of Suffex was come, whereat they were not a little surprized. He came immediately after into the Chamber, and stood almost amazed to read in all their Faces such lively Marks of Grief. Hypolitus embracing him, without being able to arise from his Seat, desired him to sit down by him ; Are you come, dear Friend, said he to him, to bear your Share in my Affliction ? 'Tis impossible you can imagine any thing that could more nearly concern me. I did not know, said he, of any new Cause of Dissatisfaction you had ; but I thought I ought not to forget to come to give you Notice myself, that my Lord Douglass having got Intelligence of your being here, intends to come to Morrow to fetch you from hence ; he is most furiously angry with you ; so you had best to consider what is to be done upon this Occasion : My Advice is, you should without losing a Moment's Time, tell my Lord Nevil, that I am sent by him, on Purpose to fetch you away, and I will take care to conduct you to some House in the Country, where we may be at leisure to reflect further upon what is best to be done according to your own Inclinations.

Hypolitus, instead of returning an Answer to his Friend, cry'd out like a distracted Man, And must I see her no more ! That Tyrant has snatch'd her away from

me! I must fall under the fatal Stroke! The Earl of *Suffex*, surprized at these Words, look'd stedfast upon *Lucilia*, to make her sensible of his Curiosity to know the Meaning thereof. She had no sooner given him an Account of *Julia's* being carry'd into *France*, but embracing *Hypolitus*, ' This is a new Matter of Trouble
' and Vexation, *said he*, but your Courage must sur-
' mount all these Obstacles, take my Word for it;
' let us depart hence without Delay, it would not do
' well to meet my Lord *Douglas* here; when we are at
' a greater Distance and in a less suspicious Place than
' this is, we have nothing else to consider of, but the
' Deliverance of *Julia*.

They were all of the same Opinion; ' I am going
' to part from you, lovely *Lucilia*, *said Signior Leander*,
' with a low Voice, so as to be heard by no Body but her
' self, Friendship for once, has got the better of Love;
' but I hope you will be obliged to me for this Sacri-
' fice I offer to him, it being made in Behalf of a Bro-
' ther who, as you have told me, is dearer to you than
' your own Life. I make his Fortune my own, I fol-
' low him wherever he goes, I leave you behind me,
' and yet I adore you. Pray give me to understand,
' that you are not insensible of those Sentiments I have
' both for you and him; that will afford me the great-
' est Comfort I am capable of receiving at this Junc-
' ture. I stand indebted to you for every Thing, *said*
' *Lucilia blushing*, and I am of too great a Soul and
' Temper, to look with Indifferency upon that Friend-
' ship you shew to my Brother: After this don't urge
' me to enlarge my self any farther upon my Senti-
' ments for you, but be satisfy'd I shall always do Jus-
' tice to your Merits, and that I can't see you leave us
' without Pain. The amorous *Leander* seem'd to be
overjoy'd to see himself bless'd with so engaging a
Farewel.

His Wounds had no less impair'd his Strength, than
those of *Hypolitus* had done his; notwithstanding which,
my Lord and my Lady could not prevail upon them,
with all their Intreaties, to stay a little longer, for they
were not acquainted with my Lord *Douglas's* Intention
of

of coming thither the next Day, and how careful they were to avoid the Sight of him: *Hypolitus* and *Leander* returned their most hearty Thanks for all the Obligations they had received at their Hands: *Lucilia* could not part from her Brother without Tears, who promised to let her hear from him; and *Leander* desired to give him leave to write to her what Resolutions she should take; as she, on the other Hand, was very well pleased to have a plausible Pretence to grant him a Favour she was very desirous to bestow upon him.

The Earl of *Suffex*, mounting on Horseback, left his Coach for the two wounded Lords to be carry'd in, and being provided with a good Quilt, they went on pretty commodiously; but that *Hypolitus*, under his present Circumstances, took very little care of his Ease or Health; and Signior *Leander* was so deeply in Love with *Lucilia*, that her Absence caused in him all that Pain which a Lover is capable of feeling upon such like Occasions. They talk'd very little, and what they said ended all in Lamentations.

The Earl of *Suffex* conducted them to a magnificent Seat about forty Miles distant from my Lord *Newil's*, it belonged to the young Dutchess of *Northampton*, a lovely young Widow, but then under the severest Affliction, on Account of her Husband, who was executed with the Duke of *Northumberland* and *John Dudley*, whom the King had made Earl of *Warwick*; she had chosen this Country Seat for her Retirement, in Order to spend the rest of her Days there in her doleful Reflections and melancholy Thoughts. Queen *Mary* had not as yet thought fit to recal her to Court, tho' the Earl of *Suffex*, as well as many other great Lords, used all their Interest with the Queen for that Purpose. To be short, the Earl, with all his Indifferency, had not been able to stand it out against the Charms of so fair a Lady. He had paid her frequent Visits ever since the Misfortune of her Family. Her engaging Temper, her Virtue, her Generosity, all these great Qualifications had made so deep an Impression upon the Earl's Heart, that he soon found those Sentiments of Compassion, (as he thought they were) changed into the most tender Effects of Love.

She

She received *Hypolitus* and *Leander* with all possible Civility, being taught and disposed by her own Afflictions to compassionate and comfort the Afflicted, and this made her take share with a great deal of Goodness in *Hypolitus's* Misfortune.

The Earl of *Suffex* knowing her to be a Lady of much Discretion, thought it fit to conceal from her Knowledge his Friend's Passion; and she desired him to assure him, in her Behalf, that he might rest assured of her Services, and be welcome to her House as long as he pleased, and even command part of her Estate. Tho' *Hypolitus*, at that Time, was scarce sensible of any Thing, he could not but be touched with a most profound Sense of this Lady's Generosity; and notwithstanding all the Anxiety of his Mind and his Sadness, he return'd her his hearty Thanks with all imaginable Acknowledgment.

In the mean Time my Lord *Douglas* coming to my Lord *Nevil's* House, and finding his Son gone, 'tis almost impossible to express his Fury and Resentment: He spared no Pains to find out which Way he had taken; but the Earl of *Suffex* had provided against all this, by travelling all Night long, and that in By-Roads; and no sooner were they come to my Lady *Northampton's* House, but he took all possible Precautions not to be discovered there. Poor *Lucilia* was forced to stand the Brunt alone, and feel the Effects of her Father's Fury; he loaded her with Reproaches, he told her she had conspired with *Hypolitus* to do every Thing they thought would vex him; and so he carry'd her to *London*, without shewing the least Concern at the Misfortune of *Lucilia*; the Considerations of his private Interest having stifled in his Heart all those tender Sentiments he ought to have had for this fair but unfortunate Lady.

Hypolitus consulting with his two Friends, they pitch'd upon the only Way they had left them under their present Circumstances. They were all sensible that the Earl of *Bedford* having got the Start of them for several Days past, it would be impossible to overtake him, and especially since they knew not what Way he had taken to go into *France*, it would be in vain to follow, or
hope

hope to meet with him before he came to his Journey's End; so it was thought convenient they should separate, and to go to the three Sea-Ports for *England*; and not questioning but that they should meet with him in one of those Places upon his Return thence, it was agreed betwixt them, that which of them should find him out first, should revenge *Julia's* Wrongs with his Sword.

So soon as *Hypolitus* and *Leander* found themselves strong enough to travel, they writ to *Lucilia*, desiring my Lady *Northampton* to convey the Letters to her Hands; and then returning her all imaginable Thanks for her Goodness, took a most tender Farewel of one another. *How much stand I indebted to you, my dear Friends?* said *Hypolitus* embracing them, *you espouse my Quarrel; and instead of opposing your Intentions as I ought to do, I conjure you not to neglect any Opportunity of finding out my Enemy.* They told him, he might rely upon them; and that they would convince him at the Peril of their Lives, that they loved him above all other Things. Last of all they came to this farther Agreement; That after a Month's Stay in that Place where each of them design'd for, they shall return to *London*, and meet at the Earl of *Suffex's* House, who went to *Diep*. *Hypolitus* took the Way to *Calais*, in the Company of his Friend *Leander*, as far as *Dover*, where having seen him embark'd for *Calais*, he did the same in another Ship bound for the Isles of *Guernsey* and *Jersey*, because sometimes Passengers return that Way out of *France* into *England*.

They happily arrived at their several Ports, but we leave the other two for this Time, to follow *Hypolitus* to *Calais*. He happening to lodge in the same Inn where *Julia* had lodg'd before, the first Thing he ask'd after was, Whether they had not seen such and such a Lady, describing to them her Features and Shape, as well as possibly he could, as likewise her Husband. The Woman of the House told him, she had lain there one Night: Then he ask'd her many more Questions, such as Lovers are apt to do; Whether she seem'd to be Melancholy? Whether she eat heartily? What she heard her say? And whatever else his Curiosity could prompt him to. At last

last he desired he might have the same Chamber where she had lodged, which he took Possession of with such an Agitation of Mind, as if she had actually been there present: He was walking very fast up and down the Room, ruminating with much Anxiety upon the Od-ness of *Julia's* Adventure, and at last cast his Eyes upon the Glass-window, on which *Julia* had written the beforementioned Words with a Diamond; Good God, how surprized was he at the Sight thereof! How he stood amazed! And what a Comfort did this prove to him under his present Circumstances! He kiss'd the Hand-writing, and took out that piece of Glass on which it was written, looking upon it as a more precious Thing to him, than if it had been the finest oriental Diamond in the World; and as this Demonstration of his not being forgotten by his beloved Mistress, much encreased his Passion and Acknowledgment; so he took all possible Precautions not to miss the Earl of *Bedford* in his Return for *England*, in Case he should take the Way of *Calais*.

He had staid three Weeks, expecting his coming with the utmost Impatience and eager Desire of revenging *Julia's* Wrongs upon him, when one Night walking near the Sea-side, he saw him coming towards the Port, where a Boat lay ready to carry him on Board the Vessel that was to transport him into *England*. *Hypolitus* transported with Rage, pull'd him by the Arm; *Before you go into England*, said he fiercely to him, *I have something to say to you*. The Earl exasperated at his laughty Carriage, and still more upon divers other Accounts, followed him immediately: Neither of them spoke one Word, but cast most furious Looks at one another, their Eyes sparkling with Anger like Fire. No sooner did they see themselves at a sufficient Distance from the Town, but without any further Delay they drew their Swords, and the one being animated by Love and Rage, the other by Jealousy and a deep Resentment, they fought with so much Desperation, that it was likely this Combat would scarce end but with the Loss of one, if not both their Lives. They fought with so much Eagerness, that both of them were soon wound-
ed

ed in diverse Places ; till at last *Hypolitus*, enraged to meet with so much Resistance from a Man whom he mortally hated, closed and threw him upon the Ground : He asked for Quarter, which *Hypolitus* most generously promised him, on Condition that he should set *Julia* at Liberty ; when a Servant of the Earl of *Bedford's*, who had followed his Master at a Distance, and lay concealed behind an old Boat upon the Sands, near the Sea-shore, seeing his Master reduced to this Extremity, came from behind, and ran his Sword into *Hypolitus's* Back, so that he dropt down for dead ; and the Fellow supposing no otherwise than that he had been actually so, ran presently to the Assistance of his Master, and supporting him with his Arms, carried him to a Fisher's Hut hard by, where he lay down upon an old Quilt, till they could get Surgeons to search and dress his Wounds. They having no farther Business at *Calais*, resolved to get on Board the Ship that was to carry them into *England*, as fast as they could, which they did accordingly ; and engaged the Surgeon to go along with them, for Fear his Wounds should open afresh, by the violent Agitation of the Sea.

In the mean while the too unfortunate *Hypolitus* left destitute of all Help, was wallowing in his own Blood, and that at so considerable a Distance from the Town, and pretty late at Night, that there was but little Hopes of his meeting with any seasonable Assistance in that Place. But his Gentleman, who loved him entirely, fearing some sinister Accident should befall him, and not seeing him return by that Time it was dark, he took some along with him with a Flambeaux, who dispersing into several Parts, enquired after *Hypolitus*. He having been already three Weeks at *Calais*, began to be pretty well known there, so they were directed into the Road, which some Country People had seen him take, in Company with another Person. They first of all espied the Fisher's Hut, and approaching near it, found some Blood upon the Ground, (which issued from the Earl's Wounds as he was carrying thither) and following the Tract, came at last to the Place where *Hypolitus* lay extended

tended upon the Gronud, without the least Sense or Motion. They cut some Branches and Twigs of Trees, which they twisted together, and so carry'd him to his Inn. *Hypolitus's* Wounds proved so dangerous, that his Gentleman thought fit to give Advice thereof to my Lord *Douglas*. He was infinitely concern'd at this dismal News; he was his only Son, and a Son of such extraordinary Qualifications, as made him beloved even by Strangers; judge then how much his Family must be afflicted at this Accident.

My Lord *Douglas's* Lady and *Lucilia*, went immediately for *Calais*, where they found him almost at the last Extremity. Now it was that his Father and Mother, mortally afflicted at this Casualty, began to repent, but too late, of all the Severities they had laid upon him, to suppress a Passion so just and so innocent as that of *Hypolitus*, who, notwithstanding all the Hardships he had endured upon their Account, was so far affected with their Grief, that he conjured them to moderate it, unless they intended to increase his Misfortune. The Earl of *Suffex* and *Leander*, returning to *London* much about the same Time, heard the News of their Friend's Quarrel and its fatal Consequences, and resolved to go thither immediately to see him.

Hypolitus at the Sight of them, felt within himself all that Excess of Satisfaction, a Man under his Circumstances can be capable of; as they on the contrary, could not but be seized with the utmost Grief, to see him so near his End. Notwithstanding the utmost Extremity he struggled under, he neglected not to present *Leander* to my Lord *Douglas*, and to my Lady his Mother; conjuring them to look upon him no otherwise than their own Son; and praying them, that in Case it pleased God to call him out of this World, they should adopt him in his Stead: He spoke these Words with so engaging an Air, that they drew Tears from all that heard them. However, at the End of two Months, his Life was judged to be out of Danger.

In the mean while Signior *Leander*, who was infinitely in Love with *Lucilia*, had prevail'd upon the Earl of *Suffex*,

Suffex, to speak to my Lord *Douglas* in his behalf, and to ask his Consent for a Marriage with his Daughter, that accordingly he might, without loss of Time write to his Father the Senator *Alberti*. The intimate Friendship which had been cultivated betwixt my Lord and the Senator *Alberti*, and the personal Merits of *Leander*, supported by a considerable Estate, proved such powerful Temptations with my Lord *Douglas*, that, considering he could not easily bestow his Daughter better than so, he very favourably received the Propositions made to him upon that Account.

Leander, transported with Joy, writ to his Father about it, and at the same Time engaged one of his best Friends to interceed in his behalf with him. First of all he beg'd his Pardon for having undertaken so long a Voyage, under pretence of going only to *Rome*; then told him all the Reasons he thought most expedient to plead his Excuse; and at last extoll'd the great Qualifications of *Lucilia* to the Sky, and what Advantages he might expect from my Lord *Douglas*, in case he marry'd her; desiring him to give his Consent to the only Thing he most of all desired in the World, and which would prove the Happiness of his Life.

The Senator *Alberti* was not a little surprized to understand his Son was gone to *England*, instead of going to *Rome* (for hitherto he had managed Matters with so much Dexterity, that his Father actually believed him to be at *Rome*) but considering that his Son's Welfare depended on this Proposition, he would not suffer his Anger to get so far the Ascendant over his Paternal Love, as to obstruct this Match. He knew the Family of the *Douglas*'s, and my Lord personally. He had seen *Hypolitus* and loved him, and guessing at the Sister by the Brother, he could not but suppose her to be an accomplished young Lady. To be short, he readily gave his Consent, and order'd whatever was requisite to make *Leander* appear upon this Occasion according to his Quality and Estate.

Hypolitus was pretty well recovered when this News was brought to his Friend and Sister; he was no less sensible

sible of their Satisfaction, than if it had been his own, and this contributed not a little towards the Advancement of his Cure; but he was advised by his Physicians and Surgeons to accomplish it by drinking the Waters of *Bourbon*: He was absolutely against it, all his Thoughts being now bent upon Revenge; he could scarcely stand upright when he was contriving already to get into *England*, to find out the Earl of *Bedford*, and either to perish under his Hands, or make him fall by his. But my Lady *Douglas's* Tears, his Father's Entreaties and Commands, and *Lucilia's* Prayers, at last so far prevailed upon him, that he could not refuse any longer to comply with their Desires. 'Alas! said he, when he found himself alone with them, what would you have me do for you? You would have me look for proper Remedies, and at the same Time little consider that I have within my Heart a languishing Poison, which will never let them take effect, but will soon bring me to the Grave: Is it not much better, I should bestow that small Remainder of Life to punish him who thus tyrannizes over *Julia*? But these Arguments were of little weight with his Friends, they opposed others of much more Force against them, and so soon as he found himself in a Condition to leave his Bed, the Marriage of *Lucilia* with *Leander* was consummated to the mutual Satisfaction of both the young Lovers.

Four Months were now already past since the Earl of *Bedford* and *Hypolitus* fought upon *Calais* Sands, and his Wounds being now compleatly healed up, so as to be able to ride in a Coach, and *Lucilia's* Equipage got ready, my Lady *Douglas*, her Mother, resolved to conduct her to *Florence*: My Lord *Douglas* and the Earl of *Suffex* were for going back to *London*; and at parting, gave their Friend all the real Demonstrations of a tender Friendship; and the Earl, on his part, faithfully promised *Hypolitus* to write to him to *Bourbon*, and to give him an Account of every Thing that might concern him. 'Let me hear, said he, how the fair Countess of *Northampton* does, your Sentiments for that lovely Person, and the Obligations I owe her

in

‘ in particular, will not permit me to be indifferent in
 ‘ relation to any Thing that concerns her ; and if any
 ‘ Thing in this World was able to allay the Anguish of
 ‘ my Heart, and make this Life tolerable to me, it
 ‘ would be to see you both happy together. Signior
Leander having also contracted a very intimate Friend-
 ship with the Earl of *Suffex*, he told him at parting,
 in a most obliging manner ; ‘ You take from us, that
 ‘ which we look’d upon as most amiable among us ;
 ‘ but how can a Friend grudge you that Happiness
 ‘ Fortune has put into your Hands ? You are so worthy
 ‘ of it, that no Body can envy, without Injustice, your
 ‘ Felicity.’ *Leander* answered him in the most obliging
 Terms in the World, and so they parted.

Hypolitus had by this Time got his Equipage in readi-
 ness to go along with *Leander* and *Lucilia* as far as *Mou-*
lins, from whence they continued their Journey to *Lyons*,
 and so to *Florence* ; but he staid behind at *Moulins*, which
 is no more than four Leagues from *Bourbon*.

During their Journey, all the Satisfaction *Hypolitus*
 observed in this new-marry’d Couple, was not able to
 make him sensible of any ; he continued in the same
 melancholy Humour as before ; they would sometimes
 blame him for it, but he told them with a sad Counte-
 nance, ‘ Be satisfy’d to see me be an Eye-witness of your
 ‘ Happiness, without being disturbed at it ; believe me,
 ‘ this is the most real Proof I can give you of a sincere
 ‘ Friendship. Alas ! can you imagine, but that that
 ‘ Felicity you enjoy does recal into my Mind the Mis-
 ‘ fortunes I suffer ? You have not met with the least
 ‘ Obstacles in your Passion, and *Hymen* has crown’d your
 ‘ Love ; you have had no Time to fear, to hope, to
 ‘ be jealous, to dread your Rivals ; no Pain, no sinister
 ‘ Accidents : But poor I, what have I not been forced
 ‘ to undergo ? And how slender a Prospect have I at
 ‘ this very Time to see an End of my Sufferings ?’ These
 Reflections cast him sometimes into such Agonies, as is
 scarce to be expressed. They all arriv’d happily at *Mou-*
lins, which being the Place where they were to part
 Companies, this Separation proved one of the most tender

der and most painful they had seen in a great while before; for *Lucilia* could not so much as flatter her self, that she should see her dear Brother again, unless it were after a great while; and as for *Leander*, *Lucilia* was the only Person in the World he loved beyond *Hypolitus*. This unfortunate Lover had the deepest Sense that could be of the many Obligations he ow'd them; his Love for *Julia* proved no Diminution to his natural Inclinations, and his Acknowledgement. He beg'd of them, not to omit any Thing to learn some News of the Earl of *Warwick*, and to acquaint him with what they could learn, he having receiv'd no News from him since he left *Marseilles*; he most earnestly enjoyn'd them to send him a Letter to *Venice*, and make him acquainted with his Daughter's Misfortune; he had sometime before got *Leander* to write one to him whilst they were at *Calais*, and he was much troubled to have received no Answer to it.

Hypolitus went to *Bourbon*, a Place but of an indifferent Aspect, the Buildings are very mean, the boiling Water Springs are the only Things that makes this Place noted among those, who twice in a Year drink them for their Health, and at those Seasons you see a great Concourse of good Company there; but this was of no use to him, he being most at ease, or at least less uneasy when he was alone, because he was then at full Liberty to give Way to his Afflictions, a Thing he could not do so conveniently in the Company of others, whose Presence put a Check upon his Inclinations.

Thus he passed away his Time at *Bourbon*, without seeking for the least Acquaintance, but spent his Time for the most Part in walking, and that in such Places, as he thought were farthest from Company; and if he happened to meet with any Body in his Walks, there appeared such visible Marks of Grief in his whole Countenance, that, tho' according to the Custom of this Place, even Strangers take the Freedom to accost one another when they meet abroad, and that every Body makes it his Business to divert themselves with the Variety of Company, yet no Body thought fit to in-

terrupt

interrupt a Man, whom they saw overwhelmed in his Melancholly Thoughts.

One Day walking abroad early in the Morning, and taking the first Path, he found it was not so much beaten as the rest; this brought him insensibly to a Wilderness which might be said to contain all the Beauties of a pleasant Country. He stopt on the Descent of a Hill covered by the Branches of fine Trees which afforded a most agreeable Shade; he remained very pensive for some Time in his Solitude, till at last he ingraved, with a Pen of Steel he had about him, divers Lines on the Bark of a Tree, under which he had seated himself; they contained in Substance,

That neither the Meadows, nor Rivulets, nor Woods, nor Plains, nor Vales, were able to afford him the least Delight, unless he could see them without thinking on Clime; whereas she being absent, they served only to augment his Pain.

His whole Mind being taken up with these Thoughts, it was a considerable Time before he cast his Eyes upon a Piece of Paper that lay on the Ground not far from him, and when he saw it, he thought it not worth his while to take it up, believing it to be a Letter; and had not the least Curiosity to be acquainted with its Contents: But it being a pretty windy Day, and seeing the Paper often moved by the Wind, a certain Sentiment of Goodness which was natural to him, for the Person unto whom the Letter might belong, at last prevailed with him to take it up, lest it should fall into the Hands of Strangers. He soon perceived there was something wrapped up in it, and found it to be a Case of Shagreen. He opened it, but good God, guess at his Surprize, guess at his Joy, when he saw it to be the Portraiture of *Julia*! of his dear *Julia*; for at first Sight, he thought no otherwise than that it had been hers; but viewing it more attentively, found it to be the Countess of *Warwick's* Picture, which he had seen frequently in his beloved Mistress's Room: His Eyes were fixed with the utmost Attention on this Piece, which recalling to his

his Mind many sad and so many tender Passages, he could not imagine what Hazard had put it into his Hands. *It belongs to Julia*, said he, *'tis not likely she should have parted with it to any Body; perhaps it is stolen from her: I used to see it in a Case set with Diamonds, and now it is in a Shagreen-Case; but if it be stolen, was it stolen in England or France? However,* said he, *'tis probable the Thief is somewhere in this Part of the Country.* Whilst he was ruminating upon the Matter, he sees a Man of an indifferent good Appearance coming that Way, who seeing him hold the Picture in his Hand, fetched a great Cry for Joy; *I will freely own to you, Sir*, said he, *accosting him with Respect, I was almost mad, because I knew not what I had done with the Picture you have found. I beg of you, restore it to me. Pray then do me first the Favour,* said Hypolitus to him, *to let me know where you had it.* Sir, said he, *I am a Picture-drawer; I come every Year to Bourbon, to sell Pictures; because there being a great Concourse of People here, I can sell them easier and dearer than in any other Place. I often go to an Abbey not above two Leagues from hence, it is called St. Menoux; the Lady Abbess has a very fine Closet, which she intends to adorn with all manner of Pictures, she shew'd it me the other Day, and asked whether I would stay and work there for some Time? Whilst I was with her, I saw a certain Lady come into her Closet, who by her Accent seemed to be a Foreigner; she was handsome to Admiration, notwithstanding she looked so pale, that I could guess no otherwise, but that she had been very ill lately. She asked me whether I could mend the Drapery of a certain small Picture, upon which, by Mischance, some Water had been cast; she called for it immediately, and taking it out of a Case set with Diamonds, gave it into my Hands, and I put it into this Shagreen Case, which I happened to have about me, and promised her to go to work upon it immediately. I did so accordingly, and was to carry it to her this very Day; but happening to sell some Pictures to a Person of Quality, whom I expected to meet hereabouts, I have, doubtless, pulled it out of my Pocket with some other Things, and so dropt it.*

Hypolitus was so surprized and overjoyed at what he heard the Picture-drawer tell him, that he was not able to give him the least Interruption, looking upon it at first rather like a Dream than a real Truth. At last fetching a very deep Sigh, *If you would be faithful to me*, said he to him, *I will take Care you shall be very well paid for your Journey. I am a grateful Man, and have wherewithal to reward your Fidelity; but I must tell you, I expect you should inviolably keep my Secret.* The Picture-drawer imagining no otherwise, than that he was to draw the Picture of some Lady, with whom he was fallen in Love at *Bourbon*, told him, that his Fidelity was put to the Trial almost every Day, and that hitherto no Body in the World could say he had been the worse for confiding in him; and that he had so strong an Idea, that provided he could see a Person but once, he could draw the Features exactly; and that in Case it was impossible to come to the Sight of her, he need only describe her Features to him, and that by the Strength of his own Imagination he would draw the Picture like her. *Hypolitus* could not forbear smiling at the Picture-drawer's good Opinion of his own Capacity; *The Point in Question*, said he to him, *is not concerning the Drawing of a Picture; but whether you can contrive a Way to introduce me into the Abby of St. Menoux, when you go thither? I think it will not prove very difficult for you so to do; I am known by no Body living here; I may very well pass for one of your young Scholars; and I have learned to design and make a Draught of a Piece, enough to make me act that Part pretty well. You may say I am an Italian, because my Accent is foreign, and undertake the Work the Abbess offers to you, at her own Price, and do not trouble yourself any further, I will take Care of all the rest.* The Picture-drawer thought he had no Reason to refuse so advantageous an Offer, which would be so gainful to him without running any Hazard.

It being resolved to put this Project in Execution the same Afternoon, *Hypolitus* left all his Servants at *Bourbon*; he told the Picture-drawer, his Name should be *Hyacinth*, as long as they staid at *St. Menoux*, and having changed his Cloaths, they took Coach, (because *Hy-*

Hypolitus durst not as yet venture to go on Horse-back) and drove as hard as they could to *St. Menoux*, for Love is a swift Guide, and drives on apace.

When he entered the Abby Gate, he was seized with such a trembling, as scarce to be able to keep himself upright, or to walk into the Parlour, where the Abbess expected the Picture-drawer's coming. She asked him immediately, who he was he had brought along with him? And not without much Reason; for tho' he affected a more than ordinary Plainness both in his Cloaths and Deportment, yet his graceful Mien, his noble Air, his regular Features; and in short, his whole Person had something in it so extraordinary, that he struck with Admiration all those that saw him. The Picture-drawer told her, he was an *Italian*, who having an Inclination for Painting, had been his Scholar for some Time: The Abbess answered, she had a Mind to have her Picture drawn, that they should begin to morrow, and that she had Work enough to employ them a whole Year.

This was very welcome News to *Hypolitus*, he got out of Bed before Day-light, and made the Picture-drawer rise likewise, who was not in the least surprized thereat, being sensible it was for weighty Reasons he was so eager to come to *St. Menoux*; and no sooner was the Abbess awake, but she sent for them to the Abby. *Hypolitus* look'd every where round him, whether he could not see *Julia*; he was ready to die with Impatience to get Sight of her; his Heart and Mind were in such Confusion, as is scarce to be expressed; but he was forced to conceal his Passion, for Fear of being taken Notice of, and making himself to be suspected; neither was he under less Apprehension, in Respect of his Mistress, lest she should not be able to hide her Joy and Surprize at the first Sight of him, which alone would be enough to ruin their whole Project.

The Lady Abbess having seated herself in a certain Place in her Closet, where she intended to sit for her Picture; *Hypolitus*, to make them believe he was not there for nothing, began to manage and mix the Colours, (under Pretence that they should want a considerable Quantity for so long a Time as the Abbess proposed they should

should work there) 'tis true, he did it at a very scurvy Rate, being little acquainted with that Art, but it was enough for him not to seem idle. Alas! he was far from being idle, every Hour was a Year to him whilst he worked in continual Expectation of seeing his dear *Julia*.

The drawing of a Picture is not to be performed without a serious Thought; for the Abbess began to be tired, and fearing least it might do a Prejudice to her Picture: *I think, I have heard say*, said she, *that Picture-drawers have commonly some pleasant Story or other, wherewith they divert those that sit for their Pictures; but you have not yet told me the least Thing that may make one merry, and I am sensible my Face will not look long very pleasant, unless you find out something that may divert me.* Madam, said Cardini to her, (this was the Painter's Name) *I am too much taken up with your Picture at present, to discompose my Thoughts; and after all, I own I have not Wit enough to tell you what may be pleasing or diverting to you, but there is Hyacinth, whom I commonly carry along with me, chiefly to divert the Ladies; I assure you, his Conversation is very diverting.* Pray then, said she, *Hyacinth*, casting a very obliging Look at him, *pray do you tell us a Story, because you see Cardini enjoyns you so to do.* *Hypolitus* blush'd for Vexation, being so far from being in a Humour to talk, that he had much ado to tell them very coldly, he did not know what to say; but my Lady Abbess urging the Matter more and more, he began to fear he might disoblige her, if he persisted in his Refusal; and considering it was in her Power to exclude him from a Place which contain'd the only Object of all his Wishes, he thought it best to overcome himself, and then recalling to his Mind a certain Story not unlike one of the old Tales of the Faïresses, he began to speak thus with a most surprizing graceful Air:

Russia is a Country so cold, and so subject to tempestuous Weather, that it is a great Rarity to see a fair Day there. The Hills are for the greatest Part of the Year covered with Snow, and the Trees are so much covered with Ice, that when the Sun begins to cast his Beams upon them, you would believe their Branches

to be one solid Piece of Chryſtal. In this Country are
 Forests of a moſt prodigious Extent, wherein they hunt
 white Bears, which is ſometimes not done without
 great Trouble and Danger; this is the moſt noble Ex-
 erciſe the *Ruſſians* are acquainted with, and which is
 moſt frequently uſed among them. This Nation had
 once a King named *Adolph*, a Prince ſo beautiful, ſo
 polite, and ſo active both in Body and Mind, that
 it ſeems almoſt incredible, that ſo ſavage and un-
 poliſhed a Country as this is, ſhould produce ſo ac-
 compliſhed a Perſon. Before he was full twenty Years
 of Age, he was already engaged in a War againſt the
Muſcovites, wherein he ſhewed an equal Share of Cou-
 rage and Intrepidity, and of Conduct. When his
 Army halted in ſome Place or other, he was never-
 theleſs always in Action, and often would follow that
 dangerous Sport of hunting the Bears. One Day being
 abroad a Hunting, with a numerous Retinue, he fol-
 low'd the Chace with ſo much Eagerneſs into a great
 Forest thro' different Roads and Paths, that on a
 Sudden he ſaw he had loſt both his Way and all his
 Company. The Night began to draw near, he
 was unacquainted with the Place he was in, and ſaw a
 moſt furious Tempeſt was likely to ſurprize him in
 this Solitude, ſo he thought it his beſt Way to take,
 with his Horſe, to the next great Road, and there to
 ſound the Horn; but all this to no Purpoſe. Imme-
 diately after, the ſmall Remainder of the Day became
 more dark than the darkeſt Night itſelf; he could
 not diſcern the leaſt Thing, unleſs it were by the
 Lightning; the Noiſe of the Thunder-claps ſounded
 moſt dreadfully among the vaſt Trees and the adja-
 cent Mountains, the Winds and Rains encreaſed every
 Moment. He endeavour'd to ſhelter himſelf under
 ſome Trees, but by the Violence of the Rains, the
 Ground thereabouts being ſoon overflow'd, he was
 under a Neceſſity of getting out of the Forest, in hopes
 to meet with ſome Conveniency or other to ſhelter him-
 ſelf againſt the Tempeſt. With much ado he got at laſt
 out of the Forest into the open Field; but finding him-
 ſelf there more expoſed to the Fury of the Rains and
 Wind,

Wind, than he had been before, he casting his Eyes about him on all Sides, and at last espying some Light on a high Hill, he turned his Horse that Way, and with unspeakable Difficulty reach'd the Foot of an almost inaccessible Mountain, surrounded with steep Precipices and craggy Rocks. He went forward for two Hours together, sometimes on Foot, sometimes on Horseback, till he came to a very spacious Cave, thro' the opening of which, he could discover some Light, (being the same he had seen before at a Distance.) He stop'd a little before he would enter into it, believing it to be a Nest of Thieves and Robbers, who frequently infest that Country, and who, in all Probability, would murder him, to commit their Robbery with less Danger. But as most commonly Princes have more noble and more daring Souls than other People, he reproach'd himself with his Fear, and going directly to the Entrance of the Cave, clap'd his Hand to his Sword, with a Resolution to defend his Life, in Case they should assault him: At the very Entrance of the Cave, he was seized with such a violent Shivering, that he thought this very Moment would be his last.

At the Noise he made in entring into the Cave, an old Woman, whose white grey Hairs and Wrinkles sufficiently discovered her great Age, came forth from under the craggy Rock, and with a seeming Amazement, You are the first of all Mortals, *said she to him*, that ever I saw in these Regions: Do you know, Sir, whose Dwelling-place this is? No, *said Adolph*, good Woman, I know not where I am. This is, *reply'd she*, the Seat of *Eolus*, the God of the Winds; this is the Place of Retirement for himself and his Children; I am his Mother, and am left alone at Home at this Time, because they are all abroad; some to do good, some to do Mischief upon Earth. But, *continued she*, I see you are wet to the Skin by the violent Rains, I will make you a Fire, that you may dry yourself; but, Sir, what most vexes me, is, that your Fare will be very hard here; the Winds live upon light Food, but Men want more solid Nourishment. The Prince thank'd her for the kind Reception she

' gave him ; he got to the Fire, which was lighted in
 ' an instant, because the *West* Wind just coming in,
 ' blew it up immediately. He was no sooner come
 ' in when the *North-East*, and several other northerly
 ' Winds arrived in the Cave ; *Eolus* follow'd them in
 ' Person, attended by *Boreas*, *East*, *South-West* and
 ' *North* Winds ; they were wet all over, and their Hairs
 ' all clogg'd together ; they were not in the least ci-
 ' viliz'd, but very rough in their Carriage ; and when
 ' they began to speak to the Prince, he thought he
 ' should have been kill'd by the Coldness of their
 ' Breath. One told them, how he had disperd a
 ' whole Fleet of Men of War ; a second how he had
 ' sent several Merchants to the Bottom of the Sea ; a
 ' third related, he had saved many Vessels from falling
 ' into the Hands of Pirates ; but they all agreed in this,
 ' that they had torn up a vast Number of Trees by the
 ' Roots, and overturn'd Walls and Houses ; in short,
 ' every one brag'd of what Feats he had done. The
 ' old Woman hearkened to them with much Atten-
 ' tion, but on a Sudden seeming to be very uneasy ;
 ' What, *said she to them*, did you not meet with your
 ' Brother *Zephyrus* in your Way ? It is already very late,
 ' and he is not come home yet, I am uneasy at it :
 ' They told her they had not seen him, when Prince
 ' *Adolph* saw come into the Cave a young Lad, as fair
 ' as they paint Love itself. His Wings were of white
 ' Feathers, intermix'd with carnation Colour, and so
 ' thin and fine, that they seemed to be in a continual
 ' Motion ; his fair Hair curled up into a thousand Buc-
 ' kles hanging down carelessly below both his Shoul-
 ' ders ; on his Head he had a Garland of Roses and
 ' Jessamy, and his whole Air was pleasing and agree-
 ' able.

' Where have you been so long, you little Libertine ?
 ' cry'd the old Woman with a harsh Voice. All the rest
 ' of your Brothers have been here a good while ; you
 ' alone take the Privilege of indulging yourself, with-
 ' out troubling your Head what Disturbance you cause
 ' me by your long Absence. Oh ! Mother, *said he*,
 ' I was very much troubled to come home so late,
 ' because

because I knew you would take it ill; but I have been in the Garden of a Princess call'd *Felicity*; she was walking there with all her Nymphs; some of them employ'd themselves in gathering Flowers, others lay asleep on the Grass discovering their Necks, to give me an Opportunity of drawing near to, and kissing them; some of them danced, others sang, the Princess diverted herself in a Walk of Orange Trees; I did blow my Breath into her very Face, I play'd all round about her, and I now and then gently lifted up her Veil: *Zephyrus*, said she, how pleasant and agreeable art thou? As long as thou continuest here, I shall scarce leave this Walk. I must confess, that such engaging Words as these, coming from the Mouth of so charming a Lady as she was, had such an Influence upon me, that being no longer Master of myself, I could willingly have resolved not to leave her, had it not been that I feared to displease you. Prince *Adolph* listened to him with so much Satisfaction; that he was heartily sorry he left off speaking so soon. Give me leave, said he, lovely *Zephyrus*, to ask you where that Country is, over which this Princess has an absolute Sway? In the Isle of *Felicity*, reply'd *Zephyrus*; no Body is suffered to come there, tho' every one goes in Quest of it; for such is the Fate of Mankind, that they are not able to find it out: 'Tis true, abundance of them go round about it, and some flatter themselves to be there, because they are cast sometimes into some neighbouring Ports, where they enjoy the Fruits of a Calm and Tranquility: Here most of them would be glad to continue; but these Isles, which after all, bear but a slender Proportion to the Isle of *Felicity* itself, are floating Islands, they soon get out of sight; and Envy, which will not suffer Mortals to enjoy even the Shade of Tranquility, constantly chases them from thence; and I have seen a great Number of Persons, of uncommon Merits, perish in that Attempt. The Prince ask'd him many more Questions, all which he resolv'd him with more than ordinary Exactness and Vivacity of Wit.

304 It was now very late, so the good Woman ordered
 her Grandchildren to retire each to his Hole. *Zephyrus*
 offered the Prince a Place in his little Bed, which was
 very neat, and not near so cold a Corner as the rest
 of the Concavities of this vast Grotto, being covered
 with Herbs and Flowers. *Adolph* lay that Night with
Zephyrus, but spent the greatest Part of it in talking of
 the Princess of the Isle of *Felicity*. How desirous should
 I be to get sight of her, said the Prince, and is this
 a Thing impossible, as not to be attained to, even
 with your Assistance? *Zephyrus* told him, the Enter-
 prize was full of Danger, but that if he had Resolu-
 tion enough to commit himself entirely to his Conduct,
 he had thought of a Way to accomplish it; that he
 would take him betwixt his Wings, and thus carry
 him through the vast Regions of the Air; I have, con-
 tinued he, a Cloak, which I will give you, which as
 often as you put it the green Side outwards, you will
 be invisible; which will prove absolutely necessary for
 the Preservation of your Life: For if those that guard
 this Isle, which are the most dreadful Monsters you
 ever heard of, should happen to see you, you would
 infallibly be lost, were you braver than *Hercules*. him-
 self. Prince *Adolph* was so eager to see an End of this
 Adventure, that notwithstanding all the Danger he
 foresaw would attend it, he embraced his Offer with
 all imaginable Satisfaction. No sooner began *Aurora*
 to appear in her Chariot, but the Prince full of Im-
 patience, roused *Zephyrus*, who slumbered a little. I
 can't let you be at rest, said he, embracing him; but
 my most generous Host, methinks 'tis Time we should
 be going. Come, come, let us go, said he, instead
 of taking it ill, I return you Thanks for it; for I can't
 but own to you that I am in Love with a certain Rose,
 which is lively and somewhat mutinous; so that per-
 haps it might occasion a bitter Quarrel betwixt us,
 should I not come to see her as soon as it is Day;
 she grows in one of the Gardens of the Princess of
Felicity. He had no sooner spoke these Words, but
 he gave the Prince the Cloak he promised him, and
 was taking him up betwixt his Wings; but finding
 that

that Way somewhat incommodious, I will carry you the Way, *said he*, as I did *Psyche*, by the Command of *Love*, when I carry'd her to that beautiful Palace he had caused to be erected for her; so he took him under his Arms, and resting a little at the Point of a Rock, to make the Ballance equal in his Motion, he stretch'd forth his Wings and so soared up into the Air. Notwithstanding all the Prince's Intrepidity, he could not forbear to feel some Symptoms of Fear, when he saw himself carried up at so vast a Height, under the Arms of so young a Lad; so that to revive his drooping Spirits, he thought it must be a God, knowing that *Love* himself, who appears so small, and the most feeble of all the rest, is nevertheless the strongest and most terrible. So leaving himself intirely to his Destiny, he began to recollect himself, and to look with Attention upon all the Places over which he passed. Who is able so much as to enumerate all these Places, Cities, Kingdoms, Seas, Rivers, Plains, Defarts, Forests, unknown Countries, and different Nations! He was struck with such an Amazement at the Sight of all these Things, that having quite lost the Use of his Tongue, *Zephyrus* took care to acquaint him with the various Manners and Customs of all the Inhabitants of the Earth. He flew but gently, and they rested a little upon the dreadful Mountains of *Caucasus* and *Athys*, and upon several others that fell in their Way. Were I sure, *said Zephyrus*, that that fair Rose I adore, should prick me with her Thorns, I can't suffer you to traverse so vast a Tract of Ground, without allowing you some Time, to have the Satisfaction of contemplating those Wonders you see. Prince *Adolph* returned his Thanks for all his Goodness, but at the same Time told him, he was much afraid lest this *Princess of Felicity* should not understand his Language, and that he should not be able to speak to her. Don't trouble yourself on that Account, *said the little God to him*, this Princess has an universal Knowledge, and it will not be long before you both speak the same Language.

At last they got sight of this desirable Island, which appeared so beautiful and delightful to the Prince, that he thought no otherwise than that he had been in an enchanted Place. The Air was all perfumed, the Dew and Rain smelling like Rose and Orange Water, the Spring threw out the Water to the very Skies, the Forests were full of the rarest Trees that can be seen, the Grounds coloured with the most delicious Flowers; Rivulets, clearer than the finest Crystal, gently run through the Plains, making an agreeable Noise; the Birds made a most harmonious Melody, exceeding all that the best Masters of Musick ever could attain to; the Earth produced her Fruits without any Labour or Cultivating, and, with a Wish only, you saw your Tables covered and served with all the delicious Meats you could think of. The Palace itself far exceeded every Thing has been mentioned as yet: The Walls were of Diamonds, the Floor and Wainscoting all of precious Stones; Gold was as common there as Stones are with us; the Moveables and Furniture were the Workmanship of the *Fairies*, and that of the most curious Pieces; every Thing being so nicely done, that it was hard to distinguish, whether Magnificence or Contrivance had the greatest Share in it.

Zephyrus set the Prince down in a pleasant Bowling-Green: Sir, *said he*, I have performed my Promise; 'tis now your Business to do your Part, so they embraced one another. *Adolph* return'd him a thousand Thanks, and *Zephyrus* impatient to see his Mistress, left him to himself in a very delicious Garden. He took several Turns in divers agreeable Walks, and saw a great Number of curious Grotto's, so charming and beautiful, that it seem'd as if they were made on Purpose for Delight and Pleasure. In one of these he saw a Statue of white Marble, representing *Cupid*, a Piece of most excellent Workmanship, casting out of his Flambeaux a Stream of Water instead of Fire, leaning against an artificial Rock; he also saw the following Words engraven on a Stone:

He that is ignorant of the Pleasures of Love, has never tasted any real Happiness; 'tis she alone that can gratify our Desires, and render this Life agreeable to us; without her all other Felicities lose their Charms, and every Thing is fading and fainting.

Adolph espying an Arbour so closely covered with Greens, that the Sun Beams could not penetrate into this dark and retired Place, seated himself on the Pedestal of a Fountain, and afforded some Hours Rest to his Body, not a little tired by the Fatigues of so vast a Journey.

'Twas almost Noon before he awakned, and being much vex'd he had lost so much Time in vain, to make himself amends for it, he made all the haste he could towards the Palace. As he drew nearer, he took a full View, and admired, at his own Leisure, all the Beauties thereof, with much more Attention than he could do at a greater Distance; and it seem'd as if all the Artits in the World had join'd their Skill and Labour to make it the most magnificent and most perfect Structure that could be imagined. The Prince had all this while kept the Green-side of his Cloak outward, so that he could see every Thing without being seen; but after all, he look'd a long Time without being able to see the Entrance into it; whether the Doors were shut, or whether they were on the opposite Side, before he could find them, he saw a lovely Lady opening a Window of one entire Piece of Crystal, and at the same Time a little female Gardiner running towards the Window; she that was at the Window, let down thence a Basket of Filligree-Work of Gold, fastned to several Strings and Knots of curicus Ribbons; she bid the Gardiner to gather some Flowers for the Princess, which she did in an Instant, and put them in the Basket: Adolph got upon the Flowers, and so was drawn up into the Window by the Nymph. You must imagine, that the same green Cloak, which had the Virtue of making him invisible, must also make him very light, for without this Cir-

cumtance, it would have proved a very hard Task for the Lady to have drawn him up to the Window; through which he got into a very spacious Apartment, and his Eyes were surprized with such an amazing Light, as is past all Imagination. Here he saw whole Companies of Nymphs, the eldest of which appear'd not to be above eighteen Years of Age, and a great many of them much younger; some were fair, others brown, but all of a fine Complexion; white, fresh colour'd, exactly featur'd, with glorious white Teeth; to be short, there was not one among all these Nymphs but what might pass for a compleat Beauty. He would have spent the whole Day in admiring their Perfections, and had not the Power to stir out of this charming Apartment, had it not been for a most agreeable Harmony of Musick, as well of Voices, as of the choicest musical Instruments, that rais'd his Curiosity to see from whence it came; so drawing near to an adjacent Room, he no sooner enter'd it but heard them sing these Words.

*Prove tender, prove faithful, be constant to the last,
'tis that that will conquer the Heart of your fair One;
Time brings every Thing to pass: You that are inspired
with a mutual Passion, if your cruel Destiny shortens your
happy Moments, you must hope for fair Weather, Time
brings every Thing to pass.*

Whilst the Prince was in the great Apartment, he thought nothing could have stood in Competition with those he saw there; but he soon found himself most agreeably deceived in his Opinion; these Female Musicians far surpassing those Nymphs he had seen before in Beauty: and what was almost prodigious, he understood every Thing he heard, tho' he was not acquainted with the Language of that Isle. He stood behind one of the fairest of these Nymphs; she happened to drop her Veil, and he, without considering that he should put her into a Fright, took it up from the Ground and gave it to her; she squeek'd out on a Sudden, and I believe this to be the first Time they

ever

'ever knew what Fear was in these happy Mansions:
 'All the rest of the Nymphs flock'd about her, ask-
 'ing, what was the Matter with her? I believe you
 'think me to be in a Dream, *said she to them*; but I
 'am sure I let my Vail fall to the Ground, and some-
 'thing that is invisible put it into my Hands again.
 'They all fell a Laughing, and some went into the
 'Princess's Apartment, to divert her with this Story.
 'Prince *Adolph* followed them by the Help of his
 'green Cloak; he pass'd through spacious Rooms,
 'Galleries and Chambers without Number, till at last
 'he came into the Apartment of the sovereign Lady of
 'the Isle. She was seated on a Throne made out of
 'one intire Carbuncle Stone, brighter than the Sun it-
 'self, but the Princess of *Felicity's* Eyes carry'd still a
 'more surprizing Lustre than the Carbuncle itself; she
 'was so perfect a Beauty, that she appeared more like
 'a Favourite of Heaven, than of a terrestrial Offspring;
 'she was very young, and a certain sprightly, but Ma-
 'jestick Air appeared in all her Actions, which inspir-
 'ed both Love and Respect: Her Apparel had more of
 'Neatness than Magnificence in it; her fair Hairs
 'were adorned with Flowers, she had a Scarf on,
 'and her Gown was Gauze flower'd with Gold. She
 'was surrounded with a great many Cupids, who danc'd
 'and play'd a thousand little diverting Tricks; some
 'kiss'd her Hands, others climbing up on both Sides of
 'the Throne, put a Crown on her Head; the Pleasures
 'were also playing and courting her on all Sides; to
 'be short, all that can be thought or imagined to be
 'charming, is much below what the Prince feasted
 'his Eyes with there. He was like one in a Rapture,
 'he was scarce able to bear the Lustre of this Prin-
 'cess's Beauty; and under this Agitation of his Heart,
 'all his Thoughts being taken up with that Object he
 'already adored, he dropt his Cloak, and she saw him.
 'She had never seen a Man before, and therefore was
 'infinitely surprized at the Sight of him. *Adolph* seeing
 'himself thus discovered, threw himself at her Feet with
 'the utmost Respect: Great Princess, *said he to her*,
 'I have traversed the Universe, to come hither to
 'admire

' admire your divine Beauty: I am come to make
 ' you an Offer of my Heart and all my Desires; will
 ' you not please to accept of them? The Princess was
 ' a Lady of a singular Vivacity of Wit, notwithstanding
 ' which, her Surprise was such that she could not
 ' speak one Word. Hitherto she had never beheld any
 ' Thing that appear'd more amiable to her Eyes than
 ' this Creature, and believing him to be the only one
 ' of his Kind, she imagined he must needs be the so
 ' much celebrated *Phoenix* of the Ancients, but scarce
 ' ever seen by any Body. *Lovely Phoenix, said she to*
 ' *him,* (for I judge you are the same by your Perfection
 ' ons, there being nothing comparable to you in this
 ' Isle) I am infinitely pleas'd to see you here; what
 ' Pity 'tis you should be the only one of your Kind,
 ' many more such Birds as you are, would make a
 ' most glorious Shew. *Adolph* could not forbear smil-
 ' ing at what she told him with a most graceful Air,
 ' full of natural Simplicity; but being unwilling that
 ' this Lady for whom he felt already a most violent Pas-
 ' sion, should be detain'd in Ignorance, in a Matter he
 ' judg'd she ought to be acquainted with, he took care
 ' to instruct her in every Thing of this Nature, and she
 ' prov'd so apt a Scholar, and of such a natural Viva-
 ' city of Wit, that she even anticipated her Master in his
 ' Lessons; she loved him beyond herself, and he loved
 ' her more than himself; all those sweet Enjoyments
 ' Love is able to give, all the Beauty and Vivacity of
 ' Wit, all the Tenderness a Heart is capable of feeling,
 ' were centred in these two tender Lovers; nothing
 ' could disturb their Tranquillity, every Thing con-
 ' curr'd to increase their Pleasures; they knew not
 ' what Sickness was; nay, they felt not so much as
 ' the least Inconveniencies or Decay; their Youth was
 ' not impair'd by a long Course of Years, because in
 ' this delicious Place, they drink of the Water of the
 ' Fountain of Youth. They were unacquainted with
 ' amorous Inquietudes, with jealous Surmises; nay,
 ' not so much as with these little Wranglings, which
 ' commonly end in a happy Accommodation and Re-
 ' newing of Love; I say, they knew nothing of all
 ' these

these Things; they were inebriated with Pleasures, and till that Day never had any Mortal enjoy'd so great and so constant Felicity. But this is the Condition of us Mortals, that even that Happiness has its sad and doleful Consequences, nothing is everlasting on Earth, but always subject to change.

Prince *Adolph* being one Day entertaining the Princess, it came into his Head to ask her, how long it was since he had enjoy'd the Pleasure of seeing her? The Time passes away so fast where you are, *said he*, that I scarce ever look'd backward, or thought of the Time when I came here. I will tell you, *said she*, provided you frankly confess to me beforehand, how long you really think it has been. He paused a while, and then said; when I consult my Heart, and think of the Satisfaction I feel within myself, I am almost apt to believe, I have not been here above a Week, my dear Princess; but when I recall to my Mind certain Things that are past some time ago, I think it can't be much less than three Months. She burst out a Laughing; Dear *Adolph*, *said she*, with a very serious Air, you must know it is no less than three hundred Years. Alas! had she known how dearly she was likely to pay for these Words, she would never have spoken them. Three hundred Years, *cry'd the Prince*, how must the World stand by this Time? Who must be the universal Monarch there? I wonder what they are doing there? When I come there again, who will know me? Or how shall I know any Body; My Dominions are, doubtless, fallen into the Hands of some strange Family? I can't suppose there will be any left for me; so that I am likely to be a Prince without a Principality; every Body will shun me as if I were a Spectre, and I shall be altogether unacquainted with the Manners and Customs of those among whom I am to live. The Princess beginning to be impatient, *Adolph*, *said she* interrupting him, what is it you repine at? Don't you set no more value than so upon all the Favours I have shewn you, and all the Love I bear you? I have given you Admission into my Palace; you are Master here,

here, I have preserv'd your Life for three Ages;
 without the least Decay or Regret till this Moment;
 whereas, had it not been for me, where would you
 have been by this Time? I abhor Ingratitude, fair
 Princess; *reply'd he in some Confusion*, I know, and
 am sensible how much I am indebted to you: But
 after all, had I been dead before this Time, I should
 perhaps have perform'd such great Actions as would
 have render'd my Name famous for ever to Posterity;
 I can't without Shame, see my Courage to lie dormant;
 and my Name buried in Oblivion: Such was the
 brave *Reynold* in the Arms of his *Armide*; but Glory
 snatch'd him thence: So that Glory is likewise to
 snatch you out of my Arms, barbarous Man, *cry'd the*
Princess *shedding a Rivulet of Tears*, thou hast a Mind
 to leave me, and therefore art unworthy of the Pain I
 feel for thee: She had no sooner said these Words,
 but she fell into a Swoon: The Prince was highly
 afflicted thereat, because he loved her extreamly, but
 at the same Time could not forbear upbraiding him-
 self for having spent so much Time with a Mistress,
 without any Thing that might raise his Name among
 the Rank of the great Heroes: In vain he endea-
 vour'd to restrain his Sentiments, or to conceal his
 Dissatisfaction; he was soon seized with such a Lar-
 guishment, as quite alter'd his whole Disposition; so
 that whereas hitherto he had mistaken Months for
 Ages, he thought now every Month as long as an
 Age. The Princess, who perceived it, was afflicted
 thereat to the highest Degree; but notwithstanding
 this, would not engage him to stay barely out of
 Complaisance; so she told him, he should be master
 of his own Destiny, and might depart whenever he
 thought fit; but that she much feared some great Mis-
 fortune would befall him: These last Words caus'd
 much less Dissatisfaction in him, than he had found
 Satisfaction in the first; and tho' the very Thoughts
 of parting from his Princess nearly affected his Mind,
 yet hurry'd on by his Destiny, he bid farewell to her
 he had adored, and by whom he was no less tenderly
 beloved; he protested to her, that so soon as he had
 performed

performed any glorious Actions to render himself more worthy of her Favours, he should never be at rest till he could return and pay his Homage to her, as his sovereign Lady, and as the only Felicity of his Life. His Eloquence, which was natural to him, supply'd the Defect of his Love: but the Princess was too clear sighted not to dive into the Bottom of the Matter, and her Mind presaged her she knew not what Misfortune which would rob her for ever of the Satisfaction of seeing again what was so dear to her. Whatever Violence she put upon her own Inclinations, she was overwhelm'd with Grief past all expressing: She presented *Adolph* with a very rich Armour, and with the best and finest Horse the World afforded. *Bichar* (that was the Horse's Name) will conduct you, *said she to him*, thro' all Danger, and make you come off with Honour in your Combats; but have a care not to touch the Ground with your Feet, before you come into your own Country; for by Virtue of that Spirit of the Fairies, the Gods have bestow'd upon me, I foresee, that if you slight my Advice, *Bichar* will not be in a Condition to relieve you. The Prince promised he would follow her good Counsel, and kissing her Hands a thousand Times, went away, but in so much haste, that he left his wonderful Cloak behind him. Coming to the Shore of the Isle, *Bichar* swam over Rivers and Seas with his Rider, ran over Mountains and thro' Vales, thro' Forests and Fields, and that with so much Swiftmess, as if he had been a wing'd Horse.

One Evening coming to a small crooked and Stone Lane, with Hedges on both sides, he saw a Cart overthrown in the Middle of the Road, which hinder'd his Passage. The Cart was laden with Wings of divers Shapes and Sizes, and under the Cart lay a very old Man, who was the Carter. His bald Head, his trembling Voice, and his Misfortune, moved the Prince to Compassion. *Bichar* was ready to leap over the Hedges, when the old Man call'd to *Adolph* in a most pitiful Manner; Pray, Sir, pity my Condition; unless you will help me, I must perish here. The Prince,

' Prince, not able to resist the Entreaties of the old
 ' Man, and his own Inclinations to help him up, alight-
 ' ed from his Horse, and reach'd his Hand to him ;
 ' but alas ! guess at his Surprize, when he saw the old
 ' Man arise without his Assistance, and that so suddenly,
 ' that he laid hold of him before he was aware of it.
 ' At last, Prince of *Russia*, said he with a dreadful
 ' threatening Voice, at last I have met with you ; my
 ' Name is *Time*, I have been in search for you these
 ' three Ages, I have worn out all these Wings where-
 ' with you see this Cart is loaded, to fly all over the
 ' Universe to find you out ; you see, that notwithstand-
 ' ing all your Care to hide yourself from me, nothing
 ' in this World can escape me : At these Words he
 ' struck him with his Hand upon his Mouth, with so
 ' much Violence, that he beat the Breath out of his
 ' Body, and so stifled him upon the Spot.

' *Zephyrus* happening to come by just at that fatal Mi-
 ' nute, was forced to be an Eye-witness, to his great
 ' Regret, of his dear Friend's Misfortune ; and so soon
 ' as the old barbarous Fellow had left him, he try'd
 ' whether he could blow fresh Breath into his Body ;
 ' but finding all his Endeavours in vain, he took him
 ' under his Arm, as he had done before, and weeping
 ' bitterly carry'd him to the Garden of the Palace of
 ' *Felicity* ; there he laid him in a Grotto upon a Rock
 ' that was flat at Top, covering his dead Body with
 ' Flowers : He erected a Trophy of his Arms, and a
 ' Column of Jasper next to it, on which he engraved
 ' these Words.

*Time is the Master of every Thing ; Time brings every
 Thing to pass ; Beauty passes away with our Time ; Man
 frames to himself a thousand new Desires ; and his Mind
 is discomposed even in the midst of his Enjoyments.
 If he thinks his Pains rewarded, if he appears contented
 for some Time, and values himself upon the Conquest he
 has made ; he will soon be convinced by some unfortunate
 Turn of Affairs, that there is no Love that lasts forever,
 nor any perfect Felicity.*

The disconsolate Princess used to come every Day to this Grotto, since the departure of her Lover, there to bemoan his Absence, and to augment the Torrents of the Rivulets by a Deluge of Tears. Guess at her Satisfaction, when she found him so near her at a Time when she thought him at a vast distance; she thought, that being much fatigued in his Journey, he had laid himself down to rest there; she was considering whether she had best to awake him, or not; and at last the tender Motions of her Heart overbalancing all the rest, she was opening her Arms to embrace him, then it was, that being made sensible of her Misfortune, she cry'd out, she wept, she made such doleful Moan, as would have moved even a Stone; she commanded immediately the Gates of her Palace to be kept shut for ever. Certain 'tis, that since that fatal Day, no Body has been able to boast, that he has got sight of her; for she seldom appears abroad since this Misfortune; and whenever she does, Inquietudes and Vexations are her Fore-runners, and Uneasiness and Dissatisfaction her Followers. These are her ordinary Attendants. The whole World is sufficiently convinced of this Truth, by woful Experience, and since this deplorable Adventure, it has been a constant Saying; *That Time brings every Thing to pass, and that there is no Felicity in its full Perfection.*

Hypolitus having finished his Story, she told him, she was at this Moment a living Instance of what he had said; because the Fear she was in, of hearing the pleasing Relation to be brought to a Period, had not a little disturbed the Pleasure she enjoy'd in hearing it related to her; she highly commended his Way of representing it with so good a Grace, and was returning her Thanks to him, when *Julia's* Waiting woman came into the Abbess's Closet. After the first Compliment from her Mistress (who was still in Bed, being troubled with the Head-ach) she desired her to lend her some Books, wherewithal to divert her Mistress. *Isabella*, said the Abbess, I have no Time at present to look for Books; but

but I would have you conduct *Hyacinth* into her Chamber; he will divert her much better than all the Books can do; he has just now related to me a very pleasant Story, and I don't question, but he will have so much Complaisance, as to tell it over again before your Mistress. So she desired *Hypolitus* to go along with *Isabella*; and you may easily imagine, he was not very backward to obey the Abbess. He took Care to hide part of his Face with his Handkerchief, least the Abbess might perceive the Alteration this unexpected News produced in his Countenance; besides, that it prevented *Isabella* from being surprized at so unexpected a Sight, which might have made her to discover more of Fear, than was convenient to their present purpose.

She conducted him to *Julia's* Chamber, where *Hypolitus* finding himself at Liberty, kneeled at her Bed-side, and being unable to speak one Word, took hold of one of her Hands, which he kiss'd, with such excessive Transports of Joy, as is scarce to be conceived. The Curtains of her Bed being drawn, and that Part of the Room where the Bed stood being pretty dark, and her Head laid close within the Pillow, *Julia* could not know him, and therefore did all she could to pull her Hand back. *Hypolitus* putting a wrong Interpretation upon this Coyness, which he look'd upon as an Effect of her Aversion to him, let it go; but at the same Time turn'd pale, a Trembling seized him, and he was ready to drop down for Grief: He had scarce so much Strength left, as to tell her with a most tender and engaging Air; '*Julia*, 'you hate me; you lay your Misfortunes at my Door, 'and though you know I am only the innocent Cause 'of them, you have conceiv'd such an Antipathy against 'me, that you will not so much as suffer me to come 'near you. Oh! what do you say, my dear *Hypolitus*, 'said she to him (for she knew his Tongue immediately) 'how little are you acquainted with my true Sentiments! And then embracing him with much Tenderness, this proved the most effectual Justification that could be to *Hypolitus*, who was transported with Joy, at so kind a Reception. They look'd upon one another

for

for a considerable Time, without speaking one Word; their Eyes being the sole Interpreters of the Agitations of what they felt within themselves; they could not forbear to mingle their Tears, occasioned partly by Joy, partly by Sadness, their Minds being then divided betwixt these two Passions; till at last Joy got the Victory for that Time: Nothing can be imagin'd more tender or more engaging, than what they told one another, during those first Emotions of their Hearts; you may be assured they had no Time to talk seriously of their own Affairs. When People meet with great Disappointments, if two Persons love to the highest degree, if they are parted, if they meet again, the Heart is so full, their Minds are quite taken up with their present Sight, they are in such a Confusion, that they are, as if it were, Tongue-ty'd; and if they utter a few Words, they are incoherent, or interrupted with Sighs; and they begin to talk of many Things, without making an End of any one. Every thing puts them in Mind of their present Happiness of being together; and from this Reflection, which adds new Vigour to their Love, they run upon mutual Assurances of loving one another for ever: and thus the Time passes away insensibly; a great many Hours seem to be no more than a few Minutes. Thus it happen'd with the amiable *Julia* and her faithful *Hypolitus*; so that it would be next to an Impossibility to insert here what they told one another at this first Interview; but such as are of a tender Disposition, and have felt the Effects of this Passion, may easily imagine it.

Immediately after the Abbess's Dinner was over, she went attended by *Cardini* to visit the fair sick Lady in her Bed-Chamber; she ordered her Picture to be brought, to shew it to *Julia*, and to have her Opinion, whether the first Draught thereof was well done. After their Discourse had run for some Time upon the Picture; 'I can't question, Madam, said she to *Julia*, but that you are ready to pay me your Acknowledgement for the Care I have taken to send up *Hyacinth* to you. I am sure you can't deny, but that he has a great Share of Wit; and that he can tell a Story, better
' than

‘ than the *Fairies* themselves could have done, whereof
 ‘ he has given you a Relation.’ *Julia* understood not
 the Abbess’s Meaning; but, at a hazard, told her in
 general Terms, ‘ That she should look upon it as an
 ‘ unpardonable thing in herself, to have neglected to
 ‘ return her Thanks for this Favour, but that she had
 ‘ been so intent upon seeing and hearing him, that, if
 ‘ she thought fit, she should be very well pleased, to
 ‘ understand a little of the Art of Drawing and Design-
 ‘ ing; which, she hoped, might prove a Means to di-
 ‘ vert her melancholy Thoughts. The Abbess told
 her, she would not be against it; and that, whilst *Car-
 dini* was employ’d in Painting for her Closet, *Hyacinth*
 might come to teach her, provided he would now and
 then spare Time to tell her a Story. *Hypolitus* was silent,
 whilst they were talking together, but could not but be
 infinitely pleased, to understand that he was likely to
 see his Mistress every Day; and that very Moment he
 would not have chang’d his Condition with the great-
 est Monarch upon Earth.

Matte’s being thus agreed betwixt them, he sail’d
 not to visit his Mistress every Afternoon, and to spend,
 at least, two or three Hours with her. He told her of
Leander’s Marriage with *Lucilia*; it would be difficult
 to represent the Satisfaction she felt at this good News;
 her Tenderneſs for this Friend had not suffered the least
 Diminution; and she esteem’d her Spouse for his extra-
 ordinary Merits, and for his being an entire Friend of
 her dear *Hypolitus*; she told him all that possibly she could
 think on to testify her Joy on this Account; and he lay-
 ing hold of this Opportunity; ‘ If it be so, dear Lady,
 ‘ said he, that you are so very sensible of *Lucilia’s*
 ‘ good Fortune, you ought to endeavour to encrease it,
 ‘ by securing mine. Go to live with her, you will find
 ‘ every Thing ready to obey you there; I will follow
 ‘ you thither, and there I may see you without either
 ‘ Trouble or Fear: Consider with yourself, how soon
 ‘ I may be discover’d here; and with what ill Conse-
 ‘ quences, to our Affairs, this Discovery would be at-
 ‘ tended: Take my Advice, Let us make use of our
 ‘ present

present good Fortune. I will safely conduct you thither; and when we are at Liberty, we will then consult what is further to be done in our Affairs. My Honour, dear *Hypolitus*, my Reputation, cry'd she in a melancholy Tone, what must become of them? What! would you have me make my Escape along with you? All the Vexations my Husband makes me undergo, owe their Original to the Opinion he has conceived, that I love you; this is certainly the Cloak wherewith he covers his ill Temper; and to confirm him, and the World in these Surmises, to justify his Proceedings, and to cut out my own Destruction, you would have us go away together? Oh! dear Brother, 'tis impossible to be done; I had better die here. How unjustly you deal with your self and me, Madam, reply'd he in a most disconsolate Manner; can any Body blame you for breaking your Chains, for getting out of a Prison, unto which you have been so undeservedly and unworthily confined? If you insist upon my not going along with you, I will come after you; and is there any Thing in this World more natural or more common, than to endeavour to regain one's Liberty after it is lost? My dear *Julia*, if ever your Inclinations were for me; if my Passion, if my Constancy is able to touch your Heart; grant that to my earnest Prayers, and to my Tears, which perhaps you would refuse to your own Desires. Urge me no more, *Hypolitus*, said she to him, I am reduced almost to despair, to see my self necessitated to refuse what you would have me to do: It seems to me, that if you loved me more you would be the sooner inclined to agree with me in my Sentiments, and share my Pains with me. He continued lying at her Feet sighing without intermission, but return'd no Answer for some Time; at last breaking Silence first, What then must become of me, good God, cry'd he? What must I do, cruel Lady? I am not capable of convincing you; you delight in your Troubles; you reject a Remedy which will infallibly meet with the Approbation of all the World; Is not this an Effect of your Aversion to me?

me? No, no, my dear *Hypolitus*, said she with a most tender Look, giving him her Hand; no, I have not the least Aversion to you; and I don't believe you can think so for above one Minute: I am still the same *Julia*, who prefer'd your Repose to hers, who would not live, but for your Sake: but I am also the same *Julia*, who loves Virtue and her Duty beyond you, and beyond herself: Do you think me so insensible of my present Circumstances, as not most passionately to wish for my Liberty? And do you think I am less apprehensive than you, of the Danger of your being discovered here? I foresee all the ill Consequences that would attend it, and the very Thoughts thereof make me infinitely uneasy; but I have an Expedient to offer, which, I hope, will put me in a Condition to gratify you without Blame: Let us write to my Father, and persuade him to come hither; when I am once with him, I can then bid defiance to ill Tongues. *Hypolitus* represented to her, how long a Time this was likely to take up; and that in the mean while they might be expos'd to a thousand sinister unforeseen Accidents; but to little purpose: she persisted immoveable in her Resolution; but to obey her Commands, and forward as much as lay in his Power, his own Happiness, he sent their Letters to *Leander*, desiring they might be dispatched to the Earl of *Warwick*; *Julia* writing concerning her Sufferings, and *Hypolitus* let him know, by what lucky Chance he had met with her, when he least of all hoped for any such Thing.

In the mean while the Abbess had taken Care to caution *Cardini*, that it was of the utmost Consequence, that neither he, nor his Scholar, should take any of the fair Stranger's Letters, to send them into her own Country: *Cardini* promised upon his Word, he would accept of none; or if he did, he would deliver them into her own Hands. He told her, he would be answerable for *Hycinth's* Fidelity, which she easily believed; having already conceived a very favourable Opinion of this Stranger, on Occasion of his pleasing Relation of the Prince of *Russia*; and she did not in the least question, but that

he

He would prove more obliging to her than to *Julia*. At the same Time 'tis impossible to represent to you the high Satisfaction of these two Lovers; they saw one another every Day, they pass'd away their Time in this delightful Desert with more pleasure, than if they had lived in the most splendid Court of *Europe*, and had enjoy'd all the Favours of the greatest Monarch on Earth. 'Tis certain, that it is one of Love's Secrets, to cure us of Ambition, and of a thousand other Passions, which tyrannize over those that are incapable of Tenderness. *Hypolitus* related to her every Thing that had befallen him during her Absence; as she, on the other hand, told him all that had happened to her. They would sometimes recall to their Minds, the first beginning of their Passion, with the secret mutual Pleasures that attended it; sometimes they would frame Projects for the Time to come, and endeavour to concert Measures about future Things, which depended on many Uncertainties; so that six Months pass'd away thus insensibly, they thinking all this Time as short, as if they had spent it in the Palace of Felicity.

Cardini took effectual Care (as it had been agreed betwixt *Hypolitus* and him) not to work too fast, and the Abbess took notice of it, because she had agreed with him for the whole; nay, she judg'd that the more time he bestow'd upon the Work, the better it would be done. All this while *Hypolitus's* Servants remaining at *Bourbon*, without seeing their Master, it was fear'd this might afford some cause of Suspicion to those who love to dive into other People's Concerns; so he order'd them to go to *Nevers*, and not to tell any Body that they belonged to him. He received frequently Letters from the Earl of *Suffex* and *Lucilia*, unto whom he had communicated his present Happiness; and writ to the Earl of *Douglas*, that it was the Physicians Advice, he should make use of the Waters during both the Seasons; so he remained undisturbed where he was, and his Friends urg'd not his return from *Bourbon*.

Among other Things, he received with all the Satisfaction imaginable the News concerning the Earl of
1
Warwick,

Warwick, whose coming was expected every Day by all his Friends and Relations, who were all overjoy'd to understand that he was not slain, as had been reported, and that *Julia* was his Daughter; the Earl of *Bedford* was the only Man who appear'd much disturbed thereat, being under a great Uncertainty what Course he had best to take; and *Hypolitus's* Satisfaction was soon disturbed with another Piece of News, which came much about the same Time, for the Countess of *Douglas* in her Letter to him, told him, That if he intended to see his Father alive, he must come quickly, he being so ill, that his Life was quite despaired of. Upon this Occasion it was, that Nature and Reason got the better of Love and Tenderness. *Julia* declared to him, it was her absolute Will he should go where his Duty call'd him; and back'd her Counsel with urgent Reasons, 'Remember, said she to him, that this will prove a Means to bring my Father hither along with you, at your return; that you will reap the Fruits of this Journey, and that I shall have a considerable Share in it; and upon that Account also, it is worth all your Care. Not that she was much concerned whether she had a great or small Estate, every Thing of that Nature was indifferent to her; for, provided she could but live with her *Hypolitus*, she had enough to satisfy both her Love and Ambition; she thought all the rest not worth her Care and Wishes; but at the same Time she knew he could not be satisfy'd to see her live in a Condition below herself, and that he would stand in need of Motives no less considerable than these to get him away from *St. Menoux*; we might rather have said, to snatch him away: Good God! what a deplorable Condition was he not reduced to? what Pangs, what Anguish did he not feel within his Soul, at this doleful parting with *Julia*; nay, what a miserable State were they both entangled in? Such a one, in effect, as made them ready to expire. Whatever can be thought or said, that is tender and passionate, they told one another upon this Occasion; and when their Tongues failed, the Language of their Eyes, and their Sighs served for the true Interpreters

terpreters of the Anxiety of their Hearts, and of that Grief which had penetrated to their very Souls. Oh! how, upon such Occasions as this, we stand in need of all our Virtue and Courage, to counter-balance the Frailties of our Heart and Mind! However, supported by Hopes, they flatter'd themselves to meet again before it was long, and they had very good Reason to hope it.

Cardini promised *Hypolitus* at parting, to take Care *Julia's* Letters should be dispatch'd safely to him, and his to *Julia*; and he, to reward his Fidelity and encourage him to continue so for the future, made him a considerable Present. The Abbess being told by *Cardini*, that *Hycinth* was recall'd by his Father into *Italy*, was very sorry thereat; but poor *Julia*, notwithstanding she put all possible Violence upon herself to hide Part of her Trouble, was not able to overcome it: He was no sooner got out of Sight, but she shut herself up in her Chamber, and threw herself upon the Bed, where she remained like one at the last Gasp; at last a Torrent of Tears seem'd to ease her a little in her present Anguish; she pretended to be sick, the better to indulge her melancholy Thoughts, and to avoid being seen: But in some Time after, she began to afflict herself afresh, beyond all measure, because she had not heard the least News from *Hypolitus*. She writ to the Earl of *Suffex*, to know whether he were come to *London*, and whether her Father was arrived in *England*? He return'd her an Answer, intimating, that they were very uneasy at *London*, at their not coming, having heard no Tidings of either of them of late; that my Lord *Douglas* being lately dead, *Hypolitus's* Presence was absolutely necessary there, to settle the Affairs of his Family. Nothing being more natural, than to take Thing as we are apt to conceive them to ourselves, the unfortunate *Julia* would not be perswaded, but that her Lover was lost at Sea: At their parting, she imagined that nothing could be able to increase her Affliction; but alas! She soon found to her cost, that she was not come, as yet, to the Depth of her Miseries; and that she herself was too, too inge-

nious, in causing to herself new Afflictions; for it was not long, before she saw herself entangled in more Troubles than ever.

One Day my Lady Abbess coming to see her, happened to drop a Letter out of Carelessness, in her Chamber, which she had received that very Morning; she was no sooner gone out of the Room, but *Isabella* took it up, and gave it to *Julia*; she soon knew it to be the Earl of *Bedford's* Hand, she opened it trembling, and found in it these Words.

I am obliged, for very urgent Reasons, to leave London immediately, in order to remove Julia, and to put her into a Place, where she may be more secure and private than with you. I have got Notice that her Father will soon be at London, and that he has got Intelligence of her being at St. Menoux. However, Madam, I shall keep the Obligations I owe you, in constant Remembrance; and be ready to return them, as I ought to do. I am, Madam, with all possible Respect and Acknowledgment, at your Devotion.

The fair *Julia* was quite distracted with Thoughts, at the Sight of this Letter; however, after having paused upon it for some Time, she judged she ought not to stay any longer in a Place where she was likely to be exposed afresh to the violent Treatment of her Husband. Pursuant to this Resolution, she desired *Cardini*, by *Isabella*, to come into her Chamber, under some Pretence or other, which he did; she desired him to go to *Moulins*, to sell some of her Jewels, to buy with some of the Money, a Coach and Horses, charging him to keep the Business secret, and to bring her an ordinary Habit, the better to disguise herself in her Flight, and some Saddle-horses, wherewith she intended, in the Night-time, to go to *Moulins*. The chief Difficulty was, how to get out; but her Chamber looking into the Garden, it was agreed, she was to descend out of the Window, by the Help of a Ladder made with Cords, which *Cardini* promis'd to procure her; and as good Fortune would have it, Part of the Wall of the

the Garden being, a few Days before, tumbled down; they did not question but she might easily get out that Way.

Every Thing succeeded without much Difficulty, just as they had laid the Design betwixt them; for *Cardini* having full Liberty to go in and come out of the Abbey, as he pleased, he discharged his Trust with the utmost Zeal and Fidelity, and safely conducted her in the Night, with *Isabella*, to *Moulins*. *Julia* made no stay there, she presented the Picture-drawer with a rich Jewel, and enjoyn'd him to go to *London*, to tell the Earl of *Warwick* and *Hypolitus* what had obliged her to make her Escape with so much Precipitation; that she was going to *Florence* to her Sister *Lucilia*, where she desired they should let her hear from them. She did not think fit to commit all these Things to a Letter, for fear it should be lost, or that by some Mischance or other, it might fall into my Lord *Bedford's* Hands; for she suspected he had intercepted some of her or *Hypolitus's* Letters; and that this had occasioned the Rumour of her being at *St. Menoux*.

Whilst she was making the best of her Way towards *Italy*, she took all possible Precautions to remain incognito, and to avoid the Sight of all such as, prompted by their Curiosity, might be inquisitive after her Person; (for being so extreamly beautiful, she used to meet with as many Adorers as she met with Persons that saw her) but *Cardini* having conducted her some Part of the Way beyond *Moulins*, return'd strait to *St. Menoux*, least he should be suspected of having had a Hand in *Julia's* Escape. He went to his ordinary Employment, expecting every Moment to hear what Noise this unexpected Accident would make in the Abbey. It was already pretty late in the Morning, when one of the religious Ladies belonging to this Abbey, came to tell the Abbess, that the Door of *Julia's* Apartment was not opened yet; that she had call'd several Times *Isabella*, but that neither the Mistress, nor the Woman, had return'd any Answer to her; and that she was afraid there was something more than ordinary in the Matter. The Abbess, not a little surprized and di-

disturbed at what she heard, immediately ordered the Door to be broke open; but coming into *Julia's* Chamber, and finding she had made her escape out of the Window, she was almost distracted what to do; she sent some in quest after *Julia*, ordering them to take the Road to *Paris*, not questioning but that this was the Place she would have recourse to; she knew not whom to charge with being accessory to her Flight, till at last thinking it could be no Body but the Picture-drawer, she had him seiz'd; they search'd him, and put him into a Dungeon, but all in vain, they could not make him tell one Word that might tend to the Prejudice of *Julia*. *The Earl of Bedford is expected here every Day*, said the Lady Abbess to her Confidants, *he will ask me, what is become of his Lady? What must I tell him? How will he exclaim against my Neglect? And not without Reason, since I have been so careless in keeping what he committed to my care.* She was thus tormenting herself, when one of her Confidants put her in the Head of an Expedient, which would, at least, put a stop to the Earl's coming, and secure her against his Reproaches for some Time. *If you will follow my Advice, Madam*, said she to her, *I would have you write to him immediately, that Julia being seized with a most violent Distemper, dy'd within a few Days after; that you not only took all possible care of her in her Illness, but also provided for her Funeral Obsequies according to her Quality; that she had given all her Jewels to her waiting-Woman, and that therefore you had nothing you could send to him, of what she had brought along with her to the Abbey.* This Contrivance was very well relish'd by the Abbess, who reflected not much upon the Consequences thereof; she being a Woman of very good Quality, but Mistress of no great Share of Sense, being ruled, in most Things, by this young religious Woman, who gave her this Advice. So she writ a Letter, the Substance whereof was according to what they had agreed upon; but poor *Cardini* was never the better for it; they kept him a great while so close a Prisoner, that he had not the least Opportunity either of justifying himself, or of writing to any Body, to let them

them know what a Condition he was in. *Julia* had the good Fortune to get to *Florence*, without any sinister Accident, but judging it absolutely requisite, not to go to *Lucilia's* House, before she had seen her, and taken such Measures with her, as they should think most suitable to her present Circumstances, she sent a Letter to her by *Isabella*. 'Tis impossible to express the Satisfaction of *Lucilia*, when she understood that her Sister was so near her; she had not Patience to stay one Moment, but immediately went to see her: They embraced one another a thousand Times, they told one another every Thing that can be said or thought the most tender and obliging; and at last agreed, *Julia* should go for a young Widow, and a Kinswoman of *Lucilia's*, who was to stay with her some Time; she was to go by the Name of *Howard*, which being one of the best and most numerous Families in *England*, it would be a hard Matter to find her out by that Name. She got a mourning Dress, such as Widows wear immediately after their Husband's Decease, and she made the Excess of her Love, a Pretence for her Journey into *Italy*, not being able to stay in a Place where she had lost what was so dear to her.

But what was the oddest Chance of all in this Adventure, was, that at the same Time she was in Mourning for her pretended deceased Husband, he wore his mourning Apparel for her. The Abbess of *St. Menoux's* Letter came time enough to my Lord *Bedford's* Hands to stop his Journey for that Time: He was at first much concerned at the Loss of a Wife, whom once he loved so passionately; but her Absence for some Time, the Cause of Complaint he thought he had against her, and his inconstant Temper, soon made him forget *Julia*. Her Death was soon known all over *London*; the Countess of *Douglas*, and the Earl of *Suffex*, were most sensibly afflicted thereat; and the Earl of *Warwick*, who came into *England* not long after they received this sad News, was no less grieved thereat, than if he had been fully acquainted with all his Daughter's Merits, Virtues and Beauty. *Am I not to be pity'd, would he say to his Friends, after so long and rigorous a*

Captivity, I have been forced to undergo, after so long an Absence from my native Country, to return thither on Purpose, as it were, to be inform'd of my Daughter's Death; the only one I had in the World, of whom I have heard so much spoken to her Advantage, whom I loved so tenderly, both for her Mother's and her own sake, whom I had promised as a Reward to that very Person, I owe the highest Obligations to in the World, and who is ready to die for Grief, on Account of the ill Treatment she receives at her Husband's Hands.

The Earl of Bedford sent to desire him to let him have the Honour of paying him a Visit, but he would not admit of it, because he retain'd a very violent Resentment against a Person whom he look'd upon as the Author of his Daughter's Misfortune. Thus Matters went in London when Hypolitus arrived there, being stop'd by the Way by an unfortunate Accident: For riding Post from Paris to Calais, he fell with his Horse, and endeavouring to disengage himself out of the Stirrop, put his Foot out of joynt, which proving extreamly painful, he had much ado to get, by the Assistance of his Valet de Chambre, (because he had sent his other Servants by another Way for England) into the neighbouring Village to have it put into its right Place again; but the Country Surgeon, proving an ignorant Fellow, made it rather worse than better; and the Violence of the Pain throwing him into a most violent Fever, he was forced to tarry two Months, before he could continue his Journey.

All this while he did not think it expedient to write to Julia, for fear of affording her fresh Matter of Grief, tho' what he did for her Repose, served only to increase her Inquietudes; his Silence almost reduced her to Despair; but alas; it was now his Turn to pay dearly for what he had made her suffer on that Account; for he no sooner came to London, but was inform'd, at the same Time, both of his Father's and his Mistress's Death. He could not, in the least, call in Question the Loss of his Julia; my Lady Douglas had got the Abbess of St. Menoux's Letter, which she sent to her Son, in hopes this might cure him of a Passion, which hitherto had

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caused all the Misfortunes of his Life, at the Expence of all his Tranquillity, and prevented him from making his Fortune in the World.

Hypolitus had been long enough at *St. Menoux*, to be well acquainted with the Abbeis's Hand writing; so that at the Sight thereof, he could not doubt any longer of the Death of his Mistress, and consequently extinguish'd that very Spark of Hopes that remain'd hitherto in his Heart. Where shall I search for Words capable to represent you the Despair the most amorous and most faithful of all Lovers was reduced to? All that had been said hitherto concerning a thousand Accidents of his Life, and his succeeding Pains and Grief; the Marriage, the carrying away, the Absence of *Julia*; all these, I say, bore not the least Comparison to what he felt at this most deplorable Conjuncture; he would see no Body, nor speak to any Body, but to the Earl of *Warwick*, and the Earl of *Suffex*, and they were forced to have Recourse to my Lady *Douglas's* Assistance; who by her Authority, and most pressing Instances, prevail'd upon him to take some Nourishment; he was so far from taking any Rest, that he scarce ever would go to bed, and on a Sudden fell into such a Languishment, that every Body thought he would never have overcome it.

One Day he communicated to the Earl of *Suffex* his Resolution of fighting the Earl of *Bedford*; this being the only Thing which seem'd both to support his Courage and his Life. He desired him to go to the Earl of *Bedford*, and to engage him to appoint a certain Time and Place where they might be at Liberty once more to measure their Swords, and to put an End to a Quarrel which could not be decided but with the Loss of the Life of one of the two. The Earl did all he could to put *Hypolitus* in Mind, that he ought not to hazard his Person thus, at a Time when he was scarce in a Condition to stand upright; he told him again, he was sufficiently sensible what he was capable of doing, and that Despair would furnish him with as much Strength as he should have Occasion for; that let Things come to the worst, he could but fall in the Combat, and that that was not the Thing that would frighten him;

and he urged the Matter so home, and with so much Earnestness to the Earl of *Suffex*, that seeing no Means to refuse any longer his Request, he went to the Earl of *Bedford's*: When he saw him, he found him under no small Irresolution, what Answer he had best to give him. It was not very long since he was well cured of his Wounds *Hypolitus* gave him at *Calais*; he had made trial of his Courage, and knew what violent Motives induced him to challenge him. He told the Earl, that their Majesties had forbid all Manner of Duels, that he was ready to give him any Satisfaction; but that to make the Thing appear in the Eyes of the World like an accidental Quarrel, he would decide their Quarrel the first Time *Hypolitus* and he should meet.

No sooner was the Earl of *Suffex* gone to carry his Answer to *Hypolitus*, but the Earl of *Bedford* got every Thing in Readiness, and left *England* under Pretence, that he had a Mind to go abroad to travel. *Hypolitus* did all he could to find him out, but found too late, that he was gone, to his infinite Dissatisfaction, because he had flatter'd himself with Hopes of sacrificing him to the Memory of his adorable *Julia*. After this Disappointment, seeing himself in a Place, where every Thing seem'd to conspire to revive in him his deadly Grief, by recalling to his Mind the Remembrance of his so dearly beloved Mistress, he resolved to leave *England*, and to carry his Fortunes along with him to some Place or other, where he hoped he might put an End to them by a glorious Death.

The Earl of *Warwick* seeing him absolutely resolved to leave his native Country, offer'd to take him along with him to *Malta*, whither he intended to go along with the *Grand Conservator* of *Montserrat*, who was not long before come into *England*; and who at the Intercession of Cardinal *Pool*, had obtained from her Majesty the Restitution of all the Revenues belonging to the *Maltese* Knights. *Hypolitus* was very glad to accept of this Opportunity of signalizing himself, and to run the same Fortune with a Man, whom he loved like his Father, and honoured with a most peculiar Esteem for his great Qualifications.

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The Earl of *Suffex* was also inclined to make this Campaign with them, having some particular Reasons to keep for some Time at a Distance from Court, because the Queen would not hearken to his Petition, and of several other Lords, who earnestly solicited, that the Countess of *Northampton* might be received again into Favour; but the Queen continued to shew her Hatred to the very Memory of her unfortunate Spouse, in the Person of this fair Widow; and being not ignorant that the Earl of *Suffex* loved her most infinitely, and was very desirous to marry her, she made it her Business to cross this Match; and told the Earl, she should be very well pleased to see him marry'd to the Daughter of the Viscount *Montague*, whom she had sent her Ambassador along with the Bishop of *Ely* to *Rome*. This Lord being upon his Departure, had recommended his Daughter to the Queen, desiring she would see her well marry'd; and the Queen, who had a great Kindness for her, and knew both the Merits, Birth and Estate of the Earl of *Suffex*, thought she could not bestow her better than there; but he resolving not to sacrifice his Passion to his Fortune, chose rather to absent himself for some Time, till the Queen might alter her Sentiments, being very well pleased to take this Opportunity to enter into a stricter Tye of Friendship with him who was his intimate Friend before, and either to acquire Glory, or die together; so they prepared every Thing for their Voyage.

Hypolitus was unwilling the Countess of *Douglas* should know any Thing of his intended Voyage, being sensible, that the Tenderness of a Mother, would not very well agree with such a Design; and that it might prove the Occasion of new Vexation to him, not to comply with her Desires; so he kept every Thing private, which he might easily do, having his whole Estate in his own Hands. He left *England* in Company of the Earl of *Warwick*, and the Earl of *Suffex*, without letting any Body know whither they intended to go, and *Hypolitus* was reduced to so languishing and unfortunate a State, that wherever he went, he expected nothing else but to lead a most deplorable Life. Upon

their arrival at *Malta*, they found Things in no small Confusion there, because by a late most dreadful Tempest, some Gallies, besides several other Ships, were cast away in the Harbour: An Accident which would have moved the greatest Stranger to Compassion, considering the great Number of Knights, of other Persons of Note, and of Slaves that lost their Lives upon this Occasion; however a good Number of *Maltese*, whom they call *Bon-nervoglies*, because they serve for very slender Pay at the Oars, offered their Service upon this necessitous Occasion, long after *Francis* of *Lorain*, Grand Prior of *Malta* came thither with two most magnificent Gallies, curiously painted and gilt. This Prince made an Appearance, in all Respects, suitable to his illustrious Extraction; he was (as indeed all the rest of the House of *Lorain* are) very liberal, extremely handsom, gallant, brave and magnificent. General *Valette*, upon his Arrival there, resign'd his Command to this Prince; and the Earls of *Warwick* and *Suffex*, and *Hypolitus* meeting with a very friendly Reception from the Great Master, he presented them to the Prince of *Lorain*, unto whom they offered their Services, and were received by him aboard the *Capitana*, or Admiral Galley, with all the Marks of Distinction they could expect from their Merits, and the Goodness of so discerning a Prince. He had three Gallies, besides his own, under his Command; they sail'd to the Coast of *Barbary*, in Quest of *Dragut Rais*; but they met and took a Brigantine of *Tripoli*, commanded by one *Affan Baby*, who informed them, that *Dragut Rais* did not intend to put to Sea this Year, because he was busied in the Siege of *Tripoli*. Upon this News they saw themselves obliged to alter their Course, and to seek for further Opportunities of signalizing themselves elsewhere, which they did accordingly; and these three brave *English* Lords shew'd so much Courage and Conduct in all their Actions, that the Prince being extremely taken with their Persons, bestow'd upon them such Employments as were worthy their Acceptance, and in which they met with frequent Opportunities of exposing their Persons; which they did upon all Occasions that offer'd, especially *Hypolitus*, who at all Times was the

foremost,

foremost, if any dangerous Attempt was to be made; but whilst they are endeavouring to sacrifice their Lives, let us see how Matters went in other Places.

The Abbess of *St. Menoux*, perceiving by the Earl of *Bedford's* Answer to her last Letter, that he actually believed his Lady to be dead, and had laid aside his Journey into *France*, thought best not to keep the Picture-drawer any longer in Prison, his Imprisonment being so far from having made him to confess any Thing relating to *Julia's* Escape, that they found him every Day more and more obstinate. His Resolution proved the Occasion of his Liberty; and he had no sooner obtained it, but remembering his Promise made to *Julia*, to go into *England*, he undertook that Journey without Delay. Coming to *London*, he made Enquiry after *Hypolitus*, and the Earls of *Warwick* and *Suffex*; but was told, they had not appeared at Court for some Time past; and notwithstanding all his Endeavours to find them out, he could not so much as learn where they were. He then enquired after the Earl of *Bedford*; and was informed that since *Julia's* Death, he led a very retired Life. *Cardini* was most sensibly afflicted at the Death of so handsome and generous a Lady; he imagined no otherwise, than that she died in her Way to *Italy*, overwhelmed with Grief, and overburthened with the Fatigues of so long a Journey; so that finding he could do no further Service at *London*, he went back to *Paris*. Poor *Julia*, at the same Time, lingered in Expectation of some Letters, with the utmost Impatience, without the least Probability of receiving any; because all those from whom she might expect them with any Probability, thought her to be before that Time in the other World, and never thought of her, except when they bewailed her Death.

She lived with her dear *Lucilia*, and passed for a young handsome Widow, who had resolved to lead a retired Life, without much Conversation in the World; and to speak the Truth, had it been in her own Choice, she would never have stirred out of her Room, and conversed with no Body but *Lucilia*. The Inquietudes she laboured under, as well for her Father, as for her dear

Hypolitus,

Hypolitus, produced in her Eyes a certain Languishment, which encreased her Charms. *Madam*, said the Senator *Alberti* to her, *will you be always bewailing the Dead? And at the same Time will you shew no Compassion for those you make to die for you?* He seconded these Words, with so passionate an Air and Look, that she fixed her Eyes on the Ground to avoid the Sight of him. *My Lord*, said she in a very melancholy Tone, *I wish you would leave me to the Enjoyment of my Troubles, for I take a Sort of Pleasure in afflicting myself:* And in Effect, the Senator's amorous Addresses furnished her with fresh Matter of Vexation.

He was not so far advanced in Age, as not to be capable of an amorous Passion; he had been a very handsome and gallant Gentleman; he was a Man resolute and positive in his Opinion, and had more than once been inclined to marry again, but that loving his Son dearly, and knowing he could not do it, without it's proving prejudicial to him, that Consideration had made him not pursue that Design; but *Julia* appeared to his Eyes so handsome, a Lady of so much Sense and Discretion, that from the first Minute he saw her, he fell most passionately in Love with her. His Addresses were extremely troublesome to her, which made her sometimes take a Resolution to treat him so scurvily, as to cure his Eagerness of making his Addresses to her: For this Purpose, she would sometimes ridicule those of an advanced Age, who had Vanity enough to imagine themselves sufficiently capable of making a young Woman fall in Love with them: 'What can they pretend to,' said she, but either to meet with a Refusal from a Woman of Honour, or to be jilted by those who are of a contrary Stamp? For my Part I must own, that were I capable of receiving an amorous Impression, there must be something of Surprise in the Case, my Eyes must be dazzled, my Fancy must be enchanted to such a Degree, that my Heart must be mutinous against myself; and that before I could have Leisure sufficient to reflect seriously upon the Matter: These are Things which do not belong to those that are in their Decay, and the Impressions they give, are too weak

weak to turn to any considerable Account to them :
 'Tis therefore my Opinion, they cannot expect, with
 Reason, to be beloved, unless it be after a long Ac-
 quaintance, and a perfect Knowledge of their Merits :
 And, after all, I cannot conceive how People should
 in cool Blood expose themselves to the greatest of
 Dangers for such a like Love to be. If we will but
 never so little give Ear to Reason, what monstrous
 Things does not she set before our Eyes? So that it is
 a Kind of Chimera for a Man who is past his youth-
 ful Days, to think himself capable of raising a Pas-
 sion in a Woman, who is scarce well arrived to an
 Age of Maturity; but what is much more insupportable,
 is when an old Woman pretends to inspire Love-Pas-
 sion into a young Man ; she then goes beyond her own
 Element ; Love, which is a wanton Child, loves
 Pleasures and Enjoyments, and a Woman must be
 Mistress of a great Share of a pleasing and engaging
 Wit, who, without making herself ridiculous, can pre-
 tend, in an advanced Age, to attain to the true Cha-
 racter of Love. An old Woman who laughs heartily
 in Hopes to render her Conversation more pleasing and
 agreeable, shews most commonly a Set of Teeth e-
 nough to frighten any Body ; nay, sometimes she has
 none at all to shew : and it happens sometimes with a
 doating old Lover, that by a Mischance his Puke
 drops off, he shews his bald Scull, and so looses all the
 Advantage he had got before by his fair and long Wig.
 The Senator hearkened to her Discourse with the ut-
 most Impatience : ‘ You have such an Aversion, *said he*
to her, for every Thing that has not as much Youth
 and Beauty as yourself, that it is very probable you
 will never be in Love. Oh ! How is it possible for a
 Man to hope to please you upon such hard Terms, es-
 pecially in Reference to Beauty ? Bur, Madam, will
 you give me Leave to tell you, these unhappy Men,
 in whose Case you make yourself both a Party and a
 Judge, knowing how to make their Choice with the
 most Discretion, are consequently more respectful, more
 constant, more discreet, and more devoted to that Ob-
 ject they love ? After having felt the Effects of a thou-
 sand

' stand trifling Engagements, they found unworthy to
 ' challenge a Place in their Hearts, they at this Age
 ' make their Choice for good and all. What Satisfaction
 ' is there in loving and being beloved, if the Flame is
 ' of no longer Continuance than your Wild-fires or Me-
 ' teors, which make a great Shew, but never hold,
 ' and are no sooner seen, but lost again. Thus they
 entertained one another; and in Spite of *Julia's* harsh
 Expressions (without, however, applying them to him
 in particular) in Spite of his Despair, caused by her In-
 differency, and his secret Resentment, it was not in his
 Power to pull out of his Heart that fatal Dart that had
 wounded him.

Julia, at first, foresaw not all the Danger that was
 likely to attend it, and when she perceived it, and
 would fain have stoped the Progress of a Passion she had
 given Birth to, she found it was too late, and it was
 not till then she began to be sensible of all the Danger
 she was likely to be exposed to; for the Senator, quite
 transported with his violent Passion, declared to her,
 that unless she would consent to marry him, he was re-
 solved and must die: She did all that lay in her Power,
 to represent to him the Prejudice such a Marriage would
 do to *Leander*; what Reasons she had to refuse a Match,
 which must prove ruinous to her Kinswoman, and the
 best Friend she had; and that she was fully resolved not
 to change her Condition as long as she lived. All what-
 ever she could say, served only to afflict, but not to con-
 vince him. He told her at last, she might do as she
 pleased, but that he was resolved to disinherit his Son;
 because it was the Consideration of his Interest, that
 proved the Obstacle of his Happiness; he back'd his
 Words with such heavy Threats, and such other Ex-
 travagancies, as sufficiently shewed, that his Passion
 was arrived to the highest Pitch, and that being unable
 to keep himself within his due Bounds, *Julia* ought to
 fear every Thing at his Hands.

He was no sooner gone, but she went into *Lucilia's*
 Chamber, her fair Cheeks bathed all over with Tears:
 ' Oh! dear Sister, said she to her, you are not ac-
 ' quainted with all my Misfortunes yet. Your Father-
 ' in-

in-law puts me so close to it, that I am ready to run
 distracted at it. You know you and I used now and
 then to laugh at his Passion; but, alas! 'tis no jest-
 ing Matter, he has conceived a Passion, which, I fear,
 will oblige me to leave you. He would have me
 marry him; nay, he positively says, he will; and
 speaks of it to me, with as much Boldness as a Ty-
 rant would to his Slave. He knows what Authority
 he has here, and I am afraid, I shall be obliged to
 go from hence, rather than put his violent Temper
 to a further Tryal. Now judge of my Trouble; I
 have had not the least News neither from my Fa-
 ther, nor from *Hypolitus*, these fourteen Months,
 since I have sheltered myself here with you; all that
 I have been able to learn hitherto, amounts only to
 this, that neither my Father, nor your Brother are
 at *London*: But, Great God! where can they be!
 Is it possible, that after what Intelligence I sent them
 from *St. Menoux* by *Cardini*, I should be abandoned
 by both of them at once? What ought I not to fear
 for them? What ought I not to fear from my Hus-
 band? And what ought I not to fear at present from
 the Senator? At these Words she found herself so far
 oppressed with Grief, that she was forced to stop.
 Don't, my dear *Julia*, said *Lucilia* to her, don't give
 way to your Afflictions, beyond what you ought to do;
 your Misfortunes are, Thanks to Heaven, not past
 all Remedy; I am satisfy'd it was for weighty Rea-
 sons, and such as we are not able to conceive yet,
 that the Earl of *Warwick*, and my Brother left *Lon-*
don. My Mother, who is unacquainted, perhaps,
 with the whole Matter as yet, will, doubtless, find it
 out; and give us Advice of it before long: Nay, I
 dare almost be confident, they will come hither to
 consummate your Deliverance. As to what concerns
 your Spouse, you need not stand in Fear of him, as
 long as you are with me; and for him who is so im-
 portunate to be your Husband, he must be acquaint-
 ed with what invincible Obstacles lie in the Way, by
 that Means you will put a Stop to the Career of his
 Passion. You are under a Mistake, Sister, said *Julia*,
inter-

interrupting her, the Senator will certainly give not the least Credit to what we can say upon that Head; every Thing that comes from us, will be suspected by him of Falshood, and be look'd upon as a cunning Contrivance of ours, to disappoint him in his Design; so that I am sure, that the revealing of this Secret, which perhaps might prove a Means to be discovered to the Earl of *Bedford*, would prove of no Effect in Respect of your Father-in-law. The best Way to avoid his Importunities, seems to me to be, to seek for Shelter for some Time in a Nunnery, and that with so much Privacy, that he may not know whither I am gone.'

This Expedient seeming the best and easiest to *Lucilia*, they went immediately to a Nunnery, where she had a great Interest; but the amorous Senator, who dreaded the Loss of his Mistress, and who guessed by what she had told him, that she might easily take such Measures as were not agreeable to his Intentions, failed not to keep a watchful Eye over all her Actions, and those of *Lucilia*, and for that Purpose, had, by Presents, gained one of her Waiting-women, whom she not in the least mistrusted, so that he had immediate Notice given him of *Julia's* Design to retire within a few Days to a Nunnery.

He thought he should have been struck Dead upon the Spot at this Piece of News; he was convinced, by the Resolution she had taken, that she had a great Aversion to him, and endeavoured with all his might, to vanquish a Passion which must needs put him to unspeakable Torments; but in vain did he call his Reason, his Courage, nay, even his Resentment to his Aid; they stood him in no Stead, against the tyrannick Power of the most cruel and most violent Passion that ever was known: The very Thoughts of losing *Julia*, rekindled those Flames he intended to extinguish, and rekindled them with so much Violence, that he resolved to have recourse to all the most violent Remedies, since neither his Constancy, nor his submissive Addresses, had been able to gain any Thing upon her to his Advantage; and

and his Eagerness soon furnish'd him with Means to put it in Execution.

Julia's Lodging-Room being below Stairs, look'd into the Garden, and had a double Glass-Door, facing the middle Walk; *Isabella* used to lie in a large Closet within her Room, but was then absent, being detain'd, on purpose, by the same Woman of *Lucilia's*, who betray'd all their Secrets; for *Isabella* knowing her Lady loved not to go to Bed, till it was very late, was not so forward to be with her at that Time. The Door that look'd into the Garden being set open on purpose to let in the fresh and cool Air, *Julia* sat down to write to her *Hypolitus*; for though she knew not whither to send it, she scarce ever miss'd a Day without writing one for him, intending to send them all in one Packet, so soon as she should know how to direct to him. She was writing the following Words.

At those silent Hours, when all the World seeks for Rest, I break mine, my dear Hypolitus, to ease my self in telling you my Pains. Alas! they are excessive, and touch me to the Heart. I cannot learn the least News of you; I know not what is become of you; and, tho' I can't think your Heart capable of Inconstancy, I am sensible the assurances thou hast given me of thy Fidelity, are absolutely necessary for the Preservation of my Life! I would not take Care of this Life, no longer than I have it to tender to you; this being the only Thing that makes it supportable to me! and since the Senator Alberti has declared his Passion to me, I

Here she was surprized to see come into the Door, three Men in Masks, who taking her in their Arms, while a fourth more carefully disguised than all the rest, stop't her Voice, by putting a Handkerchief into her Mouth, carry'd her away, in spite of all the Resistance she was able to make; they cross'd the Garden with all imaginable Expedition, and it being late and very dark, no Body in the House perceived any Thing of it. *Julia* being put into the Coach, they carry'd her out of the

the Gate of the Cross, making the best of their Way towards *Siena*; they thought fit to take their Road thro' the Mountains, which being very troublesome and uneven in many Places, the Axle-tree of the Coach happened to break: The Nights being very short in the Summer in *Italy*, Day began to appear, when one of those that were along with *Julia*, and who seem'd to have an Authority over the rest, seeing the Coach broke in Pieces, ordered them to put her before him, he being on Horseback; she struggled, and kept them off with more Courage and Strength, than could be expected from one of our Sex; 'No, said she, barbarous Wretch, thou shalt not make me stir from this Place, as long as I am alive: Thou hast violated the Law of Hospitality. I sought for Shelter in thy House, as in a Sanctuary; and after all this, thou carriest me away by force, and art my Persecutor. She had scarce finished these Words, pulling away, all this while, her Arms, and struggling with those that were for setting her upon the Horse; and the Respect they bore her, together with her extraordinary Beauty, which scarce any Body living was able to withstand, inclined them not to use her too roughly, or to make use of all their Strength to force her upon the Horse; when they saw eight Men well mounted and arm'd coming in a full Gallop towards them; and the first she cast her Eyes upon, was the Senator *Alberti*. They advanced with their Pistols ready cock'd, which was a sufficient Warning to those that had carried away *Julia*, to think of standing upon their own Defence.

Whilst they were engaged, she took the Opportunity of making her Escape; and following a By-Path that led her down from the Mountain into a Vale, she walk'd a good Pace, and, as you may imagine, not without a great deal of Pain; and even after she was got so far off, as not to hear the Noise of their Pistols, and had all the Reason to believe, they had now other Work upon their Hands, than to seek after her, yet she was under continual Apprehensions, lest some one or other of them might follow and overtake her. 'I must

must fear every Thing, said she to herself, as well from those that came to my Relief, as from those that carry'd me away. But who could these be? I verily believed it had been the Senator, whereas it was he that came to rescue me, and gave me this Opportunity of making my Escape. She had no other Companions, but these dismal Reflections, whilst her tender Body being quite tired out with the Fatigues of the rough and almost unpassable Ways, she had almost spent her Breath; and as the least Noise she heard, put her into such a Consternation, that without the least Regard to herself she ran among the nearest Bushes and Briars, to hide herself, this poor Lady's Face was all covered with Blood, her Hairs hung quite loose, her Cloaths were miserably torn; to be short, she was an Object worthy the Compassion of a Barbarian; so that now, quite reduced to Despair, without being able to think what to do, she cast her Eyes on all Sides, and by good Fortune espying in the Valley a Shepherd's Hut, she made all the Haste she could thither.

In the Hut she found a Woman busy at Work, who seeing her in so miserable a Condition, ran towards her, and received her with such Marks of Compassion, as afforded some Consolation to the fair *Julia*, under her present Circumstances. If you will do me a Piece of Service, which I will keep in perpetual Remembrance, said she to this good Woman, find out as soon as possibly you can, a Place where I may hide my self, being sensible that it will not be long before they will be here, to take me away by force. The Shepherdess carried her up, without losing one Minute, into an old Granary, where they had laid up Provisions for their House; and having shew'd her a dark Hole, where no Body could possibly find her out, she went down to Work again. Soon after, two Horsemen came at full speed up to the Door of her Hut, and ask'd her abundance of Questions concerning *Julia*, whom they described to her, and would needs tell her, they were sure she had seen her, threatening her, in case she did not tell them what was become of her; but the Shepherdess answer-

ed

ed them with so much Calmness, and apparent Simplicity, that they went their Way.

So soon as they were gone, she went into the Granary to comfort poor *Julia*, almost half dead with Fear, because she had heard the Senator *Alberti's* Voice: But being told by the Shepherdess, they were quite gone, she gave her some Milk and Bread, wash'd the Blood from off her Face, and attended her with a great deal of Zeal and Charity. *Julia* did not think fit to leave this little Sanctuary, but rather resolved to tarry there for some Days, being uncertain what Course to take; she dreaded, not a little, the Senator; but much more that unknown Enemy of hers, who kept his Mask on, even after they carry'd her off; she judged, not without good Reason, that she might much easier stand upon her Guard against one she knew, and that such a Misfortune as that, was much the lesser, in comparison of standing in fear of all the World; 'For, said she to herself, as long as I don't know the Person that used me with so much Violence, I shall always be in fear of putting my self undesignedly in the Power of those I ought to shun.

These different Reflections caused such a Confusion in her Mind, as proved a great Addition to her Troubles. The Shepherdess's Husband coming home at Night, *Julia* was obliged to give her Consent to make him a Partaker in the Secret: He was an old Labourer, but of good natural Parts, and soon guessing by the Beauty and Apparel of his new Guest, that she was a Person of Quality, he was touch'd with Compassion at her Affliction. She ask'd him, whether he had seen any Horsemen abroad? He told her, he had seen several pass by, and some mask'd and wounded, riding full speed; that one of them rid, on purpose, out of his Way to ask him, Whether he had not seen a young Lady all alone; and that he told them, he had not; so he went on with the rest. *Julia* not questioning but that they would go in quest of her, had one of the worst Nights of it that can well be imagined. By good Chance she had her Purse and some Jewels about her,
being

being not as yet undress'd when they carry'd her away ; so she gave some Money to her Hosts, to engage them, for their own Sakes, to keep her Secret, and be serviceable to her. She told them, crying most bitterly ; ' You see what a Condition I am in, I must not stay here, but look out for some Place of Security ; but pray advise me, what I had best to do, to keep myself from being known, for I am so much overburthen'd with Grief, that I am not capable of taking any Resolution. I would advise you, Madam, said the Shepherdess, to put on my Cloaths, and under that Disguise, you may be long enough without being taken.' She approved of her Counsel, and willing to try what a Figure she was likely to make under that Disguise, she dress'd herself like a Shepherdess, but appear'd so handsome, notwithstanding all the Care she took to conceal her Air and her Face, that both the Labourer and his Wife, were then of Opinion, that it was impossible, under that Dress, to disguise her Quality. At last, after some further Considerations, the good old Man advis'd her to disguise herself under a Man's Habit, and to pass for a Pilgrim ; for being very tall, she might pass for a young Man. Looking upon this as the most sure and most feasible Way, she desired him to go to *Siena*, and to buy for her what was necessary for that purpose, and he went accordingly. But whilst our Shepherd is on his short Journey, let us see how Matters were carry'd on at *Florence*.

That same Night *Julia* was carried away by these unknown Persons, the Senator *Alberti* intended to have seized her by force, thereby at least to secure to himself her Person, since he found it impossible to gain her Heart. *Isabella*, as I told you before, had staid something longer than ordinary with one of *Lucilia's* Women ; but fearing her Mistress might be ready to go to Bed, she went to her Bed-Chamber, at the very Minute after she had been carry'd off ; she found her Veil torn in Pieces, her Table, Candles and Candlesticks upon the Ground ; and not seeing her Mistress, immediately suspected something of an ill Accident to have befallen

befallen her. She set up most deplorable Outcries, which alarmed the whole House; but especially the Senator, who was then just preparing every Thing to put his Design in Execution. Coming into the Room, and not seeing *Julia* there, he was ready to run distracted, not questioning but that she was carried away; and all his Men appointed for his before mentioned Purpose, being ready at hand, he went without Delay in pursuit of those that had carried her away.

When they came to the Gate of the Cross, they were informed by the Guards, that they had given them some Money to keep it open, under Pretence, that a Coach with six Horses was to go out there that Night, to avoid travelling in the Heat of the Day. The Senator *Alberti*, accompany'd by Signior *Leander*, who was got out of Bed, and attended by those that were to be made use of on the same Account, pursued and overtook them; they fought and soon put them to flight; their Leader with his Followers made their Escape cross the Mountains, except one, who being mortally wounded, was not likely to go far, nor live long. *Leander* seeing him drop from his Horse upon the Ground, pulled off his Mask, and did all he could to make him give him some Insight into this Adventure. But all he could get out of him was, that he believed his Master being in Love with *Julia*, had, for a considerable Time, been resolved to carry her away by Force; but what had made him hasten to put his Design in Execution, was, that one of the Senator *Alberti*'s Servants, whom he had debauch'd by Money to facilitate his Entrance into the House, had inform'd him, how the Senator, his Master, intended to seize her by Force the self same Night. *Leander* ask'd him the Name of his Master; unto which he return'd no Answer, but only told him, with a weak and incoherent Voice, 'Sir, I am at the Point of Death, pray leave me a few Moments to think of my Conscience;' and so he dy'd within a Quarter of an Hour.

The Senator *Alberti*, upon his Return to *Florence*, found himself reduced to such a Degree of Despair, as cannot

cannot well be expressed; at last he remembered that he had taken up a Piece of Paper not folded up, in *Julia's* Room, which he thought was written with her own Hand; he looked for it and found it in his Pocket; and having perused it, was convinced, to his Grief, that she loved somebody else, and that it was probable this was the Motive that induced her to receive his Addresses with so much Scorn. *I hoped at least*, said he to himself, *that she had an Indifferency for all the World; and that consequently my Case was not worse than others; but alas! I find myself deceived! This deep Melancholy that appeared in her Countenance and Actions, was occasioned only by the Absence of her Lover; and all the severe and ill Treatment I received at her Hands, were so many Sacrifices offered to him.* He was ruminating a long while, who this dear *Hypolitus* could be, he saw mentioned in her Letter; and recalling to his Mind *Lucilia's* Brother, the same *Hypolitus* whom he knew to be so handsome, so full of Wit, made to love and to be beloved, he began to fear least he should be his Rival. *How ought I to treat him*, said he, *Good God! Can't I, at this Age, have the Confidence to dispute so fair a Conquest with him?* Transported with these furious Reflections, without hesitating any longer upon the Matter, into *Lucilia's* Chamber he goes, and accosting her; *Set my Heart at ease, dear Daughter*, said he, *you have a Brother, whom I have seen here, pray tell me, is it he that loves the fair English Lady that was carried away? I conjure you to tell me the Truth without the least Disguise.* *Lucilia* paused a while upon what Answer she was to give him, which making the Senator suspect some Mystery in the Thing, he urged her so far Home, that she could not refuse any longer to give him the whole Relation of *Julia's* Affairs. He was so much surprized, as to be almost inconsolable, for having importuned her with his Passion; *You would have saved me Abundance of Trouble*, said he to *Lucilia*, *had you thought me sooner worthy of being your Confident; you were well acquainted with the beginning of my Passion, as well as with the slender Progress I was likely to make, and at the same Time you have not stopped the Current of my Passion,*

which you see is now upon the Point of swallowing me up into an Abyss of Misery. He loaded her with bitter and sharp Reproaches, and left her abruptly, so far overwhelmed with Love, Anger, Jealousy and Pain, that he took his Bed immediately, being seized with a burning Fever, which in a few Days Time put an End to his Life, being much regretted by his Son and all his Friends.

Whilst they were bewailing the Senator's Death at Florence, the unfortunate *Julia*, now disguised under a Pilgrim's Habit, having given a sufficient Reward to her kind Hosts, and enjoined them to deliver a Letter to *Lucilia*, wherein she gave an Account of her intended Journey, left her Shepherd's Hut, and took the Road towards *Bologna*, with an Intention to go from thence to *Rome*, and so further to *Venice*, in Hopes to be so happy as to meet there with her Father, or, at least, with some of his Friends; who, upon his Account, would afford her some Shelter in a Convent, where she might stay till she could appear abroad without Danger. All this while the four Horsemen in Masks, who had seized and carried her off by Force, were constantly in her Thoughts: After a thousand Reflections, she began to think it might perhaps be the young Marquis of *Strotzi*; he was descended of one of the most illustrious Houses of *Florence*, his Father had sent him abroad a travelling, and upon his Return, happening to see *Julia*, he was struck with an Admiration beyond what is commonly observed in Men, when they have only a general Inclination for a handsome Woman. He was a Person of Merit, he was brave and daring; and *Julia* had heard certain Stories told of him, which had some Resemblance to her Adventure; besides, that being a *Florentine*, he needed not so much fear the ill Consequences of carrying away a Stranger, who being out of her own Country, was not likely to have Friends enough there to revenge her Quarrel, so she concluded it must be the Marquis of *Strotzi*, that was the Author of her present Calamities.

She appeared so very fair and handsome, even in this Pilgrim's Habit, that she had enough to do to hide her

Face

Face from being taken Notice of by every Body that saw her. She had cut her Hairs in the same Way as the Men wear them, hanging carelessly in Locks over her Shoulders, and not in the least changed by the Heat of the Sun, no more than her Complexion. She made but slender Days Journeys, because her tender Feet were not able to bear the Fatigues of a long one on Foot; she had already passed the *Fierosola*, seated on the great Road of the *Appennin* Mountains, and was going on towards *Bologna*, when coming into a most delicious Wood of Orange and Pomegranate Trees, when it was pretty near Sun-set, much tired with that Day's Work, she was invited, by the mumuring Noise of a most pleasant Brook, to take a little Rest upon the green and sweet-scented Herbs that grew in great Plenty near it; so laying her Head upon the Root of a Tree, the Branches whereof served her instead of an Umbrello, she took off her broad Hat, and her Weariness made her insensibly fall into a sound Sleep; but it was not long before she was awakened with no small Surprize, and much more Pain; for she felt a Dart sticking in one of her Legs, and at the same Time heard the Noise of the Horses, Dogs and Hunters. She made a doleful Outcry, endeavouring at the same Time to pull the painful Dart out of the Wound, when she saw coming that Way, three Ladies on Horseback, so handsome, of so goodly an Air, and so gallantly and nicely dressed, that she seemed not to be sensible of her Pain, for some Time, whilst she had the Satisfaction of contemplating them. One among them had a Bow fastened to her Girdle, and a Quiver with Darts upon her Shoulders, so that one would have taken her for *Diana* amongst her Nymphs. This charming Lady seeing the Pilgrim's Wound, told him she was much concerned, and greatly disturbed at his Misfortune, it being, questionless, her that gave it, because she knew the Dart. *What Fatality brought you in my Way, just when I only intended to divert myself and these Ladies, in shewing them my Dexterity? Certainly we are both very unfortunate Persons; you to seat yourself in this Place, and I to wound you thus by meer Chance. Your Compassion, Madam,* said

Julia with a languishing Air, is sufficient to allay my Trouble on Account of the Wound you gave me. I can't tell, replied the fair Lady, whether it may prove a Comfort to you, but am sensible I feel a great deal of Pity for you, and to make, in some Measure, a Reparation for the Ill I have done you, pray come and stay at my House till you are fully cured. She then ordered one of her Attendants, to bind up the Wound as well as he could, to put him in her Chariot, and carry him Home.

Julia, considering her present Circumstances, judged she could not do better than to accept of her Offer; so she returned her Thanks to the Lady for her Generosity; and the before-mentioned Servant being with her in the same Chariot, told her, his Mistress had been married but lately; that she was of the Family of *Becarello*, well known at *Bologna*; that she being the only Child her Father had, and he being unwilling to see his Name extinct with his Death, had resolved to pitch upon one, who would take both his Name and his Arms, for his Son-in-law, and settle a considerable Estate upon them. The Lady that gave you this Wound, continued he, is a Lady of Merit and Wit; her Husband, who, at present, is known by the Title and Name of the Marquis of *Becarelli*, having been absent for some Time, his Lady used to divert herself with Hunting, and other such like Diversions practised among Persons of her Quality; and that those Ladies, he saw with her, were either her Kinswomen or Neighbours. He then asked *Julia* whither she was going? You seem, said he to him, to be something beyond what your Habit discovers; I dare be certain you are of noble Extraction. I scarce know what I am, replied *Julia* sighing; but to satisfy your Curiosity, I am willing to let you know, that my Name is *Sylvio*, that I am going to *Loretto*; and that my ill Fortune has reduced me to such a Condition, as not any more to fear its Insults hereafter. You tell me all in a few Words, said the other; but, according to my Judgment, a Person so handsome as yourself, can scarce have sufficient Cause to appear so much afflicted as you do. Thus they entertained one another till they came to the Country-House,

House, where this Stranger was lodged in a very handsome Apartment.

The Marchioness had a *Valet de Chambre*, who being a tolerable good Surgeon, dressed *Sylvio's* Wound, (for so we must call *Julia*, at least, for some Time) the Wound was very deep and painful, but without any malignant Symptoms. The Marchioness no sooner returned Home, but she went with the two Gentlewomen that were a Hunting with her, into the Pilgrim's Chamber, and the Servant having told her their Discourse upon the Road, she agreed with him in Opinion, that there was something so noble and great in his Physiognomy, as made her imagine he must be a Person of Quality. She staid not long with him at that Time; but she carried away within her Heart, his Idea in so lively a Shape, that under Pretence of Hospitality, she soon came to see *Sylvio*. *Are you somewhat better*, said she, with a very obliging Air, *and have you so much Goodness as to pardon me for the Ill I have done you. Oh! Madam*, said he to her, *how little are you acquainted with my Temper, if you think I can be concerned at so insignificant a Wound? I declare to you, I think myself happy to have received it by your fair Hands.* The Marchioness did as if she had not understood these last Words; but these gallant Expressions touched her to the Heart, imagining she had made as deep an Impression on her handsome Stranger's Heart, as he had on hers. She had a young Woman who was both her Companion and Confident, named *Eugenia*; *Did you ever see any Thing so beautiful and charming as this young Sylvio?* said she to her, *do you take Notice what Looks he casts at me? I read it in his Eyes; and the Confusion he has raised within my Heart, puts me under so much Perplexity, that I am resolved to see him no more.* And she actually so far prevailed over her Inclinations, as not to come into *Sylvio's* Chamber for several Days after, under Pretence, that she was not very well, for fear her Servants should take Notice of it; but tho' she did not see him in Person, her Thoughts were always with him.

She became very melancholy, and delighted in solitary Places only; so that my Lord *Becarelli*, her Father,

ther, who lived at *Bologne*, and came frequently to see her, was not a little surprized and disturbed to see such an Alteration in her. Two or three Days passed, when at last the Marchioness passing accidentally by *Sylvio's* Chamber, had not Power enough to forbear going in; she found him in Bed, and observed by his red Eyes and Voice, that he had been weeping, and believing no otherwise, than that it was her long Stay that had caused his Pain, she soon found she had gained but little Ground, by not seeing and speaking to him; but that her Heart was lost past Relief, as soon as she found she had so tender a Part in his Remembrance. *How do you do, Sylvio*, said she, *you seem to be overwhelmed with Sadness*. Madam, replied he, *it is because I am not yet accustomed to my Misfortunes, they seem Novelties to me every Day*: But, continued she, *I am afraid, you are too ingenious in framing your own Misfortunes in your Thoughts*. No, Madam, replied he, *I don't invent any, but what I actually am very sensible of; but I must also confess to you, that on the other Hand, I do not love to flatter myself*. They remained both very pensive for some Time; the Marchioness quite taken up with her Passion, verily believed *Sylvio* to be in Love with her; and *Sylvio*, without taking Notice of the languishing Looks and Sighs of the Marchioness, thought of nothing but her own Misfortunes and her dear *Hypolitus*.

The fair Marchioness returning to her own Apartment, became more and more sensible, that *Sylvio* was infinitely dear to her; which put her under no small Perplexity. *When I reflect upon my present Condition*, said she to *Eugenia*, *I find nothing but what must cause me the highest of Afflictions*: The worst of all is, my Frailty of loving him; my Frailty, I say, who being now no more my own Mistress, cannot so much as sigh for another Man, but for my Husband, without committing a Crime both against him and his Honour; besides, pray, dear *Eugenia*, consider what other Disgraces are likely to attend it. I know not who this *Sylvio* is, he is a Stranger whom I met accidentally in a Pilgrim's Habit; he may, perhaps, be of mean Birth, and altogether undeserving of those tender Sentiments I have for him; but what is most certain, is,

that

that I must lose him, and must lose him for ever. Oh! fatal Dart, cry'd she, the Wound thou gavest, will sooner be healed, than that which this lovely Stranger has made in my Heart.

The Marchioness forbore, for several Days, going in to Sylvio's Apartment; but so soon as he found himself in a Condition to stir a little, he judg'd it his Duty to go and pay her his Respects: He observ'd her to colour several Times, when he spoke to her, and imagin'd she was out of Order: but out of Respect durst not ask her. She desired him to sit down by her, and having look'd upon him for some Time without speaking; at last, said she, Sylvio, you will soon be in a Condition to leave us; but before that Time comes, will you not be so complaisant as to let us know the Name of him whom I wounded; and on whose Account I have been so much discomposed? Madam, said he, I am an unfortunate Person, unworthy your most obliging Care and Curiosity. My Birth and my Fortune are both of no great Consideration, you see me in my true Station. I am no more than what I appear to you to be. You say a great deal, whilst you say nothing, reply'd the Marchioness; if you are such as you appear to me, I scarce know any Thing that is above you; and since, perhaps, certain Reasons oblige you not to discover your true Quality, pray tell me, at least, whether you are in Love? I don't ask you this Question to engage you in any particular Account, any further than you are inclined to give it. However, tell me sincerely, whether you have not some peculiar Consideration for me? This Question reviving in Sylvio's Mind his past Misfortunes, she fetch'd a deep Sigh; Yes, Madam, said he with a tender Air, I must confess I love, but 'tis without Hopes; and am by Fate designed to be the most unfortunate Person on Earth. The Marchioness, by these Words, being confirm'd in her former Opinion, that he lov'd her, blush'd, but would not lift up her Eyes, nor return an Answer. After having paus'd a while, Then are you to leave us, Sylvio, said she, and will you sometimes think of me, after you are gone? I shall sooner not remember myself, replied he, Madam, believe me, your Goodness towards me, will never be ras'd out of my Heart,

Heart. So, fearing he should be troublesome, he return'd to his own Apartment.

Alas! I am upon the Point of losing you, lovely Silvio, cry'd she, so soon as she saw herself at Liberty to bemoan her Fate; *you are just ready to leave us; and, after all, I am very much deceived, if you don't love me: But why won't you find out some Pretence or other, to stay somewhat longer in the same Place where I am? The Reason is, because you think me not frail enough to love you; and you fear lest you should engage too deep in a fruitless Passion: Well, avoid the Sight of me, charming Sylvio; fly from me, I am contented you should; your Presence serves only to encrease my Misfortune; and, perhaps, when I see you no more, I may cease to love you.* She said no more, her Tears stop'd her Voice, and detain'd her in her Closet for some Time after. *Sylvio* did not visit her the next Day, nor did meet with any Opportunity of speaking to her for several Days after; but then finding himself well enough to continue his Journey, he paid her a Visit, to return his most humble Thanks to her for all the Favours he had received at her Hands, and to take his leave of her: He told her, he was not in a Capacity to return her any effectual Thanks, and shew his Acknowledgment, but that he would make it his Business to make known to the World, in all Places wherever he should travel, that her Generosity was not inferior to her great Deserts and Beauty. The Marchioness put an almost unspeakable Constraint upon herself, to conceal the Pain she felt within herself at this cruel Separation: *Go, Sylvio, go,* said she to him, *discharge your Vows; I promise you, I will send up mine to Heaven, for the Prosperity of your Life.* He told her, he intended to go away to morrow Morning at Day-break; and they parted in a few Minutes after.

It being an excessive hot Night, he threw himself upon his Bed, without pulling off his Cloaths, in Hopes of getting a little Rest to pursue his next Day's Journey with the more Ease; the young Marchioness, at the same Time, having not Resolution enough to let him go away without seeing him once more, and bidding him farewell, got out of her Chamber; and it being a
bright

bright Moon-light Night; she made no Use of a Candle; besides that, being sensible she should be apt to say something very tender to *Sylvio* at parting, she should be the less ashamed, when he did not see her blush; she also resolved to present him with her Picture, in hopes that this tender Testimony of her kind Sentiments, would prevail upon him to keep her always in his Remembrance. The Curtains of *Sylvio's* Bed being not close drawn, she saw his Hair spread carelessly over his Shoulders; he was fast asleep, and his beautiful Face put the Marchioness in Mind of that of *Cupid*, when *Psyche* came to make him a Visit. *Oh! Sylvio*, said she, casting her amorous Looks at him, *were it so, that I had made some Impressions of Tenderness in thy Heart, thou couldst not sleep so soundly at a Time when thou art just upon the Point of leaving me! Is it possible, that at the same Time thy Departure is likely to cost me so dearly, thou shouldst lie at thy own Ease, without the least Disturbance?* However, wanting Courage to awaken him, she drew nearer, and by the Brightness of the Moon, having a sufficient Opportunity of viewing his Charms, and contemplating all his Perfections, *What is it can stand in Competition with thee in the Universe?* said she with a low Voice and full of Admiration; *Who can represent all thy Beauties? Who is able to avoid their Force?* Thus she swallow'd by Degrees the Poison which this fair Stranger's Charms convey'd insensibly into her Heart. She put her Picture into his Pocket, flattering herself that he would be most agreeably surprized, when he should find there so dear and precious a Present at a Time when least of all he expected it: At last, quite overcome by her Passion, she could not forbear to put her Mouth to his, and to embrace him with so much Eagerness, that it seem'd as if she would never let go her Hold again: But, Good God, guess at her Amazement, when she felt herself wounded with a Dagger by a Man, whom she soon knew to be the Marquis *Becarelli*, her Husband, and who no sooner left her, but went towards *Sylvio* to revenge himself upon him. Being thoroughly awakened at the Noise, and not a little frightned at the approaching Danger, he got up as fast as he could, in order to make his Es-

cape, but received a Wound in the Arm, by the same Hand that had wounded the Lady. This Man, turn'd quite furious with Jealousy, was a going to second his Blow, had he not been prevented by two Gentlemen, who being his Confidants, stop'd his Hand, and put him in Mind of what Project had been concerted betwixt them, which he was not likely to effect, if he should kill this young Stranger; so they sent *Sylvio* a Prisoner to a strong and dark Tower. The unfortunate Marchioness, in the mean while falling into a Swoon, and swimming in her own Blood, her Husband order'd her to be carry'd to her own Apartment, and to be watch'd closely like a Prisoner there. You may judge of the Anxiety of her Heart; and after all, she felt less Pain at her own Misfortune, than at what was likely to befall him she loved. She fear'd not without Reason, lest her Husband should have sacrificed this innocent Victim to his Jealousy; and what was worse to her than all the rest, she durst not so much as ask what was become of him, partly because she dreaded some Fatality, partly because she knew not whom to trust, being sensible she had been betray'd. *Eugenia*, whom she had made her Confident, was indeed the Person that had done her Business; being engaged to watch all her Steps by the Marquis *Beccarelli*, before he went on his Journey, a Thing not very difficult to be done, if you join great Promises to your present Liberality. He had enjoyn'd this young Woman to give him an exact Account, by Letter, of his Lady's Conduct in his Absence; and she had been so punctual as to communicate to him every Word she heard her say concerning *Sylvio*, and her Passion for him. The Marquis, enraged at this News, came home with all possible Speed, and keeping himself concealed for two Days, by *Eugenia's* Assistance, in his own House, till he should have an Opportunity of surprizing his Spouse with her Lover, his Intention was to have her shut up like a Prisoner, for the rest of her Life, to have all her Estate adjudged to himself, and to proceed against *Sylvio* as the worst of Criminals; but when he saw her seated upon the Bedside of this Stranger, he was so far from being

being Master of his Anger, that during the first Motions of his Jealousy he wounded them both:

In the mean while *Julia*, under the Disguise of a Pilgrim, and under the Name of *Sylvia*, being shut up in a dark Tower, remain'd in so deplorable a Condition, as would have touch'd the worst of her Enemies with Compassion: She was wounded in the Arm, quite dejected by the long Series of her Misfortunes, disturbed at her hard Fate, without any Hopes of Aid, and in the greatest Perplexity in the World what to do under her present dismal Circumstances. She was once inclined to discover her Sex, as the nearest Means to justify the Marchioness, and to obtain her Liberty, and was just upon the Point to speak to her Guards to tell the Marquis *Becarelli*, that she wanted to speak with him; when reflecting more seriously upon the Matter, she began to fear, lest the Expedient she intended to make Use of, to obtain her Release, might cause the Loss of her Life: For considering, that if her Husband, quite distracted with Jealousy and Choler, who had wounded her with a Dagger, should be convinced of her Innocence, and consequently dreading the Effects of her and her Families Resentment, might so far transgress all Bounds of Humanity, as to have her poison'd; to prevent, by this Means, the Discovery of the whole Matter; so that upon second Thoughts, she judged it more for her Safety, to let Justice take its Course, by which Means she should free herself out of her Enemies Hands.

She had the worst Night of it that can well be imagined. After the Wound given her with the Dagger was dress'd, they searched her and found the Marchioness's Picture in her Pocket, which they intended to make Use of as a corroborating Proof against them both. *Julia* was infinitely surprized to find this Picture about her, which she had not so much as ever seen before; neither could she imagine how it came into her Pocket; so they conducted her in a Coach to *Bologna*. It would prove a very difficult Task to represent the various Troubles this fair and unfortunate Lady laboured under at that Time. *My dear Hypolitus*, cry'd she sighing, *if you were sensible at this very Minute, that your*

faithful

faithful Julia is loaden with Irons, under a Man's Disguise, that she has been carry'd away by Force, made her Escape twice, and has twice been wounded, and that now she is going to a Prison: Alas! what would you do? But rather, continu'd she, *what must I expect from you? Having not receiv'd the least News from you in so long a Time, what Reason have I to imagine, that you should so much as remember me? And is it my hard Lot, to have this additional Affliction, to think you love me no more?* She cry'd bitterly all the Time she was upon the Road, tho' her Tears stood her in no stead, but only to expose her to the Scorn of those that conducted her, who look'd upon them as an Effect of her Fear, and Want of Courage. The Marchioness being likewise carry'd to *Bologna*, her Husband urg'd to have her committed to the common Prison, notwithstanding the Wound she had received; but her Father, who, as well by his Extraction as his Estate, made a considerable Figure in that City, prevail'd so far with the Governor, as to have her confined in the Castle. So uncommon an Adventure, which had happen'd betwixt Persons of the best Quality, made no small Noise in those Parts, each Party engaging all the Friends they could to maintain their Cause. What stood the Marquis in the greatest stead, to perswade the World that his Accusation was ill ground'd, was the irresistible Charms of *Sylvio*. Most of the Ladies who had the Curiosity to visit him in Prison, left their Hearts captivated with him; and there were but few among them all, but what felt the same tender Sentiments for him, as the fair Marchioness had done: but after all this, tho' most People thought her not innocent, yet her Father's Interest was such, as was thought would incline the Ballance on his Side, and the Marquis had certain Intelligence given him, that the Commissioners appointed to try this Cause, were for the most Part inclined to acquit the Marchioness and *Sylvio*. He was under the greatest Perplexity and Trouble that can well be imagin'd; for knowing his All lay at Stake, he found himself reduc'd to an absolute Necessity of maintaining to the utmost of his Power, what he had begun with so much Violence, and so little

little Circumspection. At last it came into his Head, that to counterpoize his Wife's Party, he would petition the Governor, that the Commissioners should not be all *Italians*; but that he being a Foreigner, one half of them should be his Countrymen, according to the Law of that Country, it being a Thing that had frequently, and not without very good Reasons, been practis'd in the *Bolognese*. The Count of *Benti-voglio*, Governor of *Bologna*, granted his Request, and at the same Time, both the Father and the Husband of the fair Marchioness, left the Choice of them to the Governor's Disposal.

The whole Town appear'd at the Castle on the Day of his Trial, in Expectation of the Issue thereof, (for the Marchioness being all this while detain'd a Prisoner there, the Governor thought this the most convenient Place for it) there was so numerous an Assembly of all Degrees and Ages, that the like had not been seen in many Years before. The fair Marchioness was brought in, clad in Mourning, a Dress she judg'd most suitable to her present unfortunate Circumstances; she looked very pale, by Reason of her Wounds and Troubles; but she appear'd nevertheless charming to all that beheld her: Her Father, a Person venerable for his Age and his goodly Mien, conducted her by the Hand, follow'd by a good Number of Gentlemen belonging to the same Family. *Sylvio* was brought in thro' another Door, loaden with Irons and Chains; but most of those that took a full View of him, thought him (even in this dismal Condition) more qualify'd to make others wear his Chains, than to carry them himself. Both these pretended Criminals coming before those that were to be their Judges, with Eyes full of Tears, and their Hearts ready to break with Sighs, *My Lords*, said the Marchioness, *I implore both your Justice and Compassion. I am unfortunate without being guilty; Heaven is Witness of my Innocence; he that prosecutes me at this Time with so much Violence; and with so little Respect to my Honour and Reputation, has, at the most, nothing but bare Surmises to found his Accusation upon.*

Before *Sylvio* could begin to speak in his own Defence, the Marquis *Becarelli* stood up, as did also the

two Gentlemen, who had seen his Lady in *Sylvio's* Bed-chamber, and holding the Picture she had put into his Pocket, and which they had found upon him, in his Hand; *Look here*, said he, *an undeniable Evidence of a criminal Correspondence betwixt them; no virtuous Woman would have bestow'd her Picture upon a miserable Pilgrim; and he himself can't deny, but that it was found in his Pocket.* *Sylvio* (whom now we must call again *Julia*,) *Julia*, I say, struck like as with a Thunderbolt at the Sound of this Voice, turn'd as pale as Ashes, trembled all over her Body, and fell into a Swoon. Every Body there present came to her Assistance, and among the rest, a Foreigner, who was to be of the Number of her Judges, who knowing and embracing her with the highest Transports of Joy, that can be conceiv'd, cry'd, *O Julia, O my adorable Julia! Is it you or a Vision I behold? Is it possible I should meet with you again, after having bewail'd you so long, thinking you had been in your Grave!* There was scarce any Body there present, but what believed the Gentleman to have been out of his Wits; however, his Voice had such a powerful Influence upon *Julia*, that it soon revived her Spirits; she opened her Eyes, and the first Object she saw was her dear *Hypolitus* on one Side, and the Earl of *Bedford* on the other. At the confused Noise of the Assembly, who often repeated the Name of *Julia*, another of the intended Judges arose from his Seat, and coming towards her, *Look here is your dear Daughter*, said *Hypolitus* to him, *my Lord, 'tis Julia.* The Earl of *Warwick* (for it was he) embracing his Daughter, was ready to die for Joy; and she throwing herself at his Feet, bathed his Hands with Tears, and such were their mutual Transports at so unexpected a Meeting, that never any thing was seen comparable to it.

The Earl of *Bedford* acted but a scurvy Part in this Scene; the Marchioness of *Becarelli*, her Father, the Count *de Bentivoglio*, and in short, all that could come near them, surrounded these three Friends with their repeated Acclamations, without knowing fully the true Cause thereof. *Julia*, in spite of her Husband's Presence,

fence, declared in open Court, who she was, and finding herself seconded by a pleasing Noise and the clapping of Hands of the Assembly, as soon as she thought she might be heard, told them, that the Earl of *Bedford*, who was both the Prosecutor and Husband of the Marchioness of *Becarelli*, was likewise hers, and had both these Qualifications, and that consequently he had two Wives. The Earl could not deny it to be matter of Fact; so that whereas he had hitherto prosecuted these two Ladies, they thought it now their turn to prosecute him; and the Marchioness's Father, as well as *Julia's* Father, pressing the Count *de Bentivoglio* to have him seized, in order to his Prosecution, according to the Laws of the Land, he was committed to Prison, where he made this voluntary Confession.

That confiding in the Abbess of *St. Menoux's* Integrity, who had given him Advice of *Julia's* Death, in her Letter, he left *England* with an Intention to travel; that he had an Inclination to go into *Italy* first, because he had some Relations there he was willing to be known to; that my Lord *Becarelli*, being one of them, he went to *Bologna*, where being fall'n desperately in Love with Madam *Becarelli*, he had obtain'd her Father's consent to marry her, on Condition, that he should take both his Name and Arms. That some Time after coming to *Florence* with his Father-in-Law, and one Day seeing *Lucilia* along with *Julia* in a Widows Apparel at the *Reparata* to hear Mass there, he thought he should have been struck into the Ground at so unexpected a Sight; that he thought it not convenient at that Time to take any further notice of it, for fear of my Lord *Becarelli*, who was along with him; but resolved to try one of the Senator *Alberti's* Servants, whether he could engage him in the Design he had laid of carrying away *Julia* by Force; that having obtain'd his Consent he came back to *Bologna*, where he staid for some Time with the young Marchioness his Wife; but that he could never be at rest, for fear lest *Julia* being so near, might one Time or other find out his second Marriage, and take that Opportunity of revenging herself for what

he

he had made her suffer before. That it was upon this Consideration, he took Care to secure a Nunnery at *Siena*, where he intended to shut her up for the remainder of her Days, and then return'd to *Florence*. That the same Servant of the Senator *Alberti*, whom he had made his Confident, came to tell him, that he must not lose one Moment to put his Design in Execution, because his Master had ordered him to keep himself in a readiness, in order to carry her off; that thereupon he and three more putting on Vizard-Masks, carry'd her away; but being soon after pursued and forced to fight those that overtook them, he was wounded by a Pistol-Ball, and was forced to stay for some Time at *Siena*, where he used frequently to receive Letters from *Eugenia*, the Marchioness's Confident, who being bribed by him, gave him an Account, that his Spouse was fallen in Love with a Pilgrim, whom she had brought to her House in the Country; that thereupon being almost distracted with Jealousy, he had push'd on the Matter to that Extremity, they saw his Affairs in at this Time.

The Earl of *Bedford*, quite distracted with Rage, Jealousy and Despair, soon after found himself seized with a most violent Fever, which at the beginning was judged mortal; besides, that the Wound he had received when he was carrying away *Julia*, opening afresh, put him to the most exquisite Pains; for want of Patience to see the Cure accomplish'd before he would stir abroad to take Revenge for the supposed Infidelity of his Wife. So whilst amongst the continual Torments of Body and Mind, he lived only in Expectation of his Death; *Julia*, the Earl of *Warwick*, and *Hypolitus* tasted all the Sweets of an entire Satisfaction, the highest that can possibly be conceived upon so favourable and so long desired a Conjunction. Then it was this passionate Lover, and this faithful Mistress gave one another Account of their mutual Pains, not without a Mixture of Tears, because they could scarce be fully satisfy'd as yet, that that good Fortune they enjoy'd, was either possible or real: 'Who is it that is able to express my Anguish, dear *Julia*, said he to her, when

I heard

' I heard the fatal News of your Death; I was resolv-
 ' ed not to outlive you long; Death was the only
 ' Thing I wish'd for; notwithstanding which, it seem'd
 ' to me ever since, as if Death, which I pursued with
 ' so much Resolution, and courted in the greatest Dan-
 ' ger, always exposing my self to the greatest Hazards,
 ' was resolved to spare me; for I was not so much as
 ' wounded all the Time I continued aboard the Gallies
 ' of *Malta*; so that seeing, I was not likely to meet
 ' that Death, I so much desired in that Service, and
 ' finding my warlike Actions to produce not the least
 ' Effect in diminishing my Pain, I resolved to go and
 ' see my Sister at *Florence*, with no other Intention,
 ' than to spend all my Time in talking continually
 ' with her of you. I communicated my Resolution to
 ' the Earls of *Warwick* and *Suffex*; the first was
 ' very willing to go along with me, because our Voy-
 ' age would not take up much Time, being call'd by
 ' Honour to martial Employments: However, my
 ' Lord *Warwick* having received a Wound in the *Vene-*
 ' *tian* Service, found that a little Rest would be necessa-
 ' ry to perfect his Cure; and as for the Earl of *Suffex*,
 ' he took Shipping for *London*, upon some agreeable
 ' News he had lately received from the Countess of
 ' *Northampton*, which gave him hopes of soon seeing
 ' their Destinies united by the Bands of Marriage; and
 ' as he had an uncommon Passion for her, 'tis no won-
 ' der if he let slip no Time to be with her as soon as
 ' possibly he could: As for us two, Madam, conti-
 ' nued he, after having staid some Time at *Venice*, we
 ' began our Journey for *Florence*; but the Earl of *War-*
 ' *wick* finding that travelling did not so well agree with
 ' him as yet (because he grew much worse) we were
 ' obliged to tarry here some Time: We used often to
 ' visit Count *Bentivoglio*, and the Business of the Mar-
 ' chioness of *Becarelli* making no small Noise at this
 ' Time, he would almost every Day tell us some new
 ' Story or other concerning her Husband, or her, or
 ' the Pilgrim. Alas! my dear Lady, could it ever
 ' come into my Head, that this Pilgrim should be my
 ' Julia!

Julia! whose Death I bewail'd every Day, and at the same Time was loaded with Irons in a nauseous Prison. At last the Marquis *Becarelli*, or to speak more properly, the Earl of *Bedford*, requiring the Governor to joyn a certain Number of *English* Gentlemen, in Commission with the *Italians*, to counterpoise the Interest of his Wife's Family, he desired us to sit with those he had pitch'd upon before the Bench to try this Cause. Can there be a more sad Accident than this? I was to be one of your Judges at the Prosecution of your Husband; I, I say, who always respected you as my Sovereign Lady, and who am his mortal Enemy. You are acquainted with all the rest that happen'd, except it be the Joy, Transports and Satisfaction I feel ever since that happy Day.

Julia returned in lieu of these tender Expressions, such Assurances as were sufficient to convince *Hypolitus*, that he had not lost the least Ground in her Heart, and that she knew what Value to put upon a Passion so pure and constant as his. What becomes in the mean while of the Marchioness of *Becarelli*? It would be a hard Task to represent to you the various Troubles and Perplexities she laboured under when she saw *Julia*, and at the same Time remembred her Passion for *Sylvio*; but what was worse than all the rest was, that she had not as yet so much Power over herself as to cease to love *Sylvio*. She retain'd so lively an Idea of him in her Heart, that she was a moving Object of Pity; 'I am free to confess to you, said she to *Julia*, that I was more sensibly afflicted at the loss of *Sylvio*, than at all my other Misfortunes; and tho' I had taken a Resolution rather to die than endeavour to make him ease my Pain, it was some Satisfaction to me, to think he was alive, and that one Time or other Chance might bring him again in my Way; but now my Misfortune is past all Cure, because I love still, and love only a Chimera. But, my lovely Marchioness, said *Julia* to her, can't you find out a Place for me in your Heart, since mine is much inclined to love you; you were much less beloved by *Sylvio*, then you will be by *Julia*. The fair

Italian

Italian returned no Answer, but she would often turn her Eyes upon *Julia*, and seldom part from her without shedding abundance of Tears.

The two Fathers of these two Ladies, had push'd on their Prosecution of the Earl of *Bedford* with so much Vigour, that every Body expected it would go very hard with the said Earl, when his Distemper encreasing daily, soon reduced him to the last Extremity. 'Twas at that Conjuncture, that these two Ladies, being willing to let their Generosity take Place before their just Resentment, got him removed into the Castle where, instead of that Hatred he had so much deserved at their Hands, they shew'd their Pity and Duty to him in a most eminent Degree, 'till quite overwhelmed with the Remembrance of his Inquietudes, Pains and Misfortunes, Death put an End to his Life, and the Marchioness of *Becarelli* immediately after took her last Farewell of *Julia*; 'I am going to leave you for the Remainder of my Days, said she to her; and since your Sex is an invincible Obstacle to all my Hopes of ever seeing you to be mine, I am resolved to be no Body's else; I intend to embrace a Religious Life, to hide my Frailty and Passion from all the World. *Julia* left nothing unattempted to dissuade her from pursuing this Resolution, but to no purpose; the Marchioness was already gone away, when on a Sudden she saw her come back into her Room; 'Don't refuse my Request, said she, afford me once more the Sight of my Conqueror in the same Dress you rais'd my Passion first. *Julia* being then alone, and willing to comply with her Desire, soon put on her Pilgrim's Habit, and came to the Marchioness; but she no sooner cast her Eyes upon her, but she was ready to faint away. 'Alas! cry'd she, I meet with my Distemper where I thought to have found a Cure. *Sylvio*, adorable *Sylvio*, you now keep a Place only in my Soul, every Thing I can conceive of you is a Chimera, which can neither flatter nor cure my Pain. She arose, went out as fast as she could, and retired immediately into a Nunnery, to the great Regret of her Father.

Julia,

Julia took the Way to *Florence* with the Earl of *Warwick* and *Hypolitus*, where being inform'd of the Senator *Alberti's* Death, they went to Signior *Leander's* House, whom they found in deep Mourning; but this did not hinder him from discovering his Satisfaction at the Sight of those Persons who were so dear to him; and *Lucilia* was scarce able to contain her Joy, because the continual Inquietudes she felt on Account of her Brother and *Julia*, proved no small Allay to those Enjoyments, and that Tranquility she also might have been sensible of to the utmost Perfection in a Husband of such extraordinary Merit. The Earl of *Warwick*, and they being unwilling to see the Accomplishment of the Happiness of the faithful *Hypolitus* and the most admirable *Julia* delay'd any longer, the Nuptials were celebrated at one of *Leander's* Country Houses. Never did the Sun enlighten with her glorious Beams a more pleasing Day than this, never did two Lovers relish with more Satisfaction and Union what they had purchased at the Expence of so much Care, and of so many Sighs and Tears; and upon their Return to *England*, never was there a more general Rejoycing seen among all that knew them, on Account of their happy Marriage and safe Arrival in their native Country. They found the Earl of *Suffex* marry'd to the fair Countess of *Northampton*, and *Hypolitus* took the Title of Earl of *Douglas*, by which he has rendered himself famous to Posterity, and obtained the Reputation of the most polite and most couragious of all the greatest Men of his Age.

F I N I S.

T H E
SECRET HISTORY
O F
M A C B E T H,
KING of SCOTLAND.

Taken from a very Ancient ORIGINAL
MANUSCRIPT.



L O N D O N:
Printed in the Y E A R M D C C X L I.

T H E

SECRET HISTORY

O F

M A C B E T H.

E N G L A N D had now respired from the deadly Wounds of the *Danish* Invasions and Yoke, for some Years, under the easy and happy Government of E D W A R D the Confessor; whom in the pleasing Month of *May*, before the southing Sun had spread Beams too sultry to suffer a delightful Enjoyment of the flowery Season, in the fresh Breezes of the Morning Air; *Eric*, and his beloved *Bertha* forsook their Downy-Bed, and as they used to do, took an agreeable Walk on the Beach of the Sea, not far from the Mouth of the River *Luna* in *Lancashire*.

The Morning-Sun now gathering Strength, unwilling to pervert their Pleasure into a Toil, they retired beneath the Covert of a shady Rock, hung with wild and wandering Greens, and paved with soft Moss, and odoriferous Herbs, there to entertain themselves with a View of the rowling Surges, which with vain Fury dashed successively on the sounding Shore in hoarse Murmurs; and to heighten their present Felicity by the Remembrance of their past evil Fortune.

Ob!

Oh! my dear Eric, said Bertha, how much happier are we in this lonely Retirement, than in the false Splendor of the Court, where Ambition, Avarice, Malice, Envy, Interest, and base Plots and Designs never suffer a Pleasure sincere to approach the wretched Fools, that court their own undoing; not knowing or not considering that Happiness is the only Value of Life!

The Practice of the World, my dear Bertha, replied the grave Eric, is as contradictory, and absurd as the Debates of the old Philosophers about their supreme Good. One places it in Pleasure, another in Wealth, another in Dignities and Power; and so every one a different, yet devious Way gives it Chace, yet none come in with the Quarry, because all have mistaken the Scent. But indeed the chief Reason is because Men generally rather consult their Passions than Reason; for they always magnifying the Idea, and so heightning the Desire, always find Disappointment, even in the Success of their Wishes; which always, therefore, travelling on after this Ignis Fatuus, never arrive at their Journeys End. Whereas we have conquered those wandering and uncertain Hopes and Desires, which depend on Things without us, confine our Happiness to ourselves, and our present Possessions. The Distresses we have met with not only in the common Calamity of our Country under the Danes, but those of the Norman Court in our Exile, and the foul Play I have found in that of England, since our good King's Restoration, have taught us to put no Value on the Pomp and Grandeur of Ambition; but in this peaceful Retirement to trust to the Benefit of Nature, and Love.

While Bertha and Eric were in this Discourse, before they perceived it, the Heavens were obscured by thick Clouds; and the gloomy Darknes that invaded the chearful Light of the Sun, roused them to consider where they were, and how to escape the impending Storm by a timely Retreat to their House. But that was too far off to venture from the Covert they possessed, since they now found the Clouds begin to descend in Showers; and the Wind to rise high, and Lightning to flash, and Thunder to rowl in a most sudden and violent Manner. Wherefore retreating farther into the Cave,

Cave, or Grotto of the Rock, they got a safe Protection from the Inclemency of the Tempest, but had yet the Benefit of viewing in Safety the Horror in Perspective, which gave them a Sort of dreadful Pleasure.

The Storm had now continued about an Hour, when they perceived at some Distance a little Bark or Vessel tossed about by the Waves and the Wind in a most lamentable Manner; now it disappeared quite out of their Sight, as if sunk down to the Bottom of the Ocean, and then on a sudden it was mounted up to the Clouds, and stood as if it were on the Brink and Precipice a lofty Wave, ready to tumble into the Abyss without any Hopes of rising again. Through this woeful Variety they saw plainly, that it drove every Minute nearer the Coast where they were, and now within a little of the Shore it was quite dash'd in Pieces against some secret Rock, that neither Caution nor Art could avoid. A generous Pity gave their Hearts many compassionate Emotions for the miserable Creatures, that it contained, all seemingly perishing in Sight of Land, without any Possibility of Help or Assistance. However they observed several on Pieces of the Ship floating on the Waves, which drove them still nearer the Beach where they stood. The Storm, as if it had done its Office by this Wreck, began to relent, the Clouds disperse, and the Sun again recovered its Brightness, and Sovereignty of the Sky. Encouraged by this, *Eric* and *Bertha* left the green Cave, and descended by the Rocks to the Strand to help any poor Creature, that Providence might make the Surges drive to the Shore.

When they came down they found two reverend Hermits ready there to execute the same charitable Office; nor did they wait long e're they saw a small Plank come ashore loaden with two Men, and a Lady clinging close to this little Hope, tho' they seemed quite dead with the Terror and Severity of the Tempest. They all help'd to draw up the Plank, and take up the People, to restore them, if possible, to Life. The good Hermits were furnished with Cordials for so sad an Occasion, and administered to a young Gentleman and young Lady, who held each other so fast, that Death seemed unable

to part them ; while *Eric* took the same pious Care of an old Gentleman, whose Silver Hairs assured them, that Violence alone could be to him an untimely Fate.

The Heat of the Cordials joining with the Heat of the Sun, at last began to make them come to themselves. The young Gentleman first opening his Eyes, and waking as it were from the Slumber of Death, gazed with Wonder about, and eagerly cried out, *Oh ! let me die, let me perish in those Waves, that have swallowed up my dearest Eugenia ! Life would be a Punishment without her, for whom only I would live !* E're these Words were quite uttered, the young Lady, assisted by one of the Hermits, and *Bertha*, began to feel the Return of the Offices of Life ; and Love, that Death could not put an End to, returned to its Seat, her Heart, and taught the first Accents she uttered, to breath out the Tendernefs of her Passion. *Oh ! my Soul ! Oh my Soul ! My Love, my Lorn, where art thou ? For far thou canst not be ! We were too closely lock'd together for Fate to part us, Life and Death must be the same with both of us.*

The young *Lorn* hearing the Voice of his beloved *Eugenia*, soon drew near her, and after mutual Joy for so happy an Escape, and Thanks returned to the Hermits and *Bertha* for their kind Assistance ; *Eugenia* now began to enquire whether a reverend old Gentleman was not likewise saved by their charitable Care from the Fury of this Storm, since the Loss of a Father in him would too much sower the Joy of their Deliverance. Being assured, that he likewise was taken up, the whole Company came up to *Eric* to see whether the Success of his Care had answered theirs ; but Age was not so able to struggle with such Fatigues as Youth ; and *Eric* had found all his Endeavours to little Purpose, till forcing some Cordial down his Throat, and chasing his Temples by the Assistance of the two Hermits, he began to groan, and at last to open his Eyes, and give certain Proof, that Life was yet possessed of his Person ; tho' it held there but a frail and weak Empire, and of short Duration without those Comforts, which that naked Beach could not afford him.

The House of *Eric* and *Bertha* was too far off, and no Place so near as the little Cottage of the Hermits, where tho' no extraordinary Accommodation could be had, yet sufficient was assured to give him some Repose, and Refreshment to enable him to advance farther into the Country.

The Men all joined in helping the old Gentlewoman up the Cliffs to a little Hut, where these two venerable Anchorites dwelt, and with much ado accomplished the Work; *Bertha* and *Eugenia* followed after, and the whole Company being entered the Hermitage, a Fire is made, and the old Gentleman placed near it, and his wet Garment removed, while such Covering as could there be got was thrown over him, the young Gentleman and his Lady dried theirs on their Backs, all the while more solicitous for the Recovery of their Father, than any Danger to themselves.

Pain and the Extremity to which he was reduced, had rendered him so pale and disfigured, that his best Acquaintance could scarce know him; yet *Eric* and *Bertha* observed one of the Hermits to eye him very eagerly, and that all the Symptoms of Anger, Indignation and Hatred frequently shewed themselves in his Face. But when by the Heat of the Fire, and the Cordials, he had taken, new Life spread through his Body, and brought his Face to its natural Position, and restored some of that Freshness of Colour, which was so natural to him, he began to speak, and bless the kind Powers above, that had yet preserved him from Death, to see his dear *Eugenia* happy in the Arms of her *Lorn*.

He had not uttered many Words of this Nature, with his Thanks to the Company for their generous Assistance, but the Hermit, that had all along so earnestly eyed him, unable to contain his Rage any longer, burst out into a Fury in this Manner; *Ha! it is he! it is that Villain! that Devil incarnate! that cursed Adviser and Minister to the Tyrant! How just, oh! you heavenly Powers, have you proved yourselves, by bringing this Monster to suffer by my Hands, that Death, which he owes to ten thousand. Look on me, Angus; know Glamis, whom thou hast wronged with thy devilish Advice to the*

Tyrant ; who hast driven me from my native Cline, to waste all my Days in hated Exile from my native Country, a Wanderer, a Stranger to myself, and all the World. Forbear, ye generous English, from affording him any further Assistance ; let him perish like a Dog, by the Hand of Heaven, to which we are impious by our misplaced Charity on the most wicked, and vilest of Men, the Bane, and Destruction of his Country, the Ruin of her ancient Nobles, the Oppressor of his People, the Butcher of the Laws and Liberties of Scotland. Let him perish by the Rage of the Elements, and cast him out of these holy Walls, to die on the Rocks, and become a just Prey to the Beasts of the Field, and the Fowls of the Air, as having forfeited all his Claim to Humanity and Hospitality. Cease, I say, to fix his fluttering Life, unless you would debase my Hand to be his Executioner here before you all.

With these Words he drew out a Dagger, and brandishing it on high, was going to pierce the Thane of Angus (for so was the old Gentleman called) to the Heart. The Company were extremely surprized at this Turn, and at the strange Fury of the Thane of Glamis, who had disguised his Quality and Person, under the peaceful Habit of an Hermit, in so remote a Corner of the World to avoid the bloody Attempts of Macbeth and his Bravoes, who had made several Attempts upon his Life, in the Cities where he had dwelt in the first Years of his Exile.

Fear and Piety threw the beautiful *Eugenia* between her Father and the Blow, and Love soon shot the young Lorn betwixt the Thane and his Mistress, and directed his young nervous Arm to the Hand of the furious Glamis, whence with some Difficulty he wrested the Dagger. Hold, Glamis, said the noble Youth ; let not the Injuries of Fortune make thee fall below thyself, below the Reputation of thy Arms, of thy Honour, and Virtue, by stabbing an old, weak, and dying Gentleman, who, if he has been guilty of many and great Crimes, has on the other Hand past thro' great Repentance, and ought to be suffered to live in his penitent State, to wash off that Guilt with his Tears, which you would punish with his Blood. But assure thyself, noble Glamis, while Lorn has any Blood

in his Veins, thou shalt not come at his Life but through my Heart.

What Prodigy is this, replied the Thane of Glamis, *still full of Rage, what unheard of Baseness in young Lorn, to protect that guilty Head, by which his own Father was treacherously murdered, by whom his Relations are robb'd of their Estates, and those, who could escape the Stab, or Poison, forced to wander in foreign Lands, and live on the Charity of Strangers; it is impossible! Thou canst not have any of the generous Blood of Argyle in thy Veins, always Haters of Tyrants, and of the vile Instruments of their Tyranny, that canst declare thyself the Protector of the most villanous Mignion that ever servily comply'd with, or rather prompted on a royal Murderer to Mischiefs. Is not Angus the very Soul of Macbeth? Does that Usurper do any Thing, contrive the Ruin of any Man, without consulting his infernal Oracle Angus? Oh! Lorn, that bearest thy Father's dear Image in thy Face and Person, bastardize not thyself, nor degenerate from that noble Line and Principle, which has been so illustrious for Virtue and Honour.*

"If I cannot justify my Honour, replied young Lorn, *"and yet guard the Life of the Father of my dear Eugenia, I will offer both his and mine to the Severity of your Justice. But be you first a Judge, lay aside your Passion, which never attends an equitable Ear, and hear me plead with Impartiality the Cause I espouse."*

Eric and the real Hermit join in appeasing of Glamis, while Eric informed him that as he was a Magistrate of those Parts, so he could not suffer any of those private Revenges, which are not justifiable by the Law of this Land; the Hermit urged the Motives of Christianity, which forbid us those terrible Revenges, which proceed from listening to the Dictates of our violent Passions, not our Reason, or the Precepts of our Religion, which ought to be the Guide and Conduct of our Actions.

Glamis could not resist the Onset of so many Persons of Honour and Reputation, but retiring a while into the open Air, he recovered that Calm, which is more worthy a Man of Sense, than a blind Obedience to the

violent Impulse of every Passion ; which tho' sometimes set off with the specious Name of Zeal, never persuades what is just and right.

In the mean Time *Eric* makes all the Haste he could hence, and dispatches Horses and Men to convey the whole Company to his own House, where their Accommodation being better, the *Thane* of *Angus*, the *Thane* of *Lorn*, and the *Thane* of *Glamis*, might be entertained more suitable to their Quality, and present Condition. *Bertha* shewed a particular Care of the young and beautiful *Eugenia*, while the Men found the same from their generous Host, the good *Eric*. But notwithstanding *Glamis* had pacify'd his Wrath at the *Hermit's*, the daily Remembrance of his past and present Sufferings, all which he laid at the Door of the wicked *Angus*, would not permit him to throw off entirely all Thoughts of Revenge, when a more favourable Opportunity should offer.

Angus was now pretty well recovered from the Ill, that he had contracted from the Misfortune of his Shipwreck, and sat up in his Chamber, and received Visits from those of the House, and Neighbourhood, who thought fit to pay him that Complement. But *Glamis* could not so well disguise his Resentment, as to be one of the Number of those, who congratulated his Recovery, when he heartily wish'd him much worse. This was visible to *Eric*, the *Thane* of *Lorn*, and the rest of the Family, who all endeavour'd to inspire another Spirit into him, tho' in vain ; they yet at last prevail'd with him to pay *Angus* a Visit with the rest of the Company. When *Angus* saw the *Thane* of *Glamis* enter his Chamber, he spoke to him in this Manner.

This generous Visit to the Man, I confess, you have but too much Reason to hate, touches me more sensibly, than all that Rage, which you expressed at our first meeting ; for to be angry at Injuries is so very common, that it yields nothing surprizing ; but to find the Person injur'd paying a Visit to the Injurer, is so uncommon, and so noble, as only the Thane of Glamis is capable of doing. However in return, give me leave to extenuate my Guilt as much as I can, and show, that you do me
some

some Injustice, to level all your Anger at me, who have only been guilty by a too blind Obedience to a Master, whom I own it my Shame to have serv'd. My dear Eugenia, I must desire thy Absence, for I am to deliver Things, which I would not have known to thy Goodness, lest it shou'd alarm thy Fears of suffering for my Offences; go retire to the Church, and mediate with Heaven; that while I am confessing my Enormities to Men, my Guilt may be remitted, and my Penitence receiv'd.

Eugenia with Tears in her lovely Eyes retir'd, looking with such Earnestness on young Lorn, as if she by them ask'd him whether he wou'd suffer her to be alone in her Sorrows; but as he was going after her, Angus call'd to him, and desir'd him to stay, since some of his Story wou'd nearly concern him. So, much against his Inclination, the Thane of Lorn suffer'd his dear Eugenia to retire with no other Companion, than her Sorrow to spend her Hours in Prayers and Tears, while he was confin'd to hear a Narration, that might not bring him that Satisfaction, which he desir'd from the Mouth of the Father of her whom he adored. But Bertha wou'd not be stopt, and therefore went after her. The Company being now silently attentive, the Thane of Angus thus began.

The History of Macbeth, and the Thane of Angus.

THERE is a necessity, Gentlemen, (said he) for my greater Justification, and the giving a better Light to my own particular Story, to join a full Account of the Affairs and Actions of *Macbeth*, the present King, or rather Tyrant of Scotland.

You all know, that by Birth he is of the Blood Royal, that he is Master of great Penetration, a Sharpness of Wit, and very lofty Spirit; and I do further believe, that you will agree, that if he had been blest with a greater Moderation and Justice, he had been worthy of that sovereign Command which he obtain'd by Acts not so justifiable by the Rules of common Ho-

nelly. But he was of *Cæsar's* Opinion, that Right itself was to be abandon'd for the Sake of Dominion.

His first Appearance at Court, was in the Beginning of the Reign of *Donald*, or *Duncan* the Seventh; a Prince of too sweet and easie a Disposition to be at the Head of a Government so difficult to manage, as that of *Scotland* has always prov'd to be. His Person was tall, and exactly proportion'd, a masculine Beauty sat enthron'd in his Face, and from his Eyes such a haughty and commanding Spirit shone out, as discover'd a Challenge of sovereign Sway. But his Manners were every Way engaging to all he convers'd with, never assuming to himself above his Company; affable and complaisant to all, and openly an Enemy to none. This won him the Hearts of all the Men of the Court, whilst his Person and Address made an easy Way for him to the Hearts of the Ladies.

I had my self been at Court about five Years, just the Years that my Age exceeded that of *Macbeth*. I had no Reason to complain of my Reception with either the Fair or the Great, and my Favour with the King was as much as my Youth, and little Experience in Affairs of Policy cou'd expect. *Macbeth* was now in the Twenty-first Year of his Age, and I in my Twenty-sixth, Rivals in the Fair and Fortune, both amorously inclin'd, and both season'd with a very great Tincture of Ambition; which yet was not come to that robust State, as to stifle all other Passions, which generally is the Effect of Years; but Love chiefly employ'd our Industry; Intrigues with the Ladies took up more of our Time, than Intrigues of State.

Among the Ladies none shone with so universal an Influence, as *Faquenetta* and *Anabella*, Daughters to the Thane of *Broadalbain*, the first Wife to the Thane of *Gaury*, the later Wife to the Thane of *Kyle*, both Men of Power in the Court, but of Years much superior to their Ladies, nor able to satisfy those Fire, that Youth and the Addresses of the gay and gallant are wont to raise in Ladies of their Beauty and Quality, *Faquenetta* had kindled a Flame in my Heart, which I had not Virtue enough to extinguish, without endeavouring

deavouring its Satisfaction, and *Anabella* had made the same Conquest in the Bosom of *Macbeth*. It would be too tedious to tell you the Particulars of the Progress we made in our Amours; let it suffice that by the Assiduity of our Addresses we found no ingrateful Return, and that in a few Months we were as happy as our Passions could desire.

Macbeth had an Assignment one Night with *Anabella*, and for the Security of his Reputation made no Confident of his Intrigue, and so went to the Rendezvous alone. He was waiting the Signal beneath her Garden-Wall, when he heard the Approach of three or four Persons, and hid himself in the Door of the Garden, which was hollow, and deep, hoping they would pass by before the Signal was given, but contrary to his Expectations, they plac'd themselves just by the same Place; when he heard one of the Company speak to the rest; *Watch this Post with all your Care, for it cannot be long ere he come; my Intelligence is certain; and when he comes before you, let him not escape to tell Tales of the Attempt. 'Tis true, he is a Prince of the Blood, but he is my fortunate Rival, and Love despis'd knows no Distinction of Persons; the Reward I have promis'd you shall surely be paid you; keep besides in your Memory the Injury he has done you. Your Places will then be in my Father's Power, and what can't an only Son do with a fond and indulgent Father, in Behalf of such as have oblig'd him in so sensible a Manner?*

The Words were scarce out of his Mouth, but *Macbeth* found they were spoke by the Son of the Thane of *Caithness*, whom he very well knew to be his Rival, not only in *Anabella*, but in his Favour with the King. But what to do in this Strait he cou'd not imagine, or how to make his Party good with three or four Men arm'd with Revenge, as well as with Swords. For he had employ'd in this Office three young Ruffians, whom *Macbeth* had turn'd out of their Posts for Exorbitances, which he cou'd not with Honour see pass unpunish'd. The Charge being given, his Rival withdrew, and the Rogues, with a Design to sit down and wait there, enter'd the Porch where *Macbeth* was conceal'd.

ceal'd. He had just Time to draw his Sword, and leaping out betwixt them, broke through them to the open Street. The Assassins immediately pursu'd him, and confident that he was the Prize that they sought after, all three fell upon him, whilst he retreated fighting with little Hopes of Deliverance from so imminent a Danger.

It was my good or evil Fortune, that Minute to be dismiss'd from the Arms of *Jaquenetta*, whose House join'd to the Garden of her Sister, and coming by found him maintaining a very unequal Fight against three. There had no particular Friendship then past betwixt us, nor any Enmity to forbid any future Endearments. I did not know presently who was the single Person, but the Barbarity of the Assault, determin'd me to his Relief; so drawing my Sword, I plac'd myself by his Side, and bid him not despair since the Villainy of the Aggressors must render them unable to withstand the Force of our Arms. That Moment, as if he had taken fresh Vigour from this Appearance of Relief, he laid one of the three down at his Feet; the other two soon discover'd that they trusted more to their Number, than Courage, and immediately fled away; whom while we were pursuing, the Young *Caithness* comes up with them, and endeavouring to put fresh Valour into the Fugitives, draws to lead them on, cursing their Fear and their Cowardice for flying from an equal Number. When *Macbeth* coming up to him, desiring me to desist, attack'd him himself, and with some Reproaches on his Villainy, soon wounded him so desperately, that he dropt down on the Spot, cursing his Stars, and the partial *Anabella*, that had surrendred her Charms to him, and slighted a Love, that no Man but himself cou'd have for her.

The Rage of *Macbeth* was going to put an End to his Life by another Wound, but I stop't his Hand, and bid him be more generous, than poorly to stab a Wretch that lay at his Mercy; which tho' he did not deserve, yet it was due to his own Character not to do a Thing beneath his Honour and Reputation. So we left him in the Street and directed our Way Home to the Apartment

partment of *Macbeth*; where being arriv'd he found himself wounded slightly in two or three Places. Having therefore sent for a Surgeon, and had his Wounds dress'd, I left him to his Répose. I confess I never found more Sentiments of Gratitude, than all his after Actions discover'd. He courted my Friendship, and drew by Obligations, and a thousand Confidences into a most singular Union and Amity.

Coming to see him the next Morning, he gave me a thousand Caresses, and call'd me his Preserver, assuring me, that all his Life should be spent in returning the Obligation. Our Discourse now turning on the Cause of the last Nights Adventure, he set me down by him, and thus began :

My dear Preserver, said he, you shall now begin to find, that you have oblig'd a Man, that perfectly knows the Duties of Gratitude. For I will confide that to your Knowledge, which no Body in the World yet knows but the charming *Annabella* and myself, unless, as I fear by what I heard the Assassin deliver to his Creatures, she have made some Servant of hers a Confident of. You must therefore understand, that Fortune and my own Assiduity has given me the Happiness of the Favours of *Annabella* the beautiful Wife of the old *Thane* of *Kyle*. I have for some Time been blest with the dear Caresses of that charming Fair, as often as his Business and Absence allows us an Opportunity. But Affairs of this secret Nature are never to be gone through without Hazards and Dangers, which whet the Appetite and heighten the Pleasure. I have met with many besides this last Night, and yet the Inconvenience never rebates the Edge of my Passion, which perhaps on too easy a Possession had been dead before now. But the Husband takes care to give me such Interruptions, that I ever rise from the Banquet of Love with my Stomach not half full.

The *Thane* of *Kyle* last Week was oblig'd to go some Distance from Home; I had Notice of the lucky Minute, and was soon admitted into her Bed-Chamber, where I found her in a perfect Undress, but so adorn'd as might render her most agreeable to her Lover; a thin

loose Robe but ill conceal'd the charming Proportion of her Limbs, and her snowy Bosom was all bare, and discover'd two such beautiful Breasts, as wou'd have tempted an Hermit to have press'd them with his consecrated Hands. They were white, firm and round, and heav'd with an agreeable Motion, that betray'd the soft Desires of her Heart ; on her Face was spread a warm and conscious Blush, her Eyes darted Fire, and her curious Hair hung loosely down her Shoulders, in such Quantity as made her a natural Veil for her Body.

You may imagine this Sight was like Wild-fire in my Blood, and made me immediately throw myself down by her, put aside the thin Garments that deny'd my Eyes the Beauties of her naked Body, and discover such Symmetry, that all the Poets feign of *Venus* cou'd not come up to. I was now scarce got into Possession of this inestimable Treasure, when in the next Room we heard the *Thane's* Voice, which made us start from all our Pleasures into the utmost Confusion. The Danger was pressing, the Moments of Consideration so few, that we concluded of nothing but the worst Events. I was resolv'd to deliver her by the Death of the *Thane*, and therefore drew my Sword, which had he then entred, he had certainly found immediately in his Body ; but some Accident detaining him a few Moments in the Anti-Chamber, she came to herself, and bid me hide myself under the Bed ; that to be sure he cou'd not stay long with her, and that her Reputation wou'd not suffer me to take any such desperate Remedy, which was worse than the Disease, since it cou'd produce nothing but both our undoing.

I immediately comply'd with her Desire, and was now settled in my uneasy Post, and she pretty well compos'd from the Disorder, and plac'd on the Bed, the better to conceal what had been done, when the *Thane* enter'd the Room ; and approaching the Bed, ask'd her what made her in that Undress, and that Place in the Middle of the Day. *Because it is the Middle of the Day*, reply'd she, *when the Heat is so strong, as to make all Cloaths intolerable, and is only fit for lying still, and sleep away the sultry Hours.*

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The *Thane* fate down by her, and his playing with her Bosom, and looking on her Beauties in so tempting a Posture, gave him Desires, which he was resolved not to balk. *Thou art so charming, my Annabella, (said he) that I find a fresh Youth invade all my Veins at the View of thy Person; I must indulge the welcome Vigour, and enjoy the Treasure, that is my own when I am able. Annabella* try'd all Means to put off the odious Enjoyment, which was as disgustful to her, as tormenting to me. She pretended, she was not well, assum'd an ill Humour, struggled, scolded, but all in vain, the old *Thane* by the Authority of a Husband made her submit to his Pleasure, while I lay in a double Rack, both for fear of a Discovery, and to be witness of my Mistresses suffering the Embraces of another, which neither she nor I cou'd prevent.

The Matrimonial Contest being over, and some tasteless Endearments past, the *Thane* retir'd, with Assurance of his Return before the Evening; for her Beauties were so great, that he lost all his Happiness by the Tyranny of his Business, which deny'd him to be always in her Presence, and to dedicate himself entirely to her.

She saw him down Stairs, and mounted his Horse, that she might be sure he was gone, wishing the Beast might so disable him at his Journey's End, that he might not return very soon to interrupt her Pleasures. As soon as she came up, having lock'd all the Doors, she came to me, and bid me enlarge myself from so uneasy a Prison. I soon obey'd her Summons, and with Shame, and Despondence in my Eyes, observ'd no less in hers, which were cast down on the Ground, while her Face was all on a Flame with Blushes at what was past. *Do you not hate me, said she, after what has past. To hate you is impossible, (reply'd I) those Eyes and those Beauties, were made to give Love and not Hatred: I hate the Tyrant thy Husband, and hope he will break his Neck and never may be admitted to rifle those Sweets, that were made for the Blessing of Youth, not to be abused by old Age. I cou'd have wish'd, that his fond Fit had been less successful when I was so nigh. But certainly there was no other Course to get rid of his Impertinence.*

It was the Malice of my Fortune, dear Annabella, and not any Fault of Yours: It was a Check to my Happiness, which else wou'd have made me too satisfy'd in my Condition; but let us keep the Memory of the cursed Accident no longer alive by our Discourse, which I would have utterly forgot. Let us lose no more Time in repeating our Misery, but drown all Thoughts of it in an Ocean of Joy. —

No (said Annabella) *I can't forgive myself, and I will therefore deny myself the Satisfaction of your Embraces, to do Penance for my Folly. But indeed I knew no other Way of delivering both myself and you from his Company. No more, my Charmer (said I) I am satisfy'd with the Necessity of what is past, but cannot be so with a denial of what ought to ensue. Let us therefore to the Bed, and there redeem our Time in Pleasures, better felt than express'd.*

No, said she, *I shall come polluted to your Arms — but I will make a Purgation by Water, as the Ancients us'd to do —* saying these Words, she open'd two folding Doors, which discover'd a neat Bath strow'd with sweet Herbs, and passing in, threw off her Cloaths, and bury'd herself in the liquid Odours. The Sight of this *Venus* set me again on Fire, and speedily undressing me, I rush'd into the Bath and clasp'd her in my Arms. *What new Ways dost thou find, my everlasting Charmer, to vary thy Beauties and my Pleasures!* Having spent a few Moments in this watry Scene, we came out and drying ourselves with the Linnen, that lay ready for that Use, I conducted my *Venus* to the Bed, and throwing off the Silk Counterpain and the Sheet, with which only it was cover'd, we enter'd the soft Lists of Love; where we fought the Battle with that Obstinacy, that we had scarce Time to dress, and I to get away before the old Thane return'd. I was just got out of the Garden-Door, and gone a few Steps when I saw him and his Servant, turning of the Corner of the Street, and making full speed to his House; and I made as much haste as I cou'd to my own Apartment to refresh myself with Food, and Repose after a Journey so long and fatiguing.

Since

Since this I had no Opportunity of seeing *Annabella* again till this Day : But yesterday had a Summons to meet her in the Garden-house when the Thane was asleep, and all the House at their Repose. But how that Assignment came to the Knowledge of young *Caithness* I can't imagine, unless she has told some Servant near her Person, of trusting whom there is indeed some Necessity. Thus you find, my dear Friend (concluded *Macbeth*) that I put a perfect Confidence in you, and let you into the Secrets of my Soul, which no Man alive shou'd partake of but yourself.

I am sensible of the Favour, my Lord, (reply'd I) and I dare believe you will never have Cause to repent your intrusting me with any Thing. But to give you the greater Assurance, I shall return your Favour, with the Account of another of my own with a Lady no less beautiful, as sharing indeed her Beauty in so near a Relation as a Sister. What the charming Jaquenetta the Wife of the Thane of Gaury (interrupted Macbeth?) The same, return'd I. Then our Souls were destin'd to an Intimacy by Sympathy, which drew both our Hearts to the charming two Sisters.

In that indeed we perfectly agree, but my Amour is too calm, and secure to give me those Whets to my Appetite which you enjoy. You know the two Factions that divide the Court, is that of *Caithness*, and that of *Ross*. The Thane of *Gaury*, is wholly in the Interest of the Thane of *Ross*, from whose Interest in the King he promises himself the Establishment of that Greatness he aims at. Ambition is his only Aim, and the important Business that takes up all his Thoughts, to which he sacrifices all Considerations whatever. This makes him so active in engaging all the young Noblemen he can in the Interest of the Faction of *Ross*, adapting his Baits to the Inclination of the Party he wou'd proselyte. Youth is generally sway'd by some Passion and Pleasure, or other, which biasses its Reason, or at least Opinion and Zeal. This Man he entertains with Musick, that with splendid Treats; this with Presents of Horses, that with losing his Money to him at Play. He easily discover'd my Inclinations to his Wife, which gave him more Joy, than Disturbance, since he had now found
a Bribe

a Bribe in his Power to win me from a Party he thought me before too much inclin'd to. He, therefore, invites me to his House, caresses me with all the Tenderness of a Brother, and vows all that is in his Power at my Service.

After Dinner he leaves me with his Wife, and officiously shuts the Door after him. She had her Lesson from her Husband, and immediately attacks my Inclinations for the *Caithness* Faction, urges the Honour and publick Spirit of that of *Ross*. I tell her the Story of my Heart, and assure her that her Will should bias me to which Side she pleased, since her Eyes had obtained an absolute Sway over my Heart, that it was impossible for me to pursue any Course, that she did not direct. That in pleasing her I arrived at my Wishes, and that from that Moment I listed myself in the Catalogue of her Converts, and would receive all my Directions from her.

In short, I urged my Passion with that Eagerness and Address, that I found she had no Aversion to the Story, which had made me hope for the speedy Success that followed. In this Discourse I had drawn pretty near her, being fallen on my Knees with her Hand in mine, on which I sealed all my Vows of Fidelity and Service. From thence I venture to her Lips, and found no Repulse from the eager Advances of Kisses, as warm as my Desires. This gave me Boldness to proceed to greater Liberties, and brought me a nearer Degree to Enjoyment, till she sunk in my Arms, and suffered me to rifle all those Sweets, which merited greater Difficulties to obtain, and yet lessened not their Value by being given so easily.

I retired to my Lodgings, highly satisfied with my Success, and made no Difficulty of entirely surrendering myself to the Party of *Ross*, in which I have continued zealous ever since. The Cause is known only to *Faquetta*, her Husband, you and myself; but Love not Reason, was the Motive of my Conversion; and I look'd on the Parties with so indifferent an Eye, that a much less cogent Argument might have carried me to either Side. For the Strife is not at all for the publick Good,
but

but which shall engross the King, and make all the Preferments their own, and those of their Faction. This Affair has continued some Time; but *Jaquenetta* has the Address artificially to make Obstacles, where really there are none, by that to salve her Husband's Reputation, and heighten my Love. For she always makes our Enjoyments so secret, and with so much Caution, as if she were afraid of her Husband as much as her Sister, tho' whatever she does in this Amour, she does by his Authority.

Having thus made a mutual Confidence, and vow'd a perpetual Friendship, we parted. I went immediately to Court to hear what was become of young *Caithness*; and whether his Wounds had prov'd mortal; or that there was any Hopes of his Recovery. Tho' *Caithness* was not of the Blood Royal, yet he was a powerful Man in his Country, and had still such an Interest in the King, that it would have been hard for *Macbeth*, then not much known at Court, nor very much in the King's Favour, to have escap'd a Disgrace in his first Rise.

When I came to Court I found the Thane of *Caithness* in some Fury, telling his Case to the Chief of his Party, aggravating the Assault on his Son by *Macbeth*, as if he had endeavour'd to assassinate the young *Caithness*, and not he *Macbeth*. He urg'd, that if the Princes of the Blood were permitted such Excesses, none of the Nobility were safe, who shou'd presume to oppose them on the most justifiable Occasions. That all the Quarrel *Macbeth* had to him, was his espousing the Cause of three innocent Gentlemen, whom he had turn'd out of their Places to gratify his Creatures; that one of them had fallen in Defence of his Son, by the Hands of many bold Assassins, headed by that Prince. He urg'd them all to surround the King with one common Complaint, since doubtless it was meant, as an Insult to the whole Party; that the Faction of *Ross* was certainly in the Bottom of the Design, and had put a young hot-headed Prince on an Action, which they durst not engage in themselves.

Just as he had done his Complaint, the King came out of his Apartment, when old *Caithness* falling on his Knees, with Tears in his Eyes demanded Justice for the Loss of his Son, that now lay expiring with the Wounds he had receiv'd from a Band of Russians, headed by *Macbeth*. This was seconded by all the Party, and urged with that Vehemence, that the King was going to order him to be taken up, and committed to Prison till the Event was seen of his Life or Death; when making up to the King I desir'd to be heard, and told them that the *Thane* of *Caithness* had foully aspers'd and bely'd his Kinsman *Macbeth*; that to my Knowledge *Macbeth* was assaulted by three Rogues, employ'd by the Son of the *Thane*, and had only escap'd with his Life, by my accidental passing by and coming to his Rescue; that as we were pursuing two of the Assassins, the third being fallen by the Hand of *Macbeth*, the young *Caithness* stopping the Run-aways, exhorted them to renew their Attack on both of us, which he encouraged by drawing himself, and pushing at *Macbeth*; but the Rogues had not Courage to join him, but flying still faster, *Macbeth* in his own Defence, and with his single Arm had given those Wounds to the Son, which the Father without Cause complain'd of.

The Heads of the Faction of *Ross* being by, took hold of this Opportunity of engaging *Macbeth* in their Party, and with such Vehemence espoused his Cause, that at once provoked the Indignation of old *Caithness*, and brought the King over to their Side. They therefore prevailed with the King to set a Day when *Macbeth* should clear himself, and bring the young *Caithness* to a Tryal for his Assault of one of the Blood-royal of *Scotland*; which being fixed to the tenth Day after the Wounded was recovered, one Side went away with Satisfaction and Triumph; the other with Shame and Indignation, and secret Vows of Revenge, when Opportunity offered.

There was no Body shewed more Zeal in the Cause of *Macbeth*, than *Banquo* another Prince of the Blood, prompted both by a particular Friendship between them, and

and his Apprehensions of the like Danger himself, as frequently having Occasion for going by Night, and alone on Affairs of the same Nature, that had thus exposed *Macbeth* to the Assaults of his Enemies.

The Faction of *Caithness* had frequent Consultations on this troublesome Affair, and the uneasy Condition of their Party, which was very much in the Wain, and every Day losing ground with the King. But he being a very weak Prince, was often won and lost by each Side, as the last Impressions were made on him. The *Thane* of *Caithness* himself was a Man of Skill in publick Affairs, of great Address in Business, and of a generous Temper; but all his Designs were spoiled by his impatient Temper; which was a Weakness so well known to his Enemies, that they frequently made use of it to disturb his Reasoning in Council. The *Thane* of *Ross*, the Head of the contrary Faction was a Man of a very clear Head, cool and sedate in his Debates, and never was observed to be in a Passion in publick in his Life. It was not in the Power of Man to ruffle his Temper, or make him lose that Moderation of Conduct, by which he constantly steered all his Actions. But then he was avaritious, never forgave the least Offence, and sure though late would pay Revenge where he thought it was due. He had no Measure in his Ambition, nor Lust of Wealth, yet he knew whom to let participate of the publick Spoils, and whom to exclude. He knew the Temper of all the Nobility, nor wanted the Arts to wheedle the People into an Opinion of his Honour and Love of the Publick.

This being the Character of the two Heads of the opposite Parties, the Followers had a greater or less Seasoning of either of these Qualities. Those of *Caithness* were generally hot-headed, but generous, those of *Ross* affable, courteous, but rapacious and niggardly. However all managing their Penury with so much Prudence, as to suspend the Hatred of the People by popular Pretences till their Business was done; and then they easily took their *Quietus* to make Room for another of the same Clan to follow their Steps, and enjoy the same

same Benefit. If their Exorbitances lost them the King, and the People for one Year or two, they always had Address enough to wipe out the Odium, and force their Way to the Head of Affairs, and keep their Polls for ten or twelve.

In a Debate of the Heads of the Faction of *Caithness*, it was resolved, that the young Lord should, as soon as able, apply himself to the *Thane* of *Kyle*, and tell him all that he knew of the Intrigue of *Macbeth* with his Wife, and insinuate, that his Wounds, and Disgrace were the Effects of his Zeal for his Honour; by which Means he might revenge himself on the Partiality of the Lady, who had neglected him; and prompt the Jealousy of *Kyle*, to revenge himself on the Man that had done him such Wrong; which being speedily put in Execution, might prevent what he could say against him on his Trial; and lastly, it might bring the *Thane* of *Kyle* over to their Party, when he found the Spoiler of his Honour in the Party of *Ross*.

This rash Resolution was too agreeable to the hot Temper of the Youth for him to delay the putting it in Practice. He therefore sends to the *Thane* of *Kyle*, that he was coming to wait on him, and desired him to stay at Home for him, because his Business was of such Importance to his Honour and Reputation, that it might not be deferred.

The old *Thane* happened to be with his Wife, when this Message was delivered, and returned for an Answer, that he waited him that Hour. *Annabella* was immediately apprehensive, that his Resentment of her Slights, and the Disgrace that *Macbeth* had given him, prompted him to some Mischief against them, but could not conceive how he could have Grounds sufficient to do her any Prejudice, unless the Declaration of his finding *Macbeth* in the Porch of her Garden-door might be thought so; and yet she could not tell how to Account for his watching there, if he had not had some Intelligence of the Assassination. Full of these Thoughts she sends up for her Maid, that was her only Confident in the Amour. She charges her with Treachery, in betray-
ing

ing her Secrets to the young *Caithness*, from whom she expected her immediate Ruin. That it was in vain to deny that this Minute, which she must be called to declare the next, as an Evidence against that Mistress that had confided her Honour and Life to her Fidelity. But that yet it was in her Power to retrieve what she had done unless she was really her secret Enemy; but she should remember, that she could not long enjoy the Benefit of her Treachery, since *Macbeth* would be sure to revenge her Quarrel; whose Interest, and Power every Day encreased, as that of the House of *Caithness* declined, and withered away.

In the midst of this Discourse the Maid was sent for in haste to her Master, so acknowledging her Weakness, unable to resist the Bribes of young *Caithness*, yet she was resolved to turn his Malice on himself, and save her Lady from that Danger into which she had thrown her.

The Maid went to the *Thane* without any seeming Concern; but the Mistress followed after with too much Uneasiness not to be seen in her Countenance; resolving to listen to the Consult, and determine either immediate Flight or Stay as she heard her Cause go.

As soon as the Maid was entered, the young *Caithness* thus address'd himself to her.——*The Discovery you have made to me of your Ladies intrigue with Macbeth, has lain so long on my Conscience, that I could not rest till I had informed my honoured Friend, the Thane of Kyle, of the Treachery of his Wife; an Angel indeed in the Beauties of her Body, and I wish for her Husband's sake, she were no less in Mind and Manners.*

Sir, (reply'd the Maid, without any Change of Countenance, or Fear) *You surely are mad, and know not what you say; or else you take this base ungenerous Method of revenging yourself on me, and my Lady for slighting your Endeavours, at what you now accuse Macbeth of; you are unjust to deny her those Beauties of Mind of which you have made Experience, when she rejected your infamous Suit, though you are young and handsome, and my Lord something in Years.*

thou

Thou Monster of Women! (cry'd out the hot young Man) *is it possible so much Impudence and Guilt can meet in one Person; Did you not let me know of the Affignation the Night I fought with Macbeth? Was he not found in the Porch of your Garden? Had you not my Gold for the Intelligence? True (my Lord) reply'd the Maid, I confess I had Gold of you, and you deserved to lose it without any Effect, since it was meant as a Bribe to my Integrity; and as the Shower of Jove to let you into the Brazen Tower where my Lady was concealed. But, Sir, I presume you cannot boast that I did perform what you desired. I never did admit you, nor ever would, Heaven knows my Heart, any Man living to the Injury of the Honour of my good Lord, or my Lady, being very well assured of the eternal Hatred of both, and immediate Punishment for any such Transgression.*

The Thane of Kyle was almost confounded in the Matter? for he could not imagine, that the young *Caithness* could have so much Folly and Madness as to summon the Maid for a Witness of the Truth of what he had asserted against his Wife, if he really had not been told so by her. But then that Readiness and Unconcern in the Wench, and the Heartiness of her Asseveration would not let him believe, that there was any Thing in the Matter, more than the Jealousy of *Caithness*, or some Misinformataion he had had from her, or some other of his Family on purpose to bubble him of his Gold. At last, Sir, said he, *I would willingly think a Man of Honour spoke Truth, but when I find a Gentleman quitting his Honour in the Accusation of a Lady, I have more Reason to credit my Servant, whose Evidence seems to argue you guilty of a Will, though not a Power of injuring me that very Way, which you would persuade me you abhor in Macbeth.*

This sedate Speech of Kyle provoked young *Caithness* more than the Impudence of the Maid, and made him utter Words that raised the Spirit of old Kyle; who putting it close to him, whether he had ever made any amorous Attempts on *Annabella*? He in a Rage, and by way of Contempt, replied *Yes, and had succeeded as well as others,*

others, had I had but as much slavish Patience to attend. This confirmed the Thane, that his Wife was wrongfully accused, and that all that had been said was the Effect of Revenge for his Disappointment.

In this Dispute the Name of *Annabella* was often mentioned with some Noise; hence she took her *Que* and entered, desiring of her Husband the Reason of that Noise and the frequent mention of her Name. *Do you know this young Gentleman?* said the Thane, *he accuses you—What of Cruelty to his Passion—* interrupted she, *my Lord? I am ashamed that you encourage those by your Friendship, who know no Return, but to affront your Wife with their criminal Love. I know not what he can accuse me of, but the slighting his odious Addresses, and that I hope, my Lord, is no Crime in your Eyes. Enough, my Dear, saith the Thane, I doubt not but thy Virtue is as good Proof against Macbeth, as against him, though he tells me a lame Story of an Intrigue you had with him, of which he was informed by his Maid; but she denies his Assertion, and his Baseness in assassinating Macbeth, and accusing a Lady of Adultery, because she would not commit it with him, and above all, because I know thy chaste Temper and Moderation, I do for ever renounce all Communication with him, and forbid him my House, and will be for ever after an eternal Enemy to him and his. You may therefore now depart in Safety young Gentleman, because you enter'd my House now as a Friend; but Death is your Lot, if from this Moment you set your Feet within it.*

I confess, said young Caithness, I am in the wrong to think that any Man could be believed against so much Beauty; that the conscious Impotence of Age could cease to have the Vanity of believing itself sufficient for so much Youth. But be not too secure, old Lord, Time may discover what that villainous Maid denies me the proof of.

Having said this, he left the House in Confusion and Shame to relate his Success to the Cabal.

Though the Thane of Kyle was satisfy'd in his Wife's Innocence by the Confusion of young *Caithness*, yet, his last Words would never out of his Head. He considered

sidered his Age, and her Youth, and that Consideration gave him a perpetual Alarm, and made him keep a continual Watch over her Actions. But Spies are mercenary, and will not see what they are set to Watch, when the Gallant's Gold flies into their Eyes. This *Macbeth* found true, for the very Creatures of the Husband most promoted his Amour, till too much Security threw them on a Discovery, which if not prevented by the Death of the Thane, might have been fatal to both; to such Hazards does unlawful Love expose its Devotees. *Annabella* had lately took a Fancy when in her Lovers Embraces to barricade the Door of the Anti Chamber, with some Chairs, and at a little Distance she placed some small Stools, with the Fire-shovel and Tongs upon them; perhaps foreseeing what afterwards happened, if not on Purpose to produce the Event which came to pass. One Night, she was in the Arms of *Macbeth*, and the Thane of *Kyle* having Notice of it by some new Spy, not yet discovered, nor in the Enemies Interest, came up a back Way, and taking a Candle in one Hand, and his Sword in the other, he opens the Door of the Anti-chamber, which finding barricado'd in that Manner, so raised his Indignation, that he made his Way in, and going in a Passion, stumbled over one of the little Stools, and bruised himself so much in the Fall, being old and gross, that he lay for dead. This alarms the Lovers; he is hid, she comes out, removes the Tongs, Stools and Chairs, before any one could come; summons the House to his Aid, and gives herself the Air of a Grief, which she ought to have on such an Occasion; for tho' the Thane breath'd, and shewed manifest Signs of Life, yet he neither opened his Eyes nor uttered one Word.

Macbeth was conveyed away in the Hurry, Surgeons sent for, and all Things applied that might do him Good, but having bruised some Part within him, all Applications were in vain, for he expired before the Morning, in the Arms of his Wife, and the Presence of the Family. Tho' *Annabella* was infinitely pleased in her Heart at that Accident, that had not only saved her

Life,

Life, but set her at Liberty to enjoy her Lover at Pleasure, yet she put on that outward Form of Sorrow, which Widows generally use on Occasions of this Nature.

Many Days she paid to this Formality, and soon after the Interment many Nights to Love. But while she could not be satisfied with the frequent Enjoyment of her beloved *Macbeth*, unless he confined himself perpetually to her Arms, he finding no more Difficulties in his Amour, and tired of the intollerable Fondness of his Mistress, grew weary, and cold in her Presence, and often made lame Excuses for his Absence. Till now having cast his Eyes on the Daughter of the Thane of *Ross*, newly arrived at the Court, he perfectly abandoned *Annabella*, in spite of all her Endeavours to retain, or recover his Heart.

This was an Amour of another Nature, and Matrimony only could accomplish his Desires; there was Interest enough in the Match to engage his Prudence, and Honour enough to stir up the Ambition of her Father. *Macbeth*, whose Mind was ever thinking of a nobler Chace than Women-kind, considered that to link himself so fast with the Head of so powerful and popular a Party, would make an easy Way to the Crown, if other Circumstances should ever concur: And the Lady, whose Soul was much fuller of Ambition than Love, fancied her marrying a Prince of the Blood, set her at least some Steps nearer the golden Circle. Both Sides having these Motives, the Match was soon agreed on, and the Day for the Celebration of the Marriage soon fixed.

But now the Trial of the young *Caithness* was push'd on with Vigour, which had all this while been delayed by the Father's Arts, and his Pretence of not being yet recovered. The Matter was plainly proved against him, even by the Villains he employed, who had their Pardon to be Evidences against him. He is convicted, and condemned to Banishment into the Isles during the King's Pleasure; who was now so well guarded and surrounded by the Creatures of *Ross*, that no Application could be made to alter or retard the Sentence. Being therefore

Compelled

compelled to go into Banishment, he was accompanied by all the Party of *Caithness* several Miles from the City, and *Macdonald*, a Man of great Interest in the Isles, went quite to the Place of his Exile, with an Intention to revenge his Cause, not only on *Macbeth*, but the King and the whole Court; as his after Attempts plainly discovered.

In the mean while the Wedding of *Macbeth* is celebrated with great Magnificence, and the Presence of the whole Court, except *Caithness* and his Party, too melancholly, and too much disgusted to be present at a Solemnity, which was so hateful to them, and so prejudicial to their Cause.

Soon after this *Caithness* retired to his Estate in the North, which gave him a formidable Power in those Parts, and with him went the Thane of *Nairn* and *Sutherland*; Men of turbulent Spirits, as well as very potent in those Parts, where we shall leave them till their preparing those Factions, in which they were to fall in the Beginning of the Reign of *Macbeth*.

Macbeth being married, his Lady inspired a new Air into his Face, and Spirit to his Conduct. Amours, that had taken up so much of his Time before, found but little Share in his Leisure Hours afterwards. He applied himself wholly to Business and military Affairs, in which his Progress was so speedy and considerable, that he soon appeared at the Head of an Army, which he made by his Conduct and Valour successful.

Macdonald, whom I mentioned, retiring into the Western Islands with the young *Caithness*, had been so industrious in Mischief, as to stir up the People of those Parts into Rebellion, declaring against the Faction of *Ross*, and the King himself, as the meer Tool of that Party, not free in his Actions, nor at Liberty to do Justice to any, whom the *Rossians* had a Mind to oppress. *Macbeth* and *Bancho* were made Choice of by the Ministry to command the Army against the Rebels. They rendezvoused at *Inverness*, where the Command was thus divided: *Bancho*, with a sufficient Force, marched into *Ross* to the Borders of *Sutherland*, to have an Eye on the *Thanes* of *Caithness* and *Sutherland*, who they had Reason to believe were in the Design, and would join them,

them, if they found the Islanders met with any tolerable Success. But in Appearance they lay still, as not at all concerned in the Affair, either awed by the Neighbourhood of *Bancho*, or their own Distrust of good Fortune.

Their Agents however spread strange Rumours of the Power of the Islanders, and made incredible Stories of their wonderful Exploits, thereby to dispose them to the like Attempt, or at least to discover how strong their Party would be should they join in the Revolt:

Macbeth past over into *Skie*, where all the Rebels were met, and ready to invade the Continent, had he not prevented them by his Speed. *Macdonald* and his Islanders were something disheartened at his Approach, and often consulted of a Retreat; but that was impossible, without a Victory, which they had Cause to despair of. Not but that they were far more numerous than the Army of *Macbeth*, but they were a rude and ill-disciplined Multitude, and ill provided with warlike Stores and Arms, and no News of the Men of *Caithness* and *Sutherland*, who, *Macdonald*, had assured them would join them. *Macbeth* would not give them Leave to recover of their Fears, but immediately fell on them, totally routed their Army, killing vast Numbers on the Spot, and taking all, or most of the rest Prisoners. He then pursued *Macdonald* to a strong Fortrefs, whither he was retired with a Handful of his Followers, that had escaped the Battle. But finding himself unable to hold out, and expecting or desiring no Mercy from *Macbeth*, he fell on his own Sword, expiring the very Moment the Fortrefs surrendered. *Macbeth* was not satisfied with the Execution he had done on himself, but ordered his Head to be struck off on a Scaffold by the Provost Marshal in the Sight of his Army. Nor was he content with this Punishment of the Leader, but contrary to the true Policy of sparing the Multitude, he hung up all the Prisoners he took, which drew the Hatred of all the People on the King, as done by his Order.

Macbeth and *Bancho* return in Triumph to Court, and receive the Compliments of all Degrees, and the Thanks of the King, and the Caresses of their Friends. But

they enjoyed not long the Tranquility, such a great Success promised them. For the domestick Enemy being suppressed, Fate raised them another far more terrible and dangerous. For *Saweno* or *Swane* King of *Norway*, came into the *Firth of Forth* with a very numerous Fleet, aboard which he had a very formidable Army, which he landed in *Fife*.

The King immediately dispatched *Macbeth* to draw together all the Force he could in the East, while he and *Bancho* made a Stand with what he could in Haste gather together; and being too confident in his Men, ventured, contrary to *Bancho's* Advice, to march against *Saweno*, and endeavour to drive him to his Ships before he had made too firm Footing in his Kingdom, as the *Danes* had done in *England*. He came to a Battle with the *Norwegians*, and was beaten, but not in so disgraceful a Manner, but that he made good his Retreat to *Perth*, there to attend the Arrival of *Macbeth*; who now being come near him, at a Consult betwixt them, advised the King to have Recourse to Stratagems, since he had met with such ill Luck in his Trial of Force. It was therefore proposed by *Macbeth*, that the King should send some Commissioners to *Sweno* to treat of a Peace, and of the Conditions that *Sweno* would be pleased to allow them. That the Commissioners should act so as to give the *Norwegian* Reason to think the King's Case was very desperate, that so he might be the more remiss in his Discipline, and taking it for granted, that his Business was already done, make him negligent of the means of accomplishing it.

These Measures approved, I was by *Macbeth* recommended as a fit Person for managing this Affair. I took Care to discharge my Trust so well as to give full Satisfaction to those that employed me. For by my Address I inspired a Belief, that the King only waited his Terms for an entire Surrender. His first Demand was a sufficient Quantity of Wine and Provision to supply his Army, to be furnished every Day during the Treaty. I desired Leave to send the King Notice of his Demand; which being known to *Macbeth*, he took the Hint, and proposed to the King the poisoning all the Liquor with
a sopore-

a soporiferous Drug, common enough in *Scotland*, and that when the *Norwegian* Army had had their full Dose the *Scots* should fall on them, and make them an easy Prey. This was immediately put in Execution, and Word was returned, that the Supply demanded should be sent into the Camp the next Day, on *Sweno's* Parol; that none that brought it in should suffer any Injury, but be permitted to depart in Security.

The *Norwegians*, after the Fatigue of a long Voyage, and that of a Battle, were too fond of Refreshment, to be at all temperate in such a Plenty of good Liquor, so that they soon threw themselves into the Condition that we desired. And our Army advancing, came Time enough to cut all their Throats, except the King's, and three or four more, who had been more temperate than the rest, who bore off the King, now half asleep with the Potion, and laying him across a Horse, hurried him a Ship-board, scarce able to man one small Vessel with all the Survivors of that fatal Day; the other Ships without Mariners fell foul on each other, and were sunk in the *Firth*.

This Disgrace coming to the Ears of *Canutus*, he sends another great Fleet with Men to revenge the Quarrel of the *Norwegians*, but *Macbeth* and *Bancho* fell on them as soon as landed, and cut most of them to Pieces; the rest make a precipitate Retreat to their Ships, hoist their Sails and away to Sea, having had enough of Attempts on the *Scottish* Coasts.

These terrible Defeats to the *Norwegians* and *Danes*, restored Peace and Security to *Scotland*, so that there being nothing now to fear from abroad, they had the more Leisure to take Advantage of a weak King, and stir up Factions at Home. This Success against domestick and foreign Enemies gave the Faction of *Ross* too much Security to suffer them to observe any Measures of right or wrong. They threw aside their Veil of public Good, and every Man plainly drove at his own Gain, and Advancement to Posts, that might yield him that Profit which he sought.

This Conduct in a little Time bred ill Blood in the People, and a *Rossian* grew more odious than ever one

of *Caithness* had formerly been. The Thanes of *Caithness*, *Sutherland* and *Nairn* had Notice of this State of Affairs, and thought it now Time to return to Court, where the public Grievances made Way for their Re-admission to the Ear of the King, and Administration of the Public. Their Arrival alarmed those of *Ross*, and the Struggle begun with great Fury on both Sides. The public Complaints gave the Advantage to those of *Caithness*, so that they are again received into Favour, and all their Dependants exalted to Places; but that Insolence, which always made them lose the Hearts of the People in a little Time, notwithstanding all the Exorbitances of the Faction of *Ross*, who had the good breeding to pick your Pocket with an humble Bow, and oppress you with all the gay Affability in the World; but those of *Caithness* did it with Insolence and Pride, as if they had a Right to do what they did, and offered you no Injury at all.

During these Bickerings betwixt these Parties, now this, now that being uppermost, *Macbeth* being one Summers Evening in his Garden, beneath a shady Arbour, was lull'd asleep by the chirping of the Birds, and the Murmurs of a tumbling Brook that ran just beneath it. He had not been long asleep, but a Vision appeared to him most surprizing and pleasing; three Women appeared to him with Faces shining with celestial Glory, and Garments like the Beams of the Sun. The first salutes him by the Name of Thane of *Angus*; the second by that of *Murray*; and the third by the Title of King of *Scotland*. I know very well that there is a Story spread abroad since his evil Administration, that he met three Witches in a Forest, who visibly, and by Day-light, gave him those Salutations, but I had it from his own Mouth long before, and take the Dream to be nothing else but the Effect of his perpetual Thoughts how to bring that ambitious Design about, and to which his Lady, whose Soul was nothing but Ambition, pushed him on incessantly.

Notwithstanding the Power of *Caithness*, he found both the Popularity and Nobility so much in the Interest of *Macbeth*, that he smother'd his former Resentment, and

and made it his whole Endeavours to gratify his Ambition, and make him his Friend. By his Interest therefore he was first made Thane of *Angus*, and afterwards Thane of *Murray*. However, *Caithness* put not such Confidence in the Merits of his Services to *Macbeth*, as not to have Spies enow about him to give him a continual Account of all his Designs and Actions.

At this Time you know, Thane of *Glamis*, that there arose a third Faction betwixt both, which grew extreemly popular, because the redressing the Grievances which came from the other two was their Pretence, and I believe the Design of many of them. *Archibald*, Thane of *Argyle*, was one of the Chief of this Party, call'd the *Patriots*; and *Macbeth* foreseeing how advantageous it wou'd be to him to be at the Head of them, soon enter'd himself in their Lists, and by Consequence became their Head. Many of these Gentlemen, especially your noble Father, my dear *Lorn*, mov'd with a generous Love and Compassion for their Country, torn to Pieces by Factions (for let which Side soever be uppermost, *Scotland* was sure to be a Prey) began to consider how to put an End to a Mischief, that if not quickly prevented must prove the Destruction of their Country. They found the King of so fickle and weak a Temper, that he had lost his Reputation and Esteem with the Nobility and People; and show'd so little Resolution, that his Declarations never carry'd with them any Authority. The Evils were too great for *Duncan* to redress; they wanted a Man of Spirit, Bravery and Resolution to over-awe and quash all the Parties, that had got too great Head for the Safety of *Scotland*.

It was no new thing with us to remove one King, and set up another, as we have judg'd it conducive to the publick Good; and Mankind indeed seems to have a Right of doing this on just Occasions. So that finding no Hopes of Remedy from *Duncan*, or his Family, they concluded to bestow the Crown on *Macbeth*, who was a Man of those Parts, that were requisite to so great a Worth, in so difficult a Time.

Caithness had some blind Intelligence of their Design, at least had such Account of their Consultations, as comparing it with their Actions, he concluded that they aim'd at dethroning of *Duncan*, and setting up *Macbeth* or *Bancho*, or some other Relation of the Crown. He signify'd his Fears to the King, but the Patriots were too powerful to be attack'd by open Force, and therefore *Caithness* advis'd the King, that since the Government of *Cumberland* was the first Step to the Throne, he shou'd cut off their Hopes that Way by immediately declaring his Son *Malcolm* Governor of that Province, tho' a Child. The King had but two Sons by his Wife, the Daughter of *Sibert*, Duke of *Northumberland*; this *Malcolm* was the Eldest, and *Donald* or *Duncan*, the Youngest, neither of them capable by their Years of a Post of that Importance and Dignity.

This Step gave such an Alarm to the Patriots, that they were forc'd to have several Consultations about it. Some wou'd not take the least irregular Measures for obtaining the greatest Good; but those were but half Patriots; while those who were resolv'd to put an End to the publick Miseries, were resolved to push on their Delivery by deposing of *Duncan*, and setting up of *Macbeth* or *Bancho*, who was also thought on, tho' not furnish'd with many Votes in the Cabal.

In the mean time *Macbeth* grew uneasy at these Delays, ev'ry Day express'd a greater and nearer Kindness for *Bancho*, till having perswaded him to a Belief, that the Crown might be his if *Duncan* were remov'd; or if it shou'd fall to *Macbeth* by Plurality of Voices, yet as he had no Children, nor likely to have any, *Bancho* wou'd by his Heir and Successor, either in his own Person, or in his Offspring. At the same Time he put me on to persuade *Bancho*, that the Way to make the greater Interest with the Patriots, was to be before-hand with *Macbeth* in the Dispatch of the King; for as long as he was alive the Cabal would be very dilatory in their Resolves. I perswaded *Macbeth* in the mean time to leave the Dispatch of the King wholly to *Bancho*, who wou'd get the Odium of that Action, the

the Benefit of which would be altogether his. He seemed to allow of my Reasons: But whether push'd on by his Lady, or his own Impatience of expecting that golden Round, which already he fancy'd on his Brow, he sent a Party of Men, who joining *Bancho's*, and meeting the King on the Road to *Innerness*, fell on him from their Ambush, and having left him and some of his Train dead, separated without any Pursuit, so odious was the King grown to the People.

The News of the King's Death arriving, the Nobility assembled at *Scone*, whither *Macbeth* and *Bancho* came with the first, both in Mourning for his Majesty, and showing in their Faces no little Concern. However they were neither of them remiss in the making their Interest, tho' it is said, that *Bancho* made all his for *Macbeth*, and only set up for a Candidate to prevent any other. However that was, it is plain, that *Macbeth* carry'd the Point by a very great Majority; and was very speedily crown'd King at *Scone*.

Malcolm and *Donald*, the Children of the unfortunate *Duncan*, fled away immediately, *Malcolm* for *Cumberland* his Government, and *Donald* to the *Islands*.

Did I in this, O *Glamis*! more than you, and the rest of the Patriots, who join'd in the Delivery of our Country from the Oppressions of Factions! Did not *Macbeth* answer the End for which he was set upon the Throne? Did he not keep his Word with the Nobility? It was by my Advice, that the first Years of his Reign were so eminent for Justice and good Policy, that few Kings have excell'd him. *Seneca* cou'd not restrain the Nature of *Nero* above five Years; I did in great Measure that of *Macbeth* for ten. Wou'd you accuse *Seneca* for the Evils that *Nero* did after he had deserted his Counsel? That wou'd be Injustice.

But I confess, that I did not suffer, like *Seneca*, for a Zeal for the Publick. I confess my Weakness, I did not oppose the wild and barbarous Will of my Prince, and my Friend, with that Warmth, that I ought to have done. I have had, I own, more Regard to the Advantage of his Friendship, than to that publick Good,

which set him on the Throne. But then I knew all Endeavours that Way had been to no Purpose, and cou'd only produce my Ruin without any Advantage to the Publick, as will appear when I come to an Account of his last seven Years; and then I hope you will see that tho' my Favour with *Macbeth*, made me obnoxious to the Malecontents, yet that I turn'd that Favour to the Service of some when it was any Way in my Power.

When he was got on the Throne he endeavour'd to fix himself by frequent and signal Honours done the Nobility, and Gifts which were answerable to their Services to him and the Publick. He charm'd the People by a due Administration of Justice, which the late Reign had deprived them of the Benefit of, and a real Severity which soon reclaimed the wild Multitude from their irregular Ways. The Remissness of the Government under *Duncan*, had given Rise to Robbers, and High-way-men to that Degree, that People lived as if there were perpetual Incurfions of an Enemy in the Country; no Man being safe on the Road, or so much indeed as in his House or Castle; whole Bands of them surrounding, nay openly besieging them in the Day-time.

This was an Evil as bad as War, and therefore to be removed by a Prince of any common Prudence. But these Robbers were grown so numerous, that to attack them by plain Force might prove the Work of Time, and the Loss of the Lives of many good Subjects. *Macbeth* therefore laid a Stratagem to do it all at once. His Money easily found Admission among the Sons of Rapine, and corrupted some to betray the rest. It was given out that there was a great Cargo of Treasure coming out of the North; but defended by a numerous Guard; the Creatures of *Macbeth* persuaded the Attempt with all their whole Force, as it passed through the *Blair of Athol*, by that Means not only to enrich themselves, but even disable the King in his Endeavours of their Suppression, Money being the Nerves of War.

Macbeth had taken Care to disperse his Army on several Sides of the *Blair*, with Orders all to march together

ther on such a Signal given. The Bait was come into the Plain, the Thieves engaged with the Guard, whence the King's Forces advanced on every Side, and hem'd in the Robbers; so that the greater Part surrendered at Discretion, and the Obstinate were soon cut to Pieces, and so put an End to that Plague of the Country, which had reigned a long while. This gave the new King no small Reputation among the People, while by his Benefit, they find they could now safely sit under their own Vines, and enjoy the Fruit of their own Labours, without having it ravished from them by such lawless Outrages.

But there still remained the grand Evil, which had been the Source of the former; and that was the Factions of *Ross* and *Caithness*, who now began to struggle who should engross the Ear of the new King; each pretending the Merit of seating him on the Throne. But *Macbeth* was not a Man to be under Tutelage, and therefore naturally hated both Parties, and resolved on their Extirpation. He declared there should be an End of all Parties, for no Man should have Favour from the Crown, but by his own particular Desert, and those be entirely rejected who distinguished themselves by the Names of either Faction. Nor was his Declaration like those of *Duncan*, meer Words without Meaning, for he punctually observed whatever he had determined.

This put both Parties into a Rage, and that so extraordinary, that they both joined together, with a Resolution to set up young *Malcolm*, or if he refused it, any one else whom they could manage better than they found they could *Macbeth*: To this Purpose the Thane of *Ross*, *Caithness*, *Sutherland* and *Nairn* retired to the Country, and there, according to their turbulent Nature, set all in a Flame. Loyalty to the true Heir of the Crown was their Pretence, and the putting an End to the Scandal of an Usurpation, which must end in the Ruin of the Nobility.

These Pretences drew in some, but the Love of fishing in a troubled Stream, many more, who had been too long used to Rapine to be pleased with a legal Establishment, where Right only was to prevail, and Oppression

pression to be destroyed. The Thanes were Men of great Estates, and had a numerous Vassalage that depended upon them, which enabled them to bring into the Field a formidable Power. But *Macbeth* was not remiss and idle in this Conjunction, but mustering up a Force sufficient to curb the Rebels, making the Thane of *Argyle*, Lieutenant General under himself, marched directly to the Foe. The Leaders of the Enemy were a little surprised at the Readiness of the King, and so resolved not to delay a Moment falling on him, for fear that their Party should by his Stratagems and Endeavours fall from them, and their unjustifiable Undertaking. They march therefore to seek out the King's Forces, which yet were not all joined. The Thane of *Argyle* was advanced a Days March before the grand Army with about four thousand Men, Horse and Foot, but on receiving Advice of the Enemies Approach, he made Halt for the King to come up to him. But before they could join, the Faction fell on him; but he maintained his Ground so well, that they gave no Way till the main Body joined, and with that united Force soon put an End to the Debate. A miserable Carnage ensued, the *Thanes* were all taken Prisoners, and carried to *Scone*, and the common People, by my Advice, much better spared than they were in the Isle of *Skie*.

Macbeth and his Friends returned in Triumph, having perfectly settled the Country, where these Commotions had been. And now the Debate came on what should be done to the Ring-leaders of all these Disturbances. Perpetual Imprisonment was the general Censure; and few of the Lords of his Council were for putting so many Noblemen to a capital Punishment. This Advice did not then relish the Opinion of the King; and much less when he had consulted the Queen, who was always for violent Courses, and now warmly declared for the Execution of them all, tho' her own Brother, the Thane of *Ross*, was of that Number. However, I believe, myself, the Thane of *Argyle*, and you, my Lord *Glamis*, had prevailed, had not, at that very Moment, News come of the rising of *Macgild*, the most powerful Person of *Galloway*. This put an End to the Dispute,

pute, and immediate Orders were given for the beheading the Thane of *Ross, Caithness, Sutherland* and *Nairn*. This Execution was scarce over when the King drew his Forces down to *Galloway*, and after many Skirmishes, in which he generally was worsted, he came to an Engagement with the main Army of *Macgild*, and gave him a compleat Overthrow, and took him Prisoner; and not staying for any formal Trial, by Law of Arms commanded his Head to be struck off on the Spot.

By his Success, and this Severity, he quashed all the turbulent Spirits of the Time, and established that Peace, which at first he improved by making many good and wholesome Laws, and those indeed more numerous, and more useful than any Prince before him.

By these Arts, and this Conduct he fixed himself in the Love of the Nobility and People; and *Scotland* for some Years enjoyed that happy Tranquility, it had not tasted in many Years before.

All Obstacles being removed, which kept awake the stirring Temper of *Macbeth*; he began to give Way to that amorous Inclination, which Hurry, and Ambition, and Business had a long while lulled asleep. The Queen was a Woman, that took so little Delight in the Conjugal Embraces, that she had an utter Aversion to Man in that Particular; and the better to engross her principal Delight, the governing of the Nation, she took Care to amuse her Husband with the Chace of some Ladies of the Court, while she drew the Dispatch of all Affairs of State into her own Hands.

As she was ambitious, so she was extreamly jealous of her Power, and mortally hated any one that could give her the least Cause of Suspicion. She remembered that *Bancho* had appeared a Competitor with her Husband, and had for that Reason a vigilant Eye over him. Her Spies had told her that some Gypsies had assured *Bancho*, on enquiring his Fortune, that his Posterity should be Kings of *Scotland*, and keep Possession of the Throne, as long as the Nation remained. This, tho' an idle Story, was sufficient to alarm a Woman of her Temper, who, from that Time, was contriving how she should engage the King to take him off, and his only Son

Fleans

Fleans, which would be an effectual Defeat of the Prophecy. She was apprehensive that the Story of the Gypsies would scarce be of Force enough to raise a Jealousy in *Macbeth*, a Man of whose Fidelity and Friendship he had had such Experience. Her only Way therefore was to make a Breach betwixt them, which would make Way for those Insinuations she had a Mind to make to his Prejudice. After much Study, Accident furnished the Means. About this Time came to Court a beautiful young Lady, that was half-Sister to *Bancho*, tho' of as few Years as his own Son *Fleans*. She was committed to the Care of her Brother, and his Wife, who was very intimate with the Queen. This young Lady by her was brought to kiss the Queen's Hand, and offer her Service. The Queen praised her Beauty, and having heard who she was, immediately resolved to make her the Engine of her Design. She was very sensible of the amorous Temper of *Macbeth*, and was so well pleased with it, that she always indulged, nor ever gave him any Interruption of his Amours; but on the contrary, if they depended on her, perpetually promoted them, since so long as the King minded his Pleasures, she enjoyed hers of the chief Administration.

The first Opportunity she had alone with the King, she took Care to serve him with such a Description of this young Lady, that could not fail of the desired Effect. When she had done thus, she took Care to shew her to the best Advantage, so that by her Beauty, and her Conversation, which was sprightly, she made an entire Conquest of the Heart of *Macbeth*. His other Amours were nothing but Games of Pleasure; containing nothing difficult, few Ladies thinking it any Wrong to their Virtue, to take a King to their Arms. But *Inetta* (for that was her Name) had brought that Modesty, and Principle to Court that could not easily be corrupted. She was about nineteen Years of Age, and had so noble an Education, that she might justly be reckoned among the learned Women. She was, besides, in her Temper more inclinable to Ambition than Love; and tho' she would not have been displeased to have been the

the Wife of *Macbeth*, yet she could not think it agreeable to her Greatness, to be his Whore.

The King made some little Advances to try her sometimes, but soon found her of a different Relish from the rest of the Court Ladies; which made him still more in Love, and desirous of vanquishing a Difficulty, he had not yet met with in all his amorous Affairs. The Queen was pleased to see her Plot take so well, but was unsatisfied that the King's Desires were not more violent. She therefore told him that she would please him with a Sight, that would give him a great deal of Pleasure, if he could bear it with any Moderation. She said she was sensible of his Inclinations for *Inetta*, and that she approved them, as worthily placed, but that it did not become a King to suffer a Repulse from the Pride of a foolish Girl, so long as he had Power and Force to accomplish his Wishes. *Inetta*, said she, *you have seen yet but by Halves; over the Door of the Bath you know there is a little Inlet of Light, whence you may see all her Perfections of Person undiscovered, and then you will be convinced that she is a Prize worth the taking. This Morning I intend to take her in with me, be you at your Post at the Hour.*

The King was transported at the Thought, and the Queen was as good as her Word, *Inetta* innocently appearing to the View of the King as naked as she was born. I have heard him in Raptures give a Description of her Form, and a good Painter might take a *Venus* from the Draught he gave of her. If he was in Love before, he was now almost raving; Company was disgustful to him, and I only was admitted to the Secret of his Disturbance. I assure you, my Lords, I did what lay in my Power to divert him from a Course that must be so injurious to his Reputation and Interest; but I might as well have preached to the Winds, Love had engrossed him, and nothing but the Satisfaction of his Desires could give him any Temper. This being evident, and loving the Man more than the King, I advised him to try fair Means; that few Women could withstand Opportunity, and the Charms of Royalty in their Adorer. That Assiduity might do much, while
Force

Force gave but half Enjoyment, and expos'd him to the Revenge of *Bancho*, who being of the Blood, and a Man of high Spirit, would take no Attonement for such a Dishonour.

Macbeth seem'd satisfied with my Advice; and finding *Inetta* alone, fell into Discourse with her. The Queen very decently leaves the Chamber, as on some sudden Business, while they were very earnest in some Dispute. For she with some Heat defended the Honour of Woman, which he maintained to be only a useful Word to cover her Pleasures. But the Queen being gone, the King taking hold of her Hand fell down on his Knees by her, and casting his Eyes full of Love, and burning Desire on *Inetta*, thus delivered himself to her. —

Alas, most charming of thy Sex, dost thou know that those Eyes of thine have made thy King the most miserable Wretch in the World. Yes, Inetta, I love you, and love you beyond myself, for my Life must quickly terminate, unless you will give me Leave to hope, that I shall not always sigh in vain.

At that he clasped her Hand hard, and pressed it with ardent Kisses, thence rose to her Lips, and amidst a thousand Struggles ravished as many Kisses, without giving her Leave to speak one Word. But disingaging herself from him, she was running out of the Room, but that the Queen immediately entered, and seeing his Confusion, ask'd him what was the Matter. *Nothing, my Dear,* reply'd the King, *but that I have been robbing the fine Lips of Inetta of some Kisses, which she had no Mind to part with to me. She thinks me too old for such Favours. Inetta, return'd the Queen, is but a young Courtier; else she would not think the Kisses of a King could be disgustful; especially when so innocent as yours, my Lord; a little platonic Love any Lady might allow a King without Injury to her Honour. All other Love, assumed Macbeth, is your Due, my Queen; but that is what I am confident you will not deny me, nor Inetta refuse so harmless an Amusement.*

I do not love to play with a Flame (said Inetta) which tho' perhaps in itself innocent, will not be look'd on so by Beholders. The King's platonic Addresses I shall

not presume to censure; yet I must have that Regard to my own Reputation as to retire from the Court, unless I can be assur'd of being free from them. The Honour I have of being related to the King, ought to inspire me with a Caution of doing nothing derogatory to my high Blood. And if I admit the Love of a King, it shall be of one, that can make me a Queen.

The Queen applauded her Resolution, but was shock'd with the Conclusion of her Discourse, least the Fire she had rais'd shou'd turn to her Ruin; for what might not a Man do so desperately in Love, to enjoy the Person he lov'd on any Terms; she therefore resolv'd to get a speedy Enjoyment for the King, tho' she acted a Part in the Play, which did not at all become her. She advis'd the King to have a few Days Patience, and she wou'd find a Way of satisfying his Desires in Spight of the froward Virgin's Aversion.

In the mean Time the King was extremely pensive and melancholy, nothing could please him or give him any Mirth. *Bancho* and he were together in the Palace Garden; and after some Time *Bancho* press'd him hard to know the Cause of his Melancholy; the King wou'd by no Means be brought to declare it; till by his Importunity wore out, he ask'd him, what he would do to remove it, when he knew the Cause. *Bancho* little suspecting what was to come, assur'd him, that if his very Life wou'd restore him to his usual Temper he shou'd command it. Well then, my Friend *Bancho*, (said the King) you must know, that it is in your Power alone to give me that Relief, which you now seem so zealous to bestow upon me; nor is it so dear as to cost you your Life, it may be so done at a much cheaper Rate; tho' I fear so dear, that you will scarce be so good as your Word. *Bancho* still not reflecting on the true Cause, was prodigal in his Assurances, nor wou'd desist till *Macbeth* had declar'd the whole Matter to him.

I have a strange Confidence in your Friendship and Love (reply'd the King,) nothing else cou'd wrest the Secret from me. Know therefore, that I am in Love, and in Love with your Sister, and must perish if I do not enjoy her. *Bancho* was quite astonish'd at this Discovery, and for some Moments utter'd not a Word. At last. —

I must

I must confess (said he) I little thought the Thunder would fall there. I cou'd willingly sacrifice my Life to your Repose, but not my Honour; you wou'd not have me prostitute a Virgin of my own Blood to your Lust, you have not so mean an Opinion of my Virtue. Bancho (said the King) I know thy Virtue in the Pursuit of Womankind. What Tyes of Religion or Honour didst thou ever observe in those Affairs? Your Language us'd to be that Woman dissolv'd all other Considerations, yet now you prefer that Trifle to the Life of your King and your Friend.

I grant (reply'd Bancho) that I have been a Latitudinarian in Love, but now it touches myself, I find my Error; yet I was never so unreasonable, as to desire the Brother to pimp for me to his Sister; nay, I always took care to conceal my Intentions from all, whose Interest it was to prevent my Pleasure, and I know no Friendship or Duty that compels me to so vile an Office.

Now had my Case been what I pretended (said the King) I find I should have found no Complaisance to any Folly in you. But to tell you the Truth, that which chiefly troubles me is, that I have no Children to whom I may convey this Dignity I have gain'd; and that the People are always uneasy about a Successor in a barren Reign. How, therefore, to prevent this has puzzl'd me a long Time; and I cannot yet tell what Course to take in the Matter. I have had Thoughts of putting some other into my Bed to supply my Place, perhaps Change might accomplish what my constant Toil cannot effect. But then, whom to choose as much confounds me; it must be a Friend, or he is not to be trusted in an Affair of that Importance. And such a Friend I have not unless you wou'd comply with my Desire; for with you it might prove effectual and secret, with another perhaps neither.

Bancho was as much surpriz'd at this Proposal as the former, nor cou'd tell what to say to the King, who spoke in so serious an Air to him. My Lord (said he) you seem to amuse me with Paradoxes; and the best Way I can interpret them is, that you have a Mind to divert yourself at my Expence; but no Matter if this remove but your Melancholy. The King cou'd not persuade him that he was in earnest; and so putting it off with some other Discourse, they parted. Bancho

Bancho was alarm'd about his Sister, and tho' *Macbeth* had put it off with so lame an Excuse, yet he was affraid, that there was something in it. He therefore examines her nicely, and finds, that the King had told her his Passion, but turn'd it off to the Queen, as a platonick Address. 'Tis therefore resolv'd betwixt them, that she shou'd retire from Court by the first Opportunity, and that without any Notice till the Day of her going.

This Discourse was not so secret, but it was overheard and carry'd to the Queen, who had perpetual Spies about them both. She told it the King, who in Return told her all that had past betwixt him and *Bancho*. Tho' I can't approve of your Proposal to *Bancho* of a Thing of that Nature (said the Queen) who looks on himself as your Heir, and has already given out Prophecies of it; yet if you can pursue the Hint, and work him up to the Undertaking, I will secure him from ever giving you any Trouble; but Care must be taken of young *Eleans* likewise, for my Mind cannot be at rest till the whole Family is remov'd; for till then you are not secure on the Throne. The Night that is effected, I'll take Care you shall be admitted to the Bed of *Inetta*, where you may compleat the Ruin of that odious Family, that will be a perpetual Source of our Fears.

Macbeth pursues the Queen's advice, being really alarmed with an Apprehension of *Bancho*, both in his Love and his Power. He considered, that he would be a perpetual Curb to him, if he should think fit to indulge his Passions, and go a little out of the Way in their Gratification. That he was popular, both among the Nobility and People, and a Man of a daring Spirit, that might easily be wrought on to pursue the same Tract with him, as they both had done with *Duncan*. He found it therefore no ill Policy to begin first and secure himself by destroying him. But he had a further Rage against him, for designing to rob him of his Mistress, by sending away his Sister without any Warning.

He therefore sent for *Bancho* into his Closet, and began the same Discourse he had so lately amused him with, giving him this Assurance, that he had consulted

the Queen, and that she would approve of no other Person; conjured him by Friendship, and all other Motives, to the Performance of so impious a Deed, and so injurious to his own Pretences of succeeding to the Throne. However, *Macbeth* managed the Matter with that Address, that he could not avoid complying, but by telling him it was directly against his Interest that the Queen should have a Child, and that he might reasonably imagine might raise a Jealousy in *Macbeth*, since there are few Princes but are easily wrought into a Suspicion of their Successors. *Bancho* therefore yields to the earnest Entreaties of the King; who promises to carry him to the Bed-chamber himself, and see him in Bed. The Bed is appointed, *Bancho* and his Sister are invited to Supper that Evening; the Queen puts on a more than ordinary Gaity, and the King lays aside that morose Countenance, which had so long usurpt upon him. Musick, Mirth, and Pleasure wasted the Evening, till the Ladies withdrew, and waited on the Queen to Bed; where leaving her, *Inetta* was conducted to her Apartment to be Bed-fellow to one of the Maids of Honour, who was already prepared for the Mischief by both King and Queen.

This Apartment was the most remote from the royal Bed-chamber, on purpose to be out of the Noise, that would soon be in the Palace. *Macbeth* dismissing the Company, conducted *Bancho* to his Lodging, and leaves him there to undress, then comes alone, and conducts him in his Gown to the Queen's Bed-side, where he leaves him, and goes to Bed in a Room not far distant. The Queen lies, as asleep, and admits him into the Bed; but when now he turned himself to her with Kisses and Caresses to perform the Duty he came about, with a Dagger she had prepared, she stab'd him to the Heart, and cry'd out in so violent a Manner, that the Ladies and Guard entered the Chamber, and found *Bancho* in the royal Bed all weltring in his own Gore.

The Queen all in a Fright just got from her Bed in her Night-Gown lets the Company know, that returning from the King's Bed to her own, she was no sooner composed

composed to Rest, but she felt a Man come to Bed to her, and speaking to him as her Husband, he answered nothing, but proceeded to Rudeness; which she resisting, and offering to cry out, he stopt her Mouth, and assured her he was a Lover, that could no longer live without this Happiness, which he was resolved to take by Force, if I immediately wou'd not yield; and that he had his Friends ready to secure his Escape; at which, said she, *I caught this Dagger, which always lies by me in the Night-time, and stuck him to the Heart, as the only Way to secure myself from a Rape so dishonourable to the royal Name.*

Macbeth by this Time, and all the Court were come into the Chamber; he pretends the last Surprize, and could not satisfy himself but that all were mistaken, since his Friendship for *Bancho* could never let such a Thought enter his Bosom. Nay he shed some Tears at his Loss, and ordered his Body to be carry'd into his Apartment till the next Morning, when the Cause should be heard by the whole Council. So he dismiss'd them all, and he and the Queen retired to their Lodgings from whence he came.

Now all was silent, and *Macbeth* takes a Candle and goes to the Lodgings where *Inetta* and the Maid of Honour were in Bed. She told him she had so far prepar'd her, as to give her a Dose, which wou'd not easily be removed by all his Efforts, at least before he had found the Reward of his Labour. Then she retired to a Palet-Bed in the next Room, and *Macbeth* throwing off his Gown enter'd that of the unfortunate *Inetta*. He found her fast asleep, and throwing off the Cloaths, soon attempts his Satisfaction. He had now been sometimes as happy as no Resistance could make him, but unsatisfy'd still with so imperfect a Bliss, he longed for a compleat Enjoyment of what she should be as sensible of as he. So repeating his Pleasure, she at last began to stir, and rouse from her deep and double Sleep, and by his eager Embraces waked in the midst of Fruition. She leapt from his Arms, and cry'd out with all her Force,

Force, but in vain; he pursues her, brings her back to the Bed, tells her she now struggles in vain for what is past Redemption, since the Jewel she valued was already in his Possession; that she now would be only an Enemy to herself to lose that Pleasure she might enjoy without her own Consent. All he said was to no purpose, she avowed her Innocence, vowed Revenge, and absolutely deny'd all Compliance. But the Place and her Condition, compelled her to suffer fresh Violences from him, till satiated with Pleasure, and checked perhaps with some Remorse, and threatening her on any Discovery of what was past, so left her, and returned to the Queen, who was now looking over some Papers, and preparing Matters to improve this Plot of *Bancho*, and with whomsoever she thought might be a Curb on her exorbitant Desires of arbitrary Power.

The Morning came on, the Council is summoned, and the whole Matter laid down before them, with all the heightning Aggravation, that Malice could invent. The Fact was so plain, that the Council was confounded, and could not help condemning the dead *Bancho* to Infamy. But out of a false Mercy, the Queen and the King forgave any Indignity to his Body, which was then honourably interred.

The Noble Thane of *Argyle*, was a Relation of the Mother of *Inetta*, and a Man of that perfect Honour, that she resolved to tell him the Story, and conjectures, that her Brother fell by Treachery. The Thane infinitely surprized and enraged at the Indignity, was resolved on Revenge, and drew into his Party all the honest Patriots, among whom, my Lord *Glamis*, you were one. But the Court Spies soon gave Information of all your Consults, which gave no small Alarm to the King and Queen; to whose Debates I only was admitted. The Queen told him, that there was no Security for him as long as he left one Man of Power in *Scotland*; since they, as often as they thought fit, could advance, and dethrone whom they pleased. That it was plain from this present Conspiracy, that they would never be quiet on every Pretence of Discontent. That he now had an

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Opportunity of ridding his Hands of so many at once, which easily might be accused of Confederacy with *Bancho* in his destin'd Escape, and such Proofs of their present Consultations, as might colour the Execution. I did what I could to mollify her Majesty, but to no purpose, and indeed I did believe that *Macbeth* was not safe if you were not apprehended.

The Orders were immediately issued out, and several taken up, none but yourself, and *Argyle* escaping to your Country Seats. The rest you know were executed after a formal Trial. But *Fleance* got away the Morning he heard of his Father's Murther. Then the young *Lorn* was not far from Home at an Aunts, and so was immediately seized and committed to my Custody, and a Messenger dispatched to his Father, that unless he returned to Court, on the King's Parole for his Safety in answering to his Accusation, his Son should be a Sacrifice to his Absence. The pious Father, to save his Son, returned in a few Days, but was immediately clapt up into Prison. I was deputed to examine him in Prison, and to get what I could out of him, in order to his Procefs.

There had been an old Friendship betwixt us. I told him, that I was sorry to be an Agent in so detestable a Matter, but would do him all the Service I was able. That he must certainly expect to fall in publick or private. That all I could do was to perswade the King to the latter, that then I might have the Means of securing him a Flight, on this Condition, that in return he should confine himself to my Castle in *Ia*, till better Days offered; least should he appear any where else I might suffer in his Room, and so his Son would want my Protection, by which I had hopes of preserving him in my Custody. I returned to the King, told him, I could discover little from his Words but his Belief, that he had ravished *Inetta*, (who was since retired to a Monastery attesting that Truth) and murdered *Bancho*. But I advised him if he thought of putting him to Death, he had best to consider of the best and safest Way. He seemed to me too popular a Man

to be executed publicly, even if he were evidently convicted, since he would certainly declare all he knew of *Inetta*, and his Suspicions of *Bancho's* foul Play. But that he had better order him to be privately killed, and give it out that he had murdered himself; that the Care of the Execution should be mine, if he pleased, and could confide in me.

He was pleased with the Advice, and consulting the Queen, found my Reasons of Force enough with her to bring her to my Opinion; and both agreed, that I was the fittest Man to take Care of the Business; without doubt believing, when I had thus shared their Guilt, I should be the more firm to their Designs.

I had a Servant I could confide in; and disguising the Thane, I committed him to his Charge, to convey to *Ila*, while taking a Malefactor in the Prison, I ordered his Throat to be cut, and his Face extreemly mangled. He was much of the Size of the Thane, and so easily deceived the King when he came to see him in that Condition. He ordered him private Burial, and gave it out, that in Despair he had cut his own Throat. But, my dearest *Lorn*, thy Father is yet alive, and if you can dispatch a Ship to *Ila*, I will give you such a Token as shall bring him safe to you.

I pardon all thy Roguery, interrupted the Thane of Glamis, *for this one only good Deed in preserving the most noble and bravest Man in Scotland. Why would you conceal this Happiness so long, pursued Lorn, from me, whom it so much concerned. How would my Love for Eugenia have exceeded all Measure, had I known that I had ow'd my Father's Life to you, as well as my own.*

I must tell you, my dear Youth, I did not think fit to tell any one of it; my Wife never knew it to her Death, nor was my Daughter admitted to a Secret on which my Life and Safety depended. But to proceed in my Story——This Action so engaged the Tyrant, for so he was now become, that he declared me Thane of *Angus*, a Title till then seldom seen out of the Royal Blood. I easily afterwards perswaded him to give the young *Lorn* to me, that being bred up under my Direction,

tion, I might secure him a Friend of a Man of such Power. That however, I could have a watchful Eye over him, that he made not his Escape. I prevailed as far as I could hope from his Jealousy, which was that he should remain my Prisoner confined to my House, and that if ever he was seen without the Bounds of that, I should forfeit his Favour, and *Lorn* his Life.

This obliged me to a strict Observance of your Confinement; but whether I used you well, allowing for that, or omitted any Thing to render your Captivity easy, I appeal to yourself. *Lorn* having assured the Company of his Usage, the Thane of *Angus* pursued his Discourse in this Manner.

On these barbarous Murthers all the Nobility forsook the Court, and left it to a Band of Cut-throats, and Sy-cophants, who were pliant to all their Prince's Desires, and who instead of softning his wild Temper, rather prompted him to more Mischief, because they reaped the Benefit of his Villanies. This Retreat of the Nobility added Fuel to his Fire, and made him seek all Occasions of putting his Wife's Advice in Execution, by destroying the Nobles on any Pretence, and confiscating their Estates, which went to the maintaining that Band of Debauchees about him, whom he called his Guard. As they were the Instruments of his Lust, and bloody Murthers, so he indulged them in all they thought good to do. I shall only give one Instance of their Impunity.

There was Gentleman of the *Highlands*, whose Name was *Macleane*, who had a very beautiful Wife, with whom he lived in perfect Agreement and all Happiness of a marry'd State. He was bless'd with several Children by her, though then they were all extreamly young. There was in this Band of Rogues, on the King's Guard, a Fellow of mighty Esteem with the King, and always employ'd in his secret Murders. He had by Chance seen the Wife of *Macleane*, as he rid by the Castle, and conceived such a Desire of enjoying her, that he with a small Party of his Comrades, goes in the Night, surrounds the House, sets Fire to some Part of

it, and enters the other. The poor Lady was awake, and waked her Husband, and fearing it was some deadly Engines of the King, to destroy him, because of some Power he had in those Parts, lets him down the Privy to make his Escape, knowing herself and Children secure.

Maclean was no sooner thus disposed of, but they enter the Room, bear away the Wife, and Children, and leave the House on Fire. Having gotten her now some Miles from her House, they retreat to a Confederate's Lodge in a Park; and there in spite of all the poor Ladies Prayers, Tears, and Struglings, ravished her in the Presence, and by the Help of his Comrades, threatening unless she consented, that they would murder her Children before her. The poor Lady swoon'd away, and in that Agony of Life and Death the Villain obtained his Desires. Not satisfy'd with this, each assisted the other, till all had abused the unfortunate Gentlewoman; whom with her Children they left the next Day in the Neighbourhood, at a poor Cottage; to whom being known, she found all the Assistance the Place afforded. The poor Man went up to her Castle, found most of it burnt, and *Maclean* in Despair for his Wife and Children, who returned to Life at the mention of her being at his Cottage; He saddles his Horses, and fetches her home, learns all that had past, and the poor Lady, breaking her Heart for the unparallell'd Misfortune, dy'd in a Day or two.

Maclean comes to Court, makes his Complaint to the King, is kept in Suspence, till the Matter is examined; and the Villain having owned it, let him know, that *Maclean* was a Man of Power, and disaffected, and that what they did was in Revenge of some saucy Words he had uttered against the Honour of his Majesty. Thus he was so far from Redress, that he was clapt up into Prison, and there secretly murdered.

This one Example is sufficient to shew you what Counsel he was governed by, and how little the best Advice would prevail on him. I was glad to keep myself secure, and in a Post that might sometimes give me an Opportunity

portunity of doing good to some of my Countrymen. But the People, that see not the secret Hinges of public Transactions, lay all on the Minister, when it is the pure Effect of the Prince's Obstinacy, or wicked Inclinations.

This Course of Murder, and Oppression, instead of delivering *Macbeth* from his Fears, only increased them. For now he was afraid to live in any City; and therefore looks out for a Spot of Ground to build a Castle on, that should not be accessible to any of his Enemies. This was the Occasion of his building *Dunfinane*, on the Top of a Hill, difficult of Access, and as strongly fortify'd, as the Place wou'd admit.

But in the Building this Place of Security he took Care to play the Tyrant, and force every Thane of the Kingdom to contribute to the Edifice; and in their turns oversee the Work.

Mackduff, Thane of *Fife*, was a powerful Man, and therefore odious to the Court: On him therefore, for his pretended Negligence in his Contribution to, and over-seeing this Work, the King began to show his Resentment. But he was taught by what had happened to others, betimes to make his Escape for *England*. Yet the Emissaries of the Tyrant were so dexterous and quick, that he was forced to fly in a little Boat, and leave all his Affairs to the Management of his Wife, who, being both a prudent Woman, and related to *Macbeth*, he thought secure from his Cruelty. But when her Husband's Flight was talked of, the King made haste with some Troops to his Estate to seize his Person, and plunder his Demesns. But finding, that the Bird was flown, he enters his Castle, and seizes his Wife and Children. The Lady *Mackduff* applies herself in so moving a Manner for his Mercy, and pleads so earnestly and piously for her Husband, as would have moved any Creature less monstrous to Compassion. But all she moved in him was yet more Cruelty, in a lustful Resolve, of first satisfying his Appetite in her Arms, and then to murder her and her Family. He apply'd himself gently, and told her, that the only way for her to

save her Husband and Children, was to yield to his Embraces, and that without much Delay.

She urged, that he was admitted to the Castle as her King, her Relation, and her Friend; that she hoped he would not be guilty of so unroyal a Vice, as to abuse her Hospitality: That though she valued her her Husband and Children much, yet she prefer'd her Honour and Virtue to both. The Tyrant laughing at her naming Honour and Virtue, commanded her to be bound, and while he was satisfying his abominable Lust, ordered her Children to be murdered, and next herself, in that Excess of Cruelty, less cruel, than if he had suffered her to live after such a Disgrace. He immediately proclaims him a Traytor, forbids him Shelter, and all Correspondence with any Native of *Scotland*.

The Castle of *Dunfinane* was now finished, and fitted up for his Reception, and I and my Family commanded to accompany him to his Retreat. He had never before seen my Daughter, or the gentle young *Lorn*; who now was a more close Prisoner than I could wish, but still under my Direction and Guardianship. During his Abode at my House, there arose singular Love and Friendship betwixt *Eugenia* and him, not without my Approbation, never desiring to bestow her better, than on so illustrious a Youth; but here that Correspondence was forced to be concealed, lest the Tyrant should fear something from their Union, to himself: And all their Meetings were to be as private as possible.

The King, that set no Bounds to his Inclinations, took fire at my Daughter's Beauty, and made several Attempts on her Virtue: Which she still resisting, not doubting my Consent, demands her of me for a Mistress. I had too terrible an Example before me of *Inetta* and *Bancho* to give a flat Denial; but told him, I would myself exhort her to be sensible of the Honour he designed her; that I did not doubt a few Days would gain her Compliance.

In the mean Time I took Care to provide for my Escape; but an Accident happened, that made it something sooner than I had designed. *Eugenia* was by Stealth,

Stealth with young *Lorn*, and there deploring their unhappy Fate, the King steals upon them, in the midst of their innocent Endearments. He approaches in a Fury, and says, that since he has found for whom he was slighted, he would on the Morrow take Care to remove his guilty Rival, who lived only by his Favour; so flinging out of the Room, he left them together. *Eugenia* advised his immediate Flight, to avoid a Fate nothing else could deliver him from; that she would let him down by a Rope; and follow him herself without Delay. The Matter was agreed, and my Daughter informed me of all that had happened. I was resolved not to stay behind, so having assisted her in letting down her Lover, taking some Gold and Jewels with me, she, I and he departed, and taking three Horses from my Stable made the best of our Way to *Galloway*; tho' we were so closely pursued, that we had just Time to get into a little Vessel, with three Men, at the *Mull of Galloway*, before the Blood-hounds were at our Heels; there happened to be no other Vessel in the Road, but one little empty Boat, that waited to bring off some others: Who, while the Officers pursued us, made their Escape to some other Place of Safety. But their Endeavours were in vain, for hoisting our Sails, we flew before the Wind, for a brisk Gale then sprung up, which, tho' contrary to my Design of calling at *Ila*, and bringing off the Thane of *Argyle*, it soon brought us on the *English* Coast. When the Wind rising higher, that Storm ensued, which threw us on the Shore, where your Charity found and relieved us.

The Thane of *Angus* having done, the Thane of *Glamis* and *Lorn* both embraced him, and blest Heaven for his good Luck; which had preserved two such Heroes, as the Father and Son.

The Young *Lorn* then left the Company, and went to find out his dear *Eugenia*, impatient of any longer Absence from her, in whose Sight all his Pleasure and Happiness were placed. He found her with *Bertha*, and yet in Tears. They flew into each others Arms, and expressed so tender a Passion, as touched the

gentle *Bertha* with a Desire to know something of their Fortune. Which the young *Lorn* began in this Manner to give her a Relation of.

Your Neighbourhood to *Scotland*, Madam, cannot but have let you know from some of that Number, which daily fly thence, of the Misery that Country has for some Years lain under, by the more than barbarous Cruelty of the most bloody of Tyrants. By his Cruelty many thousands have fallen, and the Nation is almost despoiled of all her Nobility : Among whom my Father the Thane of *Argyle*, claimed a foremost Place both in his Quality, his Virtues and Sufferings. For, the Tyrant finding him an Enemy to his Villanies, having secured me, drew him into his Power to save my threatned Life. But having now got him, he confined him to Prison, and gave the Charge of his Murther to the Thane of *Angus*, his Favourite, and the Father of my beloved *Eugenia* ; but he generously conveys him away, and puts a Malefactor in his Place, as murder'd by his Order. And as if this Obligation was not enough, he prevailed with *Macbeth* to have the keeping of me as his Prisoner, under whose Direction I might be educated a Friend to the King and his Designs. But, Madam, I found the noble Thane of *Angus* honourable enough to deceive the Tyrant, and never to attempt the instilling any such base and servile Notions. On the contrary, from the Time that I came under his Tutelage, which was in my Thirteenth Year, I found Masters provided to instruct me in all the Sciences that were necessary to give me Qualifications fit for a Man of my Birth and Family ; and to inspire such Notions as were absolutely inconsistent with the slavish Condition, to which the bloody *Macbeth* had designed me.

My Application to my Studies, in which I took a more than common Delight, took away all Sense of a Confinement which was softned by all the Tenderness of a Father. At the Intervals of my Study the pretty *Eugenia*, then scarce ten Years of Age, afforded me a very agreeable Amusement. We were both then too young to have any Notion of Love, tho' in that very
Dawn

Dawn of her Beauty she promised that glorious Day, which now enlightens my Heart. She would dance to me, sing to me, and often entertain me with Discourses much above her Age, tho' agreeable to her Understanding.

In my Turn I used to give her an Account of the Histories I read; of the admirable Virtues of the Romans and Greeks; of the Degeneracy of the former under their Emperors. I told her of the extravagant Villainies of *Caligula*, *Nero*, *Domitian* and *Heliogabalus*; the Conduct and Prudence of *Augustus*; the Goodness of *Vespasian*, *Trajan* and the *Antonines*. My Lord, said the charming little Creature on this Occasion, I knew not whether we may have had any Trajans or Antonines, but alas! I find we have now a *Nero*, *Caligula* and *Heliogabalus* in one. How often have I observed my Father's Complaints of the Cruelties, he could not prevent, and heard him tell of the barbarous Distresses, to which the poor unhappy People of this Country are brought by an inhuman Tyrant? How often has he wished, that he could retire without ruining his Affairs, which, for my Sake, he was willing to preserve? The only Thing, concluded *Eugenia*, that I have to thank him for, is his confining you to our House, by which I have a very agreeable Play-fellow, and hear the Accounts of a better World, than that we now live in.

In this Manner we spent our Time in our particular Innocence. Sometimes the Thane himself would visit me, but our Conversation was of another Sort; for he with a tender Sort of Gravity used to examine into the Progress I made in my Studies; and to try what Study I was most inclined to, that he might not make my Solitude uneasy to me by compelling my Application to what was not agreeable to me. One Time when I was now about fifteen Years old, and a pretty good Master of the *Greek* and *Roman* History; he brought me a little Manuscript of his own Writing; which consisted of the Lives and Actions of the great Men of our Family, and the several brave Deeds they had done in the Defence of their Country against foreign

and domestick Enemies, from *Fergus* the first to my Father. Nor did he omit a generous Character of him, and fairly relating his Zeal for the Publick, and the Injustice he had done him by *Macbeth*, both in his Sufferings and Death. For he did not think fit to trust me at that Time with a Secret, on which his Life depended.

This had in my Breast the Effect he desired, for it raised in me the utmost Aversion and Abhorrence of the Tyrant imaginable, and indeed against all Princes, that so far forget their Office as not think their Peoples Good the chief Cause of their Being. At the same Time he would excuse my Confinement, and let me understand, that it was the Will of the King, and that with some Difficulty obtained, my Death being what he was much more enclined to. He constantly took Care that I should have all the Diversions my Circumstances allowed; which his good Lady took Care to improve, as long as she lived, being indeed a perfect Mother to me, and always calling me her Son.

There was a little Summer-house, which look'd into a publick Walk, whither the People frequently took their Promenade in the Day-time; where I could sit unseen, and hear and see all that past in the Town. The Pleasure I had to overhear this Discourse of the People, made me often resort to that Seat; where I have been a secret Witness of the Curses sent out against the Tyrant, and of the Accounts of his daily Rapes and Murders, which sufficiently fortified my Aversion to such a Monster in Nature. Being here one Day in the Dusk of the Evening, I saw a young Girl genteel in her Habit, and beautiful in her Face and Person, come and seat herself down on the Bench beneath my Wall. I heard her sigh very often, before another Gentlewoman of a graver Aspect came to her.—She no sooner came but the young Lady all in Tears, asked if her Lover were yet alive, and whether he would be at the Rendezvous that Evening, the Matron replied, that he had prepared all Things for their Escape, and hop'd she was ready to go with him.

Alas! said the young Lady, *I would go any where with him; but the Villain, that has been the Cause of all our Misfortunes, has always Spies on me wherever I go, and I question not but there are some not far from this Place, and should they catch us together, my Dear would be sacrificed to his Rage, and I to his Lust.*

I have, Madam, said the Matron, heard an imperfect Account of your Affair, but never could know the whole Case. It is an Hour before I can venture to return by the most round-about Ways to carry him your Answer, wherefore if you will do me the Favour to give me the Relation you will extremely oblige me. After some previous Sighs the young Lady thus began.

My Father was a Merchant of as considerable Dealings as any in *Scotland*, and had so far improved his paternal Stock, as to be able to give me a considerable Fortune, before Rogues and Villains had swallowed up the Court, and surrounded the King. *Killibarren* was of the foremost of the noble Thane of *Argyle's* Retinue, that often frequented our House, and being very well received by my Father, made his Addresses to me. My Mother at the same Time had in her Eye an old Advocate, whose Practice had very much enriched him; and whose old Eyes, it seems, fixed themselves on my Person, as an agreeable Match to his Inclinations. *Killibarren* was very tall, well shap'd, of a sprightly Conversation, and every way pleasing Company both to the Men and the Women. The old Advocate was decrepit, deformed, extremely ugly in his Countenance, and avaritious to the last Degree. You may therefore easily imagine which Way my Inclinations bent, and with what Reluctance I heard my Mother's Proposal of the Advocate, after my Father had allowed of the Address of *Killibarren*.

My Father was an easy-natured Man, and too much complaisant to the Will of my Mother, who immediately accused himself of Folly, in admitting a Servant to Hopes of being his Son-in-law, when she had provided me a Husband, near as rich as the Thane himself. Afterwards he surrendered me entirely to her Dis-

pose ; Killibarren was forbid the House, and I charged under the Penalty of his Curse, and no Fortune, never to see nor speak to him again. But alas ! this Injunction came too late, I had already given up my Heart, and myself to him by Vows, which I thought too sacred to be broken. However, I thought it best to dissemble my Thoughts, lest a severe Restraint should deprive me of the Opportunity of seeing him sometimes at a Friend's, and assuring him of my Fidelity, and confirming his Love. I kept the old Advocate in Suspense as long as I could, till both he and my Mother grew so impatient, that she fixed the Wedding for two Days after. All I had to do was to apply myself to my Father, who loved me dearly, and to tell him that if he wish'd to hear of my Death before the fatal Day, he should agree with my Mother on that Point ; but if he valued my Peace and Happiness, he should find some way to delay, if not break it off.

Accordingly he goes to the Advocate, and tells him, that as my Father he ought to look into the Marriage Agreement, and see that all Things were fair ; that he had too much Experience of the Lawyers to depend wholly on their Honesty ; but that let the Advocate be as fair as he would, it was his Duty as a Parent to make all safe and sure. He desired him therefore to let him have the Settlements to consult with one learned in the Law about them ; and that it was necessary till then to put off the Wedding. The old cunning *Advocate*, that had wheedl'd my Mother with Pretences and Assurances of Mountains of Gold, if she left it to him, was at once both surprized and angry at this Difficulty, which my Father had started ; and telling him all Matters were agreed with his Wife, and that he had nothing to do in the Matter ; this brought on Words, those a perfect Breach, till my Father came home in a Passion, and accused my Mother of throwing me away on an impotent old Miser, without the least Security of any Thing to my Advantage proportionable to the Sacrifice I made of myself. That tho' he had yielded to her Importunities of putting off Kil-

libarren,

libarren, a Man of Merit and Worth, yet he would not truly see me thrown away and ruined, for meer empty Hopes.

What he said had too much Force not to touch my Mother a little, especially when he had bid her consider how little Confidence he could put in the bare Promise of an old Miser; she therefore undertook to manage him to her purpose, and procure a Settlement worthy my Acceptance. The wretched Miser was sensible of his Age, and thought if he kept me not to a perpetual Dependance upon him, he should have but few of my Regards; he therefore stood out, and haggled Day after Day, one Day conceding a little, the next retracting what he had allowed. So that Time was protracted till the Advocate fell sick; and soon went to make up his Accounts in the other World.

This had been some Dawn of Comfort had it restored my *Killibarren* to my Mother's good Graces. But she had found out another Match for me, as contemptible as the last, or indeed the more infamous of the two, and that was this cursed *Calender* that now pursues me. He was then known to have the King's Ear in Private; for he was his Pimp, and some assure me his secret Assassin, when any one was to be dispatched; nor is he free from the Imputation of having a Hand in the Murder of the good Thane of *Angyle*, who about this Time fled away for the Country on the Murder of *Bancho*, and the Rape of *Inetta* his Sister. With him my poor *Killibarren* was obliged to depart, but not without a thousand Protestations of Constancy, and Vows of eternal Love. Ah Madam! you cannot guess the Agony of my poor Heart at that Time, for I did not expect to outlive this Separation. Nor was he behind me in Love or Tendernefs, but Necessity was to be obey'd, and the terrible Shock must be gone through, and he must depart. In short, my Friend in whose House it was, had much ado to get me Home, where immediately I took my Bed, and continued ill for some Time, which freed me from the Persecution of *Calender* some Months. In which Time the Thane was charmed back with the

King's Promise for his Security, to save his innocent Son from the Paw of the Lyon, resolving to give him Life rather twice, than take that away by his Absence, which he had given him before.

But as soon as he arrived, he was clap'd up in Prison, and never more appeared, it being given out by the Court, that he had cut his own Throat. But my *Killibarren* informed me, that he was murdered in Prison by the King's Order, and by some of his Cut-throats, of which *Calender* was one of the Chief. His Lord being taken off, search was made for his Retinue, and for *Killibarren* in Particular, as his Master's chief Favourite. But he concealed himself so well at my Friend's in Women's Apparel, that he escaped all their Search; For Love would not let him go further from his Beloved. My Mother press'd me close in the behalf of *Calender*, and I utterly detested him, as nourished with human Blood.

This Resistance of mine made my Mother keep a strict Eye over me, and observing, that I went very often to this Friend's House, fancy'd there was some other Motive of my Visits, than a meer Compliment of Friendship. She bribes some of the Servants, who let her know, that there was a Lady, or Man in Disguise in the House, in whose Apartment I spent all my Time when I was there. My Mother informs *Calender* of what she had discovered, and his villanious Temper soon found out Matter for Mischief in the Story. So under Pretence of searching for obnoxious Persons, he came one Day when I was there, deploring my hard Fate with poor *Killibarren*. I was looking out through the Window as he came up to the House with his Attendance, and in a pannic Fear informed my Lover, that I feared we were betrayed. He immediately without much Concern, went up another Pair of Stairs, and there by an Engine, lifting up a trap Door, got down beneath it. This trap Door was a vast great Trough or Chest, fixt full of Mea!, a Commodity, in which my Friend's Husband dealt, so that no Body could suppose any lurking Place near it. I and the Mistress of
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the House, and a female Neighbour sat still in his Room, to which *Calender* and his Men came directly up. And seeing none but Women, spar'd me, but wou'd search the other two, where Decency forbids, to see which was the Man they had in Disguise. But enrag'd at the Disappointment, search'd the whole House, but in vain, retiring full of Curses at the false Information; by this we found that we were betray'd, and that by some of the Family. It was therefore agreed, that he shou'd about Midnight remove to some other Security, to which ev'n I was not to come but in Disguise, and after some short Interval. So that very Night he went to your Brother's House.

My Mother on this sends for the Servant, that had given the Information, who stood in the Story, and affirm'd that he was actually in the House, when they search'd for him, hid in such a Place which was to be open'd in such a Manner. This caus'd a fresh Search the next Morning, but to as little Purpose, the Bird being flown. This aggravated my Mother against my Friend's Servant, and made her let them know all she had told her; so the Servant was cashier'd, and the People gave *Calender* a Bribe, and no more was said of the Matter.

How seldom I have since seen him you know, and how earnestly I desire to see him the Heavens above can witness for me; but I am afraid of the Spies of my Mother and *Calender*, lest my uncautious Love should be his Destruction. But let him appoint Time and Place when I shall meet him never to part more from him, and I'll be punctual to his Assignment.

She had no sooner said this, but seeing a Man come up to her, she advis'd the Matron to be gone the contrary Way, as if she knew nothing of her. This Man I found was *Calender* himself, who coming up to her, as she rose to go away, took hold of her Hand, and press'd her to sit down again. She was unwilling to trust herself alone with him in the Dusk, when all the People had now left the Walks. But he pull'd her down, accus'd her of her Unkindness, and Disobedience to her Mother, and of holding a Correspondence with the King's

King's Enemies, with Traytors and Rogues. *Those only are Traytors, (said she) who prompt the King to Injustice, and the Ruin of innocent Men; and assure yourself if there were not a single Man left alive but yourself, I could never admit of your Love.*

Whether you approve of my Person or not, I am not at all concern'd to know (reply'd the Villain) *after so treasonable a Declaration as you have made; but I am resolv'd before you leave this Place, you shall try whether you do or not.* With which Words he attempted to put his Threats in Execution; while the poor Lady cry'd out, scratch'd and tore, but I fear all had been to no Purpose, had not a sudden Thought come into my Head, with one Blow to deliver the Lady, and revenge my Father's Death. The Wall that was over them was old, and several Stones loose, I took one out of a pretty good Size, and directing it with all my Force as he was stooping, gave him such a Blow on the Back, that he fell to the Ground, the Lady run away, and I with another compleated the Business of his Death; however, the loosening of those Stones, had thrown down so many, that it look'd, as if it had fall'n by Accident.

His Body was found the next Day, and Information given, that some one was seen in the Thane of Angus's Garden, who threw the Stones down on *Calender's* Head. I was immediately thrown into the King's Imagination, as mischievous by Nature, and also to be an Enemy to all the King's Friends. Enquiry was made, the Matter related to the Thane, when my dear *Eugenia* was by, not then full thirteen Years of Age. She immediately apprehended the Danger, that threaten'd me; and of her own accord begg'd her Father's Pardon before the King's Officers, and said that it was her Misfortune to be there the Evening before, and endeavouring to get a Stone out to raise herself up and look at some that made a terrible Noise beneath it, the Wall tumbled down, but that she hop'd there had been no Harm done, since she heard some Body run away.

The innocent Concern, which she discover'd in accusing herself sufficiently satisfy'd the Courtier, that it
had

had been my *Eugenia's* Misfortune to have done that Mischief by Chance, which she never design'd. I came in soon after the Courtiers were gone. The Thane told me of the Accident, and the Danger that threatn'd me upon it, had it not been *Eugenia's* Fortune to have done the Fact. However he advis'd me to refrain that Place for a while, least it should renew the Suspicion. I was extreamly surpriz'd at this generous Service, and going to own what I had done, she perceiving it, took me by the Hand, and told me our Dancing-Master waited for us, so led me immediately away, accusing me of Rashness, in going to disprove what she had said, when I knew not but there were more Witnesses of our Discourse than were seen.

I cou'd not but clasp her in my Arms, and express my Gratitude for preserving my Life. I had Time to say no more, for we were enter'd the Hall where our Dancing-Master attended us. Where having perform'd our Exercise, we retir'd to my Apartment, to pass an Hour in Discourse, as we daily us'd to do. Being come thither, *I know you (said Eugenia) came in a Hurry last Night from the Place where the Mischief was done; you did but your Duty in punishing your Father's Assassinator; tho' we hear a young Lady, a Merchant's Daughter being missing from her Parents, is accus'd of the Murder, but I hope she will escape the Pursuers.*

Ab! sweet Eugenia (reply'd I) you have as sensibly touch'd me with this generous Service, as you have all along done with your Beauty and Wit. Yes, my Charmer, I find I am now grown a Man, because I feel some Sentiments so tender for you, that I do not know what Name to call them by if it be not Love. I am only pleas'd when you are by, and always uneasy when you are absent; I take delight to hear you talk, and think it a Kind of Heaven to touch you. Alas! I am content with my Captivity, and wish never to be free, if that Freedom must separate me from Eugenia.

Eugenia, young as she was, blush'd at my Discourse, and told me her Friendship for me was great; that I might call it Love if I pleas'd; that my Company was as pleasing to her, as hers cou'd be to me; that

she took the last Satisfaction to think, that it was her good Fortune to skreen me from any Mischief. But she knew nothing else; she desir'd but my Company with that Innocence and Freedom which we had enjoy'd from our Child-hood together.

In this Manner a Year or two more past on, my Love encreasing, and she never denying the Augmentation of hers; till we seal'd our Love with Vows of perpetual Constancy, and Marriage, as soon as our Circumstances would allow it. To make my Captivity the lighter, she wou'd sometimes dress me in her Maid's Cloaths, and take me abroad as her Servant, to divert me with a View of the Court, the Ladies and the Gentlemen that resorted then to it; if we may call that Mob of Villains by such a Name, however distinguish'd by the arbitrary Will of a Tyrant. *Eugenia* met with many Addresses, but her Quality, and Father were her Protection against the Affronts in so dissolute a Court. I will not, Madam, detain you with any of our Adventures of that Nature; nor with our appearing in the Country in the Habits of Peasants, and the wild or slavish Notions of the Vulgar under so oppressive a Head. Let it suffice, that all the Comfort and Pleasure of my Life was in and from *Eugenia*.

We were not so cautious of our Love, but that it was soon known to her Father and Mother, and to both their Satisfactions, tho' the Thane gave us a Charge to keep it a Secret even to the Family, nothing being safe in Scotland. Her Mother after this falling sick on her Death-Bed, called us to her one Evening, and ev'ry Body being remov'd, told me, *that she hop'd she had not behav'd herself so to me, as that I shou'd abuse her poor Daughter with a deceitful Pretension of Love, if I had none; that wou'd be a Return unworthy of me, and of my Family always remarkable for Honour and Gratitude.*

I was quite confounded at her Words, and made her this Reply: *Your very Suspicion of my Infidelity has given me all the Confusion imaginable, with fear, that there has some Folly escap'd me unknown, by which you shou'd*

shou'd judge me capable of such a Villany. No, no, Madam, I have learn'd better Maxims in your School, than to betray my Benefactress, to whom I doubly owe my Life, and from whom only I can hope any Happiness. No, Madam, on my Knees I take her from your Hands, and promise you on your dying Bed, that I will marry her as soon as the Thane shall think fit, and in the mean Time both her Virtue and mine are Warrants enow of Innocence.

Her Mother then gave her to my Hands, and with her Breath pour'd out Blessings upon us, and so expir'd to all our Regret, and unfeign'd Sorrow, which held us till one more near and terrible approach'd us. The Tyrant, unsafe in his own Mind, had built a high inaccessible Fort, in which he thought he might be more secure against the Designs of all Men, whom he had by his Cruelties made his Enemies. Thither he remov'd his whole Court, and thither, therefore, must I go with my Guardian the Thane, who the Night before our Removal, call'd her and me into his Chamber, and shutting the Door, gave us this Caution, with all the earnest Tenderness in Nature. *The King (said he) is amorous in his Temper, and you, Eugenia, are now grown a Woman, capable of raising those Desires, which he will be sure to discharge at the Expence of your Honour and my Life. Keep therefore out of his Sight. Your Familiarity with this Youth, may likewise perhaps raise up some Jealousies, which may prove the Rock, on which we may all split. Manage, therefore, yourselves with your best Caution till I can prepare Things to make our escape, if Heav'n afford us not a Deliverance before.*

Furnish'd with this Caution, with heavy Hearts we prepar'd to go to *Dunsmine*, where Confinement was the least of the Trouble I expected; since my *Eugenia*, and I must be more strange even in Appearance, which gave me Cause of Sorrow and Discontent enough. We had not been there long, but we had a Visit from the King; who having a Desire to see me, I was sent for by the Thane to his Apartment. *Macbeth* eyed me all over, and ask'd me several Questions, which I answer'd with less Complaisance, than was agreeable to my Condition. However, the Thane brought it off, by attributing it to my

my Want of Conversation. I was no sooner gone, but *Eugenia*, ignorant of his being there, run into the Room. The King's Eyes were immediately fixt upon her, and all his Soul was in a Flame; he demanded who she was, and understanding her to be the Daughter of the Thane,—he smil'd, and said, *My good Friend, you have too long kept this Jewel from the Court, where she was made by Nature to shine in the foremost Sphere of Glory.* With that he began to talk to her, and ask'd her many Questions, to which her Answers were compos'd of such a Mixture of Modesty and Wit, that she compleated the Conquest which her Eyes had begun. The Thane was in all the Confusion in the World, and cou'd scarce dissemble his Thoughts, tho' he endeavour'd all he cou'd to exert the Courtier on this Occasion. *Eugenia* made him a Curt'zy, and modestly withdrew, full of Indignation, at the King's Praises, foreboding what must be the Event.

The Thane from this Moment set seriously about providing for our Escape, but the Secrecy he was bound to manage it with, was the Reason he went on the slower; and the King in the mean while daily press'd his Love to *Eugenia*; who at last unable to bear it, told him boldly and plainly, that cou'd he make her his Queen, she wou'd not admit of his Love, much less since he cou'd not make any Thing of her but what was too infamous for her to name, and so fled from him, nor cou'd be brought by any Consideration to see him any more, till the King, impatient of Repulse, comes to the Thane of *Angus* in a Fury, and assures him, that unless he teach his Daughter how to receive this Honour he meant her better, he should lose his Head, since he had Reason to suspect, that he had given her some Documents that were not very complaisant to his Character; but since he had been the Instructor of her so much to his Disadvantage, he allow'd him two Days to prepare her for his Bed; that if he fail'd he knew his Fate, and she shou'd nevertheless be the Victim of his Pleasure.

The Thane told him without any seeming Concern, that he was surpris'd at his Majesty's Anger at him, who was highly sensible of the Honour he did him
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in loving his Daughter; and that he had already made some Advances on his Behalf; that the Girl was a little skittish, but he did not at all doubt but she would alter her Mind by the Promises of Glory and Riches, which he begg'd leave of the King to promise in his Name. The King gave him Authority to promise Mountains of Gold, nay and his Crown, if he thought that wou'd win her; and assured him that his Ambition cou'd not reach so high, as he wou'd exalt him if he made good his Word.

My *Eugenia* and I cou'd not have our Meetings so close, but his Spies had found them out; and given the King Notice of them. As he came now from her Father, Word was brought him that we were together, and that he might overhear our Discourse, and so judge best what he had to determine. He was fir'd with Madness at a Rival, which he so much condemn'd, but fully resolv'd to remove this Obstacle of his Love that very Night.

While we were deploring our unhappy Fate, and cursing the Tyrant, and his odious Amour, he was plac'd so as to hear every Word that we spoke; so so immediately bursting in upon us he drew his Sword, and made immediately at me. *Eugenia* strove to get in betwixt us, while I flew like Lightning upon him, and wrested his Sword out of his Hand, and had that Moment rescu'd *Scotland*, had not his Followers been too near, who seizing me, disarm'd me, and waited his Order to dispatch me that Moment. *Eugenia*, quite desponding, yet raising her Spirit, desires the King to dismiss his Followers to a greater Distance, and she had a few Words to say to him perhaps to his Satisfaction.

With those Words she cast so gracious a Look on him, that he cou'd not resist her Commands, so ordering them to hold me at the farthest Part of the Room, he retir'd to the other, to hear what *Eugenia* had to offer. My Lord, (said she) *I confess the only Obstacle to your Love has been this young Lord, whom I have lov'd long; and do love so much, that for the saving his Life, I may be brought to do that, which all the World, nor*
any

any Tortures shou'd e'er prevail on me to do otherwise. If you will give me your royal Word to pardon young Lorn, and set him at Liberty when I have comply'd with your Desire, this Night I will do what no other Consideration cou'd make me. But yet in Pity to his Love, let him not think I buy his Life at so foul a Price; keep yet your Show of Anger, and command my Father to a stricter Watch over him this Night, than ever; nay with your Threat of his Life if he be not forthcoming in the Morning. Thus I do him a Service, and not injure my own Reputation, while nobody is conscious of the Crime but the Actors in it.

The King was infinitely pleas'd with her Discourse, and concluded by all the Caution she us'd, that she was sincere in her Intentions. *But, my Dear, (said he) think it not a Crime, it is a good Subject's Duty to obey his King in all his Commands; a King is the Vicegerent of Heaven, not accountable to any but his Principal from whom he receiv'd his Power, that is God; and he or she who resists his Will commits an horrid Crime, but those who are obedient can be guilty of none.*

She seem'd to be convinc'd by his Reasons, but begg'd his Observance of all she had desir'd, which immediately he did, breaking from her in a loud Tone, *Madam, (cry'd he) you know his Ransom, or to Morrow his Head shall march after his Father's; she put her Handkerchief to her Eyes, and answer'd not a Word.* The King sent for the Thane, and rattl'd him severely, gave him strict Charge of the keeping me that Night, since I shou'd die to morrow for attempting his Life, and invading him in his Love; and that if I were not forth-coming his Head shou'd answer it. The Thane express'd his Indignation against us both, and assur'd the King that he would take care to watch me to Night, and desir'd to be freed from the Charge for the Future, since I had made so ill Use of the Favours he had done me. The King however order'd a Sentinel to stay in the Room all Night with me, and that none but the Thane himself shou'd be permitted to come to me; so locking me up, and leaving me alone, I had

Time

Time to consider of my certain Fate, which the Malice of my Fortune had brought upon me.

The Thane had a Window that look'd down into a Precipice, tho' of no very great Depth; but however so inaccessible, that no Guard was plac'd that Way; and he had before this provided a Cord of the full Length, and plac'd Horses ready at his Stables at a little Distance to receive us. *Eugenia* told her Father all that had pass'd betwixt *Macbeth* and her, and that there was no longer Time to consider, unless he would forfeit his own, the young Thane of *Lorn's* Life, and my Honour; but all he had to do was on the first approach of Night, to make his Escape with them to the nearest Sea-port, or Place of Security. The Thane taking her in his Arms wept over her a while; at last, said he, *'Tis certain, my dear Eugenia, we will make use of this precious Moment of Time, that thy Wisdom has got us; but what will be the Event of it I can't tell; whatever my Crimes deserve, I beg Heaven to preserve thy Innocence, and that of thy Love.*

Immediately he came by a little Closet-door, which join'd his Apartment to mine, and brought me a Dagger, and convey'd it to me, so that the Sentinel cou'd not see it, and told me softly that that must work my Deliverance, all Things else being ready for my Escape. He ask'd the Sentinel some Questions, and whether his Order extended to hinder my going into his Apartment. He reply'd in a surly Tone, that wherever I went he wou'd go with me, and that he did not care to trust me out of that Room. The Thane told him he ought to go with me, and stay while I slept. So all going through the little Door, as the Sentinel came last, I took my Opportunity and stabb'd him to the Heart, so that he fell almost without a Groan.

We went to work immediately, and fastning a Chair to the Cord, I first let down the Thane with a Cabinet of Jewels, and then my dear *Eugenia* to her Father, with other Things of Value; and putting my Gloves on, I being young slid down the Cord my self. All being thus safely transacted, there was an easy Descent

cent the rest of the Hill, and in a little Time we came to his Stables, got on Horse-back, and flew, as fast as Fear and Desire cou'd carry us, towards *Galloway*, where the Thane had some Interest; and whither he directed his Course to call, and take my Father away in the same Ship.

We rested not Day nor Night, till we got to the *Mull*, and finding ourselves pursu'd, we immediately, without resting, got on Board, hoisted our Sails, and so escap'd a terrible Fate, which none but my *Eugenia* cou'd preserve me from, having sav'd my Life twice by her Address, as her Father had first by his Kindness for mine.

When we were on Board, and under sail, the Thane of *Angus* told me with what Address *Eugenia* had manag'd the doating Tyrant to get that Reprieve, that produc'd our Delivery. For which we had not long rejoic'd when the Storm arose, which threw us on your Coast. And thus you have heard the Fate of two Lovers, whose Passion rose in Distress, and has hitherto met with nothing else, till our coming into this happy Country gave us Security, and fresh Hopes of once more returning to our own.

The Thane of *Lorn* had no sooner done, but News was brought that there was an Express come from Court, with Orders to *Eric* to raise a thousand Men to join *Sibert* Duke of *Northumberland*, who with *Macduff*, and other *Scots* Nobility were marching to set *Malcolm* on the Throne, and put an End at Length to an Usurpation under which that Nation had so long groan'd.

This News soon brought all the illustrious Guests of *Eric* and *Bertha* into the Hall, where *Eric* was discoursing the Messenger, who had brought him the Order, and with him a *Scots* Gentleman, who was immediately known to be a Relation of *Macduff's*, and had fled with him into *England*.

The Thane of *Glamis* first saluted him, and then the rest of the Company, but the Thane of *Angus* coming up to do the same, he started back, as if stricken with Thunder, to see him in that Company, whom he
still

still thought of the Cabinet of *Macbeth*. The Company in few Words inform'd him of his Fortune, and what he had done for the suffering *Argyle*, and his Son. But what News (persisted *Glamis*) from the Court of *England*, has our Case at last mov'd the pious *Edward* to send us Relief?

There are (said the Gentleman) *on full march six thousand brave Men, and the valiant Duke Sibert, Grandfather to Malcolm, King Duncan's Son, at the Head of them; in this Train is Macduff, vowing Revenge on the Tyrant for his Wife and his Children. To him, Gentlemen, and his Industry you owe the Hopes you have of seeing your Country once more free, and the gentle Malcolm on the Scots Throne. Four Thousand more I have Orders to the several Magistrates of the North to get ready to meet them; with which Ten Thousand, and our Friends in Scotland, there is no doubt of punishing a Tyrant now odious to all Men.*

The News was so surprizing and pleasing, that the Company desir'd an Account of the Negotiation, and how *Macduff* found Interest enough to bring it about. According to their Desire, the Company being seated, he thus began.

Macduff, Gentlemen, as soon as we got into *England* in a little Boat, thought not of an idle Retreat from the Tyrant, but how to deliver his Country, by the Assistance of *England*. He remember'd the Son of the late King *Duncan*, was also the Grandson by the Mother's Side, to *Sibert* Duke of *Northumberland*, a Man of the first Quality of *England*; and of the greatest Consideration with *Earl Godwin*. Understanding therefore, that *Malcolm* was at Court, he directed his Journey directly to the same. And having found him, let him know his Fortune, and how unpopular *Macbeth* was, how easy it was for him to put in his Claim to the Crown of *Scotland*; and as he was the Son of Royal *Duncan*, he advis'd him to show the Spirit of a King, and endeavour to recover his paternal Dignity. That Piety would certainly not suffer him to let the Murder of his Father pass unreveng'd, nor neglect the Miseries of that People who look'd on themselves as committed

mitted by God to his Charge: That he ought by no Means to be deaf to the Petitions of his Friends; and that as he cou'd not doubt of King Edward's Assistance, so he cou'd have less Doubt of the Favour of God against so impious a Man, that had trampled on all Rights both human and divine.

But *Malcolm* having often been tempted, in this Manner to return to *Scotland*, by the Creatures of *Macbeth*, was more than ordinarily cautious on any such Motion, being sensible, that the Tyrant wanted to have him in his Power. He therefore, to try the Sincerity of *Macduff*, and to avoid being drawn into a Snare before he committed a Concern of that Importance to be decided by Fortune, made this Reply to the Instance of *Macduff*.

I am sensible (said he) that all you have urg'd, as to the Tyrant, and the Reasons for my Undertaking, is true: But I am afraid, that you who are now so earnest with me to assume the regal Power, are not sufficiently acquainted with my Disposition. Since I must own to you, that those Vices, Lust and Avarice, which have ruin'd so many Kings, have but too large a Dominion in my Inclinations. 'Tis true, that my private Condition, and want of Power to exert them, have hitherto disguis'd them so far, that they appear not to any; yet the Liberty of Empire, and the Authority of Power, will let them loose to the Burthen and Oppression of many. Consider, therefore, that you invite me not rather to my Ruin, than a Throne.

When to this *Macduff* had reply'd, that Lust, and a rambling Inclination to Women, might be restrain'd and bounded by the lawful Pleasures of Matrimony; and the Avarice, which proceeds from Apprehension of Want, wou'd be taken away, when that Fear was remov'd by being on a Throne: *Malcolm* assum'd, that he had rather now make an ingenuous Confession of his Faults to him as his Friend, than to both their Damage be found guilty of them hereafter. *For to deal plainly with you, (contin'd he) I must tell you, that there is no Truth nor Sincerity in me. I confide in no Man living, but I change my Designs and Counsels on ev'ry Rumour and Suspicion;*

Suspicion; and from this Inconstancy of my own Disposition I form my Judgment of other Men.

Macduff, unable to bear any more, cry'd out in a Passion——*Avant! thou Prodigy, and Disgrace of thy Royal Name and Family! worthier to be banish'd into the most wild remote Desert, than to be call'd to a Throne!*

Immediately turning from him, he was, in haste, leaving his Apartment. But *Malcolm*, who by his Passion discover'd his Sincerity, taking him by the Hand, desir'd him to have Patience, letting him know the Necessity of his Dissimulation to his own Infamy, because he had been often thus tempted by the Wiles of *Macbeth*; and Prudence therefore demanded, that he should be extreamly cautious of whom he trusted, but that he found nothing to fear or suspect in *Macduff*, since he was secur'd by the Nobility of his Family, the Knowledge of his Manners, Reputation of his Honour, and the Considerableness of his Fortune.

Thus having enter'd into a most strict and firm Friendship, they resolv'd to make immediate Application to the King of *England*, by the Means of his Grand-father *Sibert*; and to Earl *Godwin* by another Interest. In the mean Time the News arriv'd of the Destruction of *Macduff's* Lady and Children. As the Account gave him the utmost Pain and Fury, so the Abominableness of the Fact struck the pious King with such an Abhorrence of *Macbeth*, that he immediately granted out Suit, made *Sibert* General of the Expedition; and Men were rais'd with much Expedition in a Cause so just, as the Deliverance of a Neighbour Nation. The Forces are all on the March, and will be in this Neighbourhood by that Time we can get ready those Men, which these Countries are to provide.

The whole Company were reviv'd with the welcome Account of their speedy Deliverance from all their Distress; and every one banish'd all Thoughts of past Evils, with the Hopes of seeing a speedy End of all their Misfortunes.

Eric had been extreamly industrious, and got his Quota, according to the King's Order, ready mutter'd and disciplin'd, by that Time they had Couriers arriv'd

of Duke *Sibert's* Arrival in those Parts. The Day therefore is come for the Departure of the Guests, and every one made ready to appear with that Spirit the Cause requir'd. But just before their Departure, the Thane of *Argyle* came to them in a Vessel, that *Eric* had dispatch'd to *Ila* with the Thane of *Angus's* particular Orders for his Release. The Meeting was Joy on all Sides, and every one that had been an Enemy to *Angus* was now his Friend. The Day of Departure being come, the Thane of *Angus* told the Company, that he never more wou'd return to *Scotland*; that he had been guilty of too many Crimes, in a slavish Submission to the Tyrant, for a few good Deeds to remit; that, therefore, he resolv'd to stay where he was and spend the rest of his Days in Penitence, with the good Hermit, who help'd to save his Life on his Ship-wrack.

All the Company endeavour'd to dissuade him from his Resolution, but all in vain; his Daughter, the young Thane of *Lorn*, and the generous *Argyle*, all press'd him by Friendship, Piety, and every Motive they cou'd think of or urge, but none cou'd prevail; he said, he had not long to live, that it was Time to think of himself, and his own Soul; and since all his Care of his Daughter, and young *Lorn* being now devolved on *Argyle*, the World had no further Need of him; that therefore, he would make his Retreat to Heaven, and pray for their good Success.

All Persuasions being in vain, and the Necessity of the Time calling on them, they were forc'd to separate, the whole Company having attended the Thane of *Angus* to the Hermit's Cell, and there taken their Leave of him. I will not pretend to describe the Pain of the Daughter and her Lover on so terrible a Parting; but let it suffice, that it was equal to the Love and Virtue of those who were to part.

The *English* Army was now entered the *Scots* Dominions, when the Country came in on all Sides, not only with Provision and Necessaries, but with Men and Armour, on purpose to assist in the Relief of their Country. Among the last came *Killibarren*; and hearing his old Master the Thane of *Argyle* was alive, he address'd him-

self

self to him with all the Joy of a faithful Servant, and was received by him with all the Satisfaction of a generous Master. The young Thane of *Lorn* being by at this Interview, had the Curiosity to enquire about the Lady, whom he had delivered from *Calender*. *Killbarrren* informed him, that the Lady was now his Wife, that flying away on the Stones falling on him, and hearing him groan like a dying Man, she made directly to him, and that both in Disguise retired into the farthest Part of *Argyle*, where he had some Friends and some small Estate. He returned his Thanks to young *Lorn*, for delivering his Mistress; and having received his Poit from his Lord, he retired.

As the Army marched on, it daily encreased; which struck such a Terror into *Macbeth*, that though he had drawn his Forces together, with a Resolution to give the *English* Battle, yet finding every Day such Desertions, and how ill his Orders were obey'd, he fled to the Castle of *Dunsmine*, hoping there to make a Stand against so dangerous a Torrent. But his Men here likewise left him, and none but his own Cut-throats stood by him, compelled by their common Guilt, to run his Fate for fear of one more ignominious, if they fell not in Fight.

But the Fortifications of *Dunsmine* were not strong enough to keep out his Fears. For when from the Hill he had observed the *English* marching from *Bernham-Wood*, with green Boughs all in their Hats, as in Triumph for a bloodless Conquest; he and his small Party quitted the Castle, hoping from Flight another Day for his Fate; which must there come on him, if he suffer'd himself to be coop'd up within the Walls: On which a Party took Possession of the Castle, and another under the Command of *Macduff* pursu'd the Tyrant, till they brought him to a Necessity of fighting, or of being taken Prisoner. Despair was to him Courage; wherefore he turns on his Enemies, and fights with that Fury, and almost Madness, that had the rest of his Troop perform'd like him, they had made their Way through all Opposers: But they found themselves weigh'd down with Guilt, and a dastardly Spirit, so as to let their Matter be surrounded, where he defended himself for a

while against all ; till *Macduff* coming up, and knowing him, notwithstanding this Disguise that he had put on for his secure Escape, encounter'd him with equal Force, and soon brought him to the Ground, with many Wounds, and frequent Exprobrations for the Murder of his Wife and Children.

Thus fell the Tyrant, who had rais'd himself by Virtues he had not, and fell by the Vices he cou'd not master ; after he had establish'd his doubtful Throne in Righteousness and Love, he forsook both, to destroy in seven Years by his Folly, what he had built up in Ten by his Wisdom.

The Party, that seiz'd the Castle found the Queen dead ; and examining into the Manner of her Death, they were inform'd, that for some Time before these Events, that were so fatal to their Cause, she had been frequently disturb'd in her Sleep, and walk'd about the Castle with her Eyes shut talking to herself, as concern'd for the concealing the Murthers she had been guilty of ; but that these Fits at last reach'd her awake, and threw her into such Despair, that a few Days before the Arrival of the prosperous Forces of her Enemies in Sight of the Castle, she being left alone hang'd herself, and was not found till she was quite dead, every Body being got on the Castle Walls to view the *English* Army, full of Fear and Despair for themselves.

The Tyrant, and his Lady, being dead, *Macduff*, and all the Thanes present with one Voice declar'd *Malcolm* King of *Scotland* : And he in return revers'd all the Acts of *Macbeth* to the Prejudice of the Nobility, and People.

The Coronation being now at *Scone*, the Thane of *Argyle* made this short Speech to the new King.

My Liege, *The Example before your Eyes may give you warning not to fall into the Errors of your Predecessor ; for tho' the Royal Dignity have the Advantage of many Places, and much Wealth and Power in its Dispose, that it may a great while sometimes keep off the Indignation of the Nobility and People ; yet the Blow will at last come as effectually as if at first. Society is the Institution of Heaven, in the very Formation of Mankind,*

kind, by making human Life insupportable without it. The Good, therefore, of that Society must be the chief Aim of that omnipotent Being, that was the Cause of it; The Prince therefore of any People should reflect, that he is chosē, and exalted to that high Post. not to indulge his Appetite, give a Loose to his Passions, and make every Thing subservient to his Will, as if he were the Lord, not Ruler, of his People, and they his Slaves, not Subjects; that he is not only made to exalt a Favourite or two to vast Wealth, and excessive Power, and sacrifice all Things to his Avarice or Ambition. No, my Lord, a Prince has less Right to indulge or give Way to his Passions than his Subjects, since by the Passions of the first, the Society for whose Good he is made, is a Sufferer, but those of a Subject reach no farther than Particulars. Yet when a Subject gives Way to his Passions so as to injure his Neighbour, he is liable to suffer by Law for making a Breach in the Rules of Society. If therefore a private Man has a legal Remedy against the ungovern'd Passions of his Neighbour for a private Wrong, shall not the Publick have as just a Remedy against a Prince for indulging his Passions to the Injury of the Publick? The Reason is so much the stronger for the later, than the former, as the Publick is preferable to the Private.

My Liege, The King of Heaven, that made us all, and betwixt whom and us there is no Proportion, for we are in his Hand as nothing; yet has he set himself Laws and Rules in his Measures with Mankind. What mad and prophane Flatterers are those then, who wou'd persuade Monarchs, that they are free from all Bounds but their Will, when the Supreme Being has confin'd himself to certain Laws in his Administration, which he has assur'd us he never will transgress? My Lord, Let the Publick be your Council, have no private Favourite, for he will always have an Interest of his own to drive on, injurious to you, and injurious to your People; but the Publick will give you faithful Advice, because it is their Interest, and they cannot benefit themselves by deceiving you; but there scarce ever was or ever will be a Favourite, that will not turn a Prince's Favour to his

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Prejudice,

Prejudice, if not Ruin. In short, my Lord, know that your Office is constituted for the Good of the People, and not they for your Will and Pleasure. Live long, and reign happily and justly.

The King thank'd him for his Advice, and promis'd to follow it as long as he liv'd; and to begin his Reign with a remarkable Affair, he created the Thane of Argyle, Earl of Argyle, and so the other Thanes Earls, and Barons; Titles, till then, never heard of in Scotland.

This Coronation was followed by the Marriage of the new Lord Lorn and *Eugenia*. The King was her Father at the Altar, and the Earl of Argyle gave his Son. The Ceremony being over, the Priest, as inspir'd by some divine Spi it, thus blest the new-marry'd Pair.

Hail happy Pair! *said he*, born under the happy Influences of the Planets, or rather ordain'd by Providence for your Countries Good. From you two shall arise a noble and illustrious Race of Heroes, that in latter Days, before *Scotlaad* is no more, shall be the Guardians of the publick Liberty; some shall suffer in this glorious Cause, but still another golden Bough sprouts out, that confirms his Father's Glory and his own.

F I N I S.

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
AMOURS
OF

Count *SCHLICK*,

CHANCELLOR to the Emperor *Sigismund*,
and a young Lady of Quality of *Sienna*.

By *ÆNEAS SYLVIUS*, Poet-Laureat, and
Secretary to the same Emperor, afterwards
Pope *Pius* the Second.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXLI.

PREFACE

THE following Treatise of Hume
as Sylvius, being a Piece of ad-
mirable Design and Performance,
and which has been esteemed by the
learned, that understand our
in his own Language; and it
will therefore thought worthy a Translation, and
to bring up the Rank of the New celebrated
Treatise. I shall not question the
Utility of it, and the great Benefit of
it to the World, and the great
Pleasure to the French. The French
of this Nature are generally light,
and little concerned with Names, in
of the Subject, and surprising
of an Inquiry. It is true, indeed,
in the French, and the Advantage in plan-
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P R E F A C E.



THE following Treatise of Æneas Sylvius, being a Piece of admirable Design and Performance, has always been esteemed by the Ingenious, that understood him in his own Language; and it was therefore thought worthy a Translation, and fit to bring up the Rear of the Now celebrated Madam d' Unnois. I shall not question the Abilities of this supposed, or real Lady, but I may venture to say, that no French Author of this Kind (besides her) has the least Pretence to a Rivalship with our Author. The French Performances of this Nature are generally slight, trifling, and little acquainted with Nature, in the Expression of the Passions, and surprizing Incidents of an Intrigue. It is true, indeed, that Æneas Sylvius has the Advantage in plac-

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ing the Scene of his Amour in Italy, where the Difficulty of Access to the Ladies, furnishes more Occasions of uncommon Adventures, and puts the Heads of both the Lady and Gallant on Invention, to find out Ways of deceiving a jealous Husband and watchful Spies; but the free Conversation of the Women of France makes the Success more easy, and the Passion by Consequence less violent. So that indeed all their Amours may be called Gallantries, little lambent Flames, which never arrive at Force enough to cause those raging Emotions of Desire, which Constraint and Difficulty create in Italy. This has furnished Æneas Sylvius with the Opportunity of giving us the Lineaments of Passions, which we can only find in the Ancients, and which the French Authors are little acquainted with.

There is yet another Advantage which our Author has above the Monsieurs, in writing on a real not fictitious Story. For tho' he gives his Lovers the Names of Eurialus and Lucretia, it is plain from a Passage in his Epistle Dedicatory to the Count of Schlick, that he drew his Picture from the true Adventures of that Lord. It is granted, that a great Genius can form a Story more excellent than common Life; can keep up the Characters, give us more just and stronger Lineaments of the Passions than we meet with every Day; as is plain from Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Virgil, Ovid, and the like; but then by the singular Force of their Genius they keep whole Nature in View, and draw

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draw her in the Abstract, and the general Features of the whole Kind. But alas! to hope any such Excellence from a French Author, is in vain. For in these gayer Performances they are led away by their native airy Temper from all Justice of Thought, and draw at best but particular Faces; while Æneas and the Ancients give us general Nature.

Æneas Sylvius was likewise a Scholar, had studied Books and Men; had blended the College and the Court so happily, as to have the Force and not Stiffness of the former; and the Gentleness, and not Ignorance of the latter. For tho' Arts are not much learned at Courts, or much encouraged there; yet a Man of Art, by the Court polishes his Learning, and gains a pleasing Mode of writing, if not thinking, at least in Gayety and Amour, and their just Expression. He was a Poet of that Consideration in his Age, as to be made imperial Poet to Sigismond the Emperor, and his Secretary besides. From whence he made his Way to be Secretary in the Council of Basil; and by the several Steps of Bishop and Cardinal, to the tripple Diadem itself.

The Occasion of his writing this Story, he gives us both in his Epistle to Count Schlick, and in his Prologue to Marianus Sozinus of Sienna, which in Justice to the Author, I shall here translate.

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*The Epistle Dedicatory of Æneas Sylvius
to Count Schlick.*

To the most Magnificent, and most Generous Knight, the Lord *Caspar Schlick*, Count of the Holy Roman Empire, Lord of *Newcastle*, Chancellor to the Emperor, &c.

Æneas Sylvius imperial Poet and Secretary, sendeth Health, &c.

M A R I A N U S *Sozinus* of *Sienna*, my Countryman, a Man of an affable and easy Temper, and of so general Extent in all Manner of Literature, that I believe, I shall not easily find his Fellow ; has lately very much importuned me to describe to him two Lovers ; he was indifferent, whether the Story were a poetical Fiction or a Reality. You know he is a Man worthy the Name of Man, yet you will be surpris'd at my Account of him. Nature has been parsimonious to him in nothing but Stature. He is indeed a very little Person, and ought to have been of my Family, whose Surname of *Piccolomini*, signifies *little Men*. He is eloquent, and learned in both the Canon and Civil Law ; he is acquainted with all Histories, skillful in Poetry ; writes Verse both in *Latin* and the *Tuscan* Tongue ; is as great a Philosopher as *Plato* ; in Geometry equal to

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to *Boetius*; in Arithmetic to *Macrobius*; he can play on all Manner of Musical Instruments; and is as knowing in Agriculture as *Virgil* himself. There is nothing of civil Affairs that he is ignorant of. While yet he was fresh, and in the Bloom and Vigour of his Youth, he was a perfect Master in all the vigorous Exercises of his Age, nor could be vanquished in any of them by any of his Contemporaries. The Vessels of lesser Bodies sometimes gain a Value from their Smallness, as Jewels and precious Stones may witness. And as *Statius* says of *Tydeus*.

Major in exiguo regnabat Corpore Virtus.

The lesser Bulk; the larger Soul contain'd.

Had the Gods but given him Beauty and Immortality, he had been a God. But no mortal Man ever possessed all Things; and I never knew any Man, who wanted less than *Marianus*. Nay, he is learned in the most inconsiderable Things. He paints like another *Apelles*; and nothing can be more correct and beautiful than those Manuscripts which he has wrote. *Praxiteles* was not a better Carver; nor is he ignorant of Physic: to all which admirable Qualifications I must add the moral Virtues, which govern and direct others. I have in my Time known several Persons that have given themselves to the Study of Letters, make a great Progress in Learning, but they have nothing of Urbanity and the Civilities

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Civilities of Life ; they know not how to govern either themselves or others ; neither the Public, nor their own private Affairs. *Plagarensis* was surpris'd and amazed at his Bailiff, and accused him of Theft, when he told him that his Sow had farrowed eleven Pigs, and his Ass but one Colt. *Gomicius* of *Milan* thought himself with Child, and long expected to be brought to Bed, because in Generation his Wife had taken his Place ; and yet these Men are looked on as the greatest Lights of the civil Law. In others you find either Pride or Avarice. But this Man is extremely generous, and his House is always full of honourable Acquaintance ; he is Enemy to none ; he defends the People ; comforts the Sick ; helps the Needy ; assists the Widows ; and never disappoints the Hopes of any one that wants him. His Countenance, like *Socrates*, is always the same. He is undaunted in Adversity, and never puffed up with the greatest Prosperity ; he knows so well the Principles of Cunning, not to reduce them to Practice, but to be on his Guard against them ; he is doated on by his Fellow-Citizens, and beloved by Strangers ; he is hateful nor cruel to none. But I do not know the Reason that has induced a Man furnished with so many Virtues, to desire a Thing of that Lightness. I only know this, that I ought to deny him nothing. For when I lived at *Sienna*, I had a peculiar
Love

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Love for him; nor is my Love diminished tho' divided. And as he was endowed with all other admirable Qualities of Nature, so was he most eminent for this, that he never let any Man's Love to him be barren, and without some Benefit.

I could not therefore think that the Requests of such a Man ought to be neglected; and for that Reason I have wrote the Adventures of two Lovers, without Fiction. The Affair happened at *Sienna*, during the Abode of the Emperor *Sigismund* in that City; you was there at the same Time, and if I may believe my Ears, you bestowed some of your Time and Address in Love. It is the City of *Venus*. Your Friends, who know you well, say that you were there much in Love, and that no Body was more gallant than yourself; and believe that there was no Amour past, at that Time, that you had not some Knowledge of. I therefore desire you to read over this History, and see whether I have wrote Truth or not; blush not if it call to your Mind any Transactions of yours, that were like these, since you were a Man, and therefore subject to the Frailty of Man. *He who never was in Love, is either a Stone or a Beast.*

Farewell.

Whether his Friend Sozinus merited this extraordinary Character, or whether Æneas Sylvius

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Thus heightened that to justify his writing on so amorous a Subject at the Age of Forty, I shall not determine. The following Prologue will set it in a plainer Light.

The PROLOGUE.

Æneas Sylvius, Poet and imperial Secretary, to his Fellow-Citizen *Marianus Sozinus*, Professor of both Civil and Canon Law, Health.

YOUR Request is not agreeable to my Age, and quite opposite and repugnant to yours. For what can I, who draw near to forty, write of Love, or you of fifty hear? Love is a Theme that pleases the Ears of Youth, and feeds on their tender Hearts. Love is as improper a Discourse to the Old, as Prudence is to the Young. Nor is there any Thing more odious and ridiculous than when old Age discovers an Affectation of Amours without Strength. You may indeed find some old Men that love, but you never can find one beloved: For old Age is despised in Marriage and Addresses to the Fair. A Woman never loves any Man, that is not in his Vigour and Lustyhood. If any one would perswade you to the contrary, he would but impose on you. I know very well that it is not proper for my Years to write of Love, when I am now past the Noon, and
turning

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turning on the Evening of Life. But then I know, that it is equally improper for your Request, as for my Performance. It is my Duty to obey you; you must therefore take Care what you command me. Your superior Age imposes the Duty of Obedience on me by the Laws of Friendship; which if your Justice is not afraid of infringing by your Commands, my Folly shall not fear to transgress by obeying them. I have received so many Benefits from you, that I can deny nothing to your Desires, altho' mixt with something less honourable. I shall, therefore, now obey that Request, which you have now ten Times repeated; nor will I any longer refuse what you asked with such Importunity. Yet I shall not, as you desire, feign a Story, nor make Use of my poetical Right, as long as it is in my Power to write a Truth: For who is so fond of Falshood as to lye when he can speak the Truth to more Advantage? Because you have often been in Love, and yet want not Fire, you would have me write a Story of two Lovers. 'Tis a Proneness to Amour that will not suffer you to be old. I will be complaisant to your Inclinations, and I will rouse all the amorous Spirits of this grey-headed Lover. Nor will I have Recourse to Fiction, where I have so great a Plenty of Truth. For what is more common all about the World? What City, what Village, what Family is free from Ex-
amples

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amples of this kind? What Man past thirty has done no Exploit for the Sake of Love? I form my Conjecture from Self, whom Love has exposed to a thousand Dangers. I thank the Powers above, that I have a thousand Times escaped the Ambushes laid for me; more happy than *Mars*, whom *Vulcan* caught in his Iron Net, in the Embraces of *Venus*, and exposed them to the Laughter of the rest of the Gods.

But I will rather choose to relate others Amours than my own, least that, by stirring up the Embers of the old Fire, I should yet find some Spark alive. The Love I shall give you an Account of, is full of Wonder, and almost incredible, with which the Breasts of the two Lovers were on Fire. Nor will I have Recourse to old forgotten Amours, but the violent Flames of our own Time. I will not entertain you with the Loves of *Troy* or *Babylon*, but of our own Native City, tho' one of the Lovers was born nearer the Northern Pole.

Some Profit may perhaps be drawn from this very Story. For since the Lady, who is the Argument of the following Discourse, having lost her Lover, breathed out her Soul full of Grief and Indignation; and the Gallant never after enjoyed a perfect Satisfaction; it may be a just and timely Warning to Youth, to avoid such criminal Amours. Let, therefore, the young Ladies hear, and gather
this

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this Lesson from what I relate, never to ruin themselves in engaging in Love with young Gallants. This Story instructs Youth not to list themselves in a Warfare, that yields more Gall than Honey; but casting off Lewdness, and the furious Dictates of Lust, which make Men mad, they apply themselves wholly to Virtue, which only can make a Man happy. If any one knows not the Multitude of Evils and Mischiefs, that lie concealed in so specious a Name as Love, here he may have a full View of them.

Farewell, my Friend, and pray lend your Attention to the Perusal of that Story, which you commanded me to write.

These two Letters, and what I have said already, will be sufficient for the Author. I shall only add for the Translation, that I have kept as near the Author's Diction as was agreeable to the Difference of the Languages; that I have never made any Scruple to add, where the Author gave a Hint worth the improving; and have ventured to leave out, what I thought might prove tedious to an English Reader. In the main, I hope I may pretend to have done Æneas Sylvius Justice, and given him such an English Garb, as very few of our modern French Authors wear, when they visit us in the British Tongue.

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The Moral of this Fable, or rather History, is very good, and yet so general as to be extended to all of this Nature, that are justly writ; but the French generally make the Offenders very easy, and meet no Punishment but what they find in the Infidelity of each other.



T H E

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
AMOURS
OF
Count SCHLICK, &c.

EVERY Body already knows with what Pomp and Magnificence *Sienna*, the Place of both our Nativities, receiv'd the Emperor *Sigismund*. They built a Palace for his Reception, near the Church of *St. Martha*; where after the Ceremony of the Day, when he arriv'd, he was met by four Matrons, almost of equal Quality, Beauty, Age and Habit. Any one might easily mistake them for Goddesses, confessing nothing mortal in their Aspect and Appearance. Had they been but three, they might well have pass'd for *Venus*, *Juno* and *Pallas*, that appear'd to the Royal Shepherd, in the Solitude of Mount *Ida*.

The Emperor *Sigismund*, tho' in Years, being of a very amorous Temper, took no greater Delight than in his Conversation with the Ladies, nor cou'd Nature afford him any Thing more pleasing, than the Sight of a beautiful Woman. As soon, therefore, as he cast his Eye on these four Ladies, leaping from his Horse he was receiv'd by them, and turning to his Attendants, full of Surprize and Satisfaction, frequently ask'd them

them if they had ever beheld such Charms before. *For my Part,* said he, *I know not what to determine, whether they are Women, or Angels, at least I am sure they have heaven's Faces.*

While the Emperor was so loudly zealous in their Praise, a modest Blush overspread their Faces, and their bashful Eyes fixt themselves on the Ground; but that which set their Modesty in a better Light, gave a heightning to their Beauty: The *Indian* Ivory strained with the purple Violets, and the ruddy Rose mingled with the Lilly, cast no such beauteous Colours, as their Cheeks.

Among these there was a Lady named *Lucretia*, who shone above the rest with superior Light and Grace. She was not yet twenty Years of Age, of the Family of the *Camilli*, but was marry'd to one *Menelaus*, a Man of very great Wealth, tho' far unworthy of having so much Youth and Beauty under his Jurisdiction, but thoroughly worthy of the Honour of being deceived and imposed on by his Wife, and furnished with the largest Browantlers in the World. *Lucretia* was taller than all the rest; she had an Abundance of Hair, and that bright as Threads of burnished Gold, which was not ty'd close back like that of a Maid, but interwoven with Jewels and Gold; her Forehead was open and of a just Largeness, not ruffled with the least Wrinkle; Her Eye-brow black and drawn in an exact Bow, and separated from each other by a regular Interval: Her Eyes darted Beams so fierce, that like those of the Sun they made the Beholders blind. With these she could either kill, or revive whom she pleased: Her Nose drawn in a direct Line and just Height, with equal Bounds divided the Rosy Provinces of her Cheeks, than which nothing could be more lively, or more delightful, especially when a graceful Smile formed in each a charming Dimple, which none could behold without a Desire of kissing: Her Mouth was small and charming, her Lips of Coral-hue, discovered a wondrous Aptness for the amorous Bite: Her Teeth small and even looked like Mother of Pearl; her tremulous Tongue, when it moved,

moved, seem'd to send forth not meer Words, but Harmony in Perfection. What should I say of the Beauty of her Chin, or the Whiteness of her Neck? Since there was no Part of her Body or Face, that was not worthy of a Panegyric. Men judg'd of the inward Beauty of the Mind, by the exterior Charms of her Person. No Body that saw her, but envy'd the Happiness of her Husband, who was sure to have as many Rivals, as his Wife had Beholders. Besides these, the general Air of her Face, discovered a Thousand engaging and peculiar Graces. As to her Speech, what Tradition gives us of the Discourse of *Cornelia*, the Mother of the *Gracchi*, or the Daughter of *Ortestus*, was true of her, for nothing could be more sweet and modest, than what she said. She made not a Show of Honesty, with a sour and supercilious Look, as most of her Sex affect to do, but discovered a visible Modesty in a cheerful Countenance; not dashed with a too bashful Rusticity, nor too forward and bold in her Deportment, but bore a Masculine Soul in her Female Heart, tempered with a becoming Modesty. The Ornaments of her Dress were various, every where distinguished with Jewels and precious Stones; her Head-dress was both graceful and rich, and her Fingers adorned with Diamond Rings of considerable Value. *Helen* discovered not more bewitching Charms that Day, when *Mene-laüs* first had *Paris* for his Guest; nor was *Andromache* set out with greater Magnificence on the Day of her Marriage to *Hector*.

In this beauteous Company was *Catharine* the Wife of *Petrucio*, who dying soon after this Solemnity, had *Cæsar* himself in the Train of her Mourners, having before devoted her Infant Son to the Service of the Emperor; a Lady of uncommon Charms, though much Inferior to those of *Lucretia*. Every ones Mouth was full of the Beauties of *Lucretia*, and *Lucretia* was the whole Subject of every Discourse. She had the Tribute of *Cæsar's* Praise, and that of the whole Court, and drew the Eyes of all that were present to whatever Place she turned herself. As it is said, that *Orpheus*

by

by the Power of his Lute drew Woods and Rocks to his Harmony, so did *Lucretia* by her Eyes all that beheld her. But *Eurialus* of *Franconia*, whose Person and Wealth, made him extreamly fit for a Lover, was more, than all the rest, and beyond the Bounds of Justice, born by an impetuous Passion to be her peculiar Devote: He was not yet quite thirty two Years of Age, of a middle Stature, of a gay and graceful Mien, sprightly Eyes, softned with an engaging Sweetness, and all other Parts of his Body composing a graceful Majesty of Masculine Beauty. The other Courtiers after a long Campaign were not so well dress'd, or so plentifully furnished with Gold; but he by his own paternal Wealth and Estate, and the singular Advantage of the peculiar Friendship and Favour of the Emperor, which drew to him abundance of Presents, appeared every Day more splendid in the Eye of the World. He was followed by a long Train of Servants; he one Day wore his Cloaths all over embroider'd with Gold, another Velvet enobled with the *Tyrian* Dye, and every Day vary'd his Equipage with some Pomp and Magnificence. His Horses were such as the Fables tell us, came to the Siege of *Troy* with *Memnon*. In short, there was nothing wanting but Quiet and Ease to kindle up that kindly Warmth of Mind, which we call Love. But Youth, and that Luxury of good Fortune, by which Love is nourished, prevailed; and *Eurialus* was now no longer Master of himself; he no sooner saw *Lucretia*, but his Heart took Fire, and dwelt on her Face; he thought he could never satisfy his Desire with looking upon her, nor did his Love prove vain: The Event was wonderful. The Number of handsome Men was great; but *Lucretia* chose only *Eurialus*; nor was the Train of beautiful Ladies inconsiderable, yet *Eurialus* could think of none but *Lucretia*.

'Tis true, they were not so happy, as to be sensible at that Interview of the mutual Flame they had caused in each others Breast; but both had the Pain to fear, that each loved without any Return from the Person beloved. As soon, therefore, as the tedious Ceremony of

Cæsar's

Caesar's Entry and Reception were over, and each retired to their Apartment, *Lucretia's* Mind was wholly possess'd with *Eurialus*, and his entirely taken up with *Lucretia*; she could think of him alone, and he only of her.

Who after this will be surprized at the Amour of *Piramus* and *Thisbe*. Their Neighbourhood gave the first Steps to their Passion, which from the Opportunity of their adjoining Houses in Time grew to a Head. But this Couple never saw one another before, or had the least Preparation by a preparatory Report, till that Moment unknown even by Name to each other. He was a *Franconian*, she a *Tuscan*; nor did the Tongue do the Office of a Mediator, the Eyes only did the Work compleatly, by pleasing one another at the first View.

Lucretia, being therefore thus deeply wounded by Love, and burning with a secret, but violent Fire, forgets that she is marry'd, hates her Husband heartily; and nourishing the amorous Wound in her Bosom, she there hugs the dear Image of *Eurialus*, now deeply fixt in her Heart, nor allows any Rest to her Body, nor Quiet to her Mind, till thus she reasons with herself.

' I know not what is the Matter, *says she to herself*,
' I can no longer bear my Husband's Company, I take
' no Pleasure in his Embraces; his Kisses are tasteless;
' his Discourse odious; the Image of that lovely Strang-
' er I saw so near *Caesar* is perpetually before my Eyes;
' drive away if thou canst, *Lucretia*, those guilty Flames
' from thy chaste Bosom! But alas! could I do that, I
' were no longer Sick, as I am! I find a new and un-
' known Force drag me away, which I cannot resist:
' Desire perswades one Thing; but Justice another! I
' know which is best, yet I must follow that which
' is worst. Where alas is my Honour? The Sense of
' my Quality? What have I to do with this Foreigner?
' Why do I thus burn with a Passion for a Man of a
' distant Country? And why am I so mad as to wish to
' share the Bed of a Person of quite another World? If
' I am weary of my Husband, this City may sure af-

' ford an agreeable Gallant? But alas! how soft, and
 ' yet how majestick his Face? who is there but must be
 ' charmed by his Beauty, Age, Quality and Virtue?
 ' At least I find he has found the Way to my Heart;
 ' and I must perish unless he afford me Relief; But oh!
 ' may the Fates be far more propitious. But, O mon-
 ' strous Shame! shall I betray my chaste Nuptial-Bed to
 ' a Stranger of whom I know nothing at all; and who
 ' perhaps, as soon as he has abused my Embraces,
 ' shall go quite away, be the Husband of some other
 ' too happy Woman, and leave me behind unvalued,
 ' and unthought of? But his Looks, the Nobleness of
 ' his Mind, and the graceful Form of his Person pro-
 ' mise no such Evils, as to make me dread any Treach-
 ' ery from him, or that he should ever forget the Ten-
 ' derness of my Love! Besides he shall first plight me
 ' his Faith in Ten thousand binding Oaths to be con-
 ' stant. Why in the midst of Security should I be so
 ' fearful of Danger? Away, away, ye idle Terrors, I
 ' banish you all my Bosom. My Beauty is not so very
 ' small but that he may desire me with an equal Ardor.
 ' He will always owe himself to me, if I once admit
 ' him to my Embraces. How many pester me with
 ' their Addresses wherever I go. How many Rivals
 ' spend the Evening at my Doors without any Regard?
 ' No more, O Love! I surrender to thy Power, and
 ' I will apply myself to thy Direction. This lovely
 ' Man shall either stay here with me, or take me with
 ' him wherever he goes.—But shall I then abandon
 ' my Mother, my Husband and my Country? My
 ' Mother is severe and cruel, and ever an Obstacle to
 ' my Pleasures: I had rather be without my Husband,
 ' than suffer his Caresses; and that only is my Country,
 ' where I find Pleasure in living. But I shall lose my
 ' Fame, my Reputation. But what are the idle Ru-
 ' mours of Men to me, which will never come to my
 ' Ears? He that is too cautious of his Fame will never
 ' venture upon any bold and brave Undertaking. Be-
 ' sides, I have abundance of Examples to justify my
 ' Conduct. *Helen* gave her consent to the Rape, and
Paris

• *Paris* bore her not away against her Inclination.
 • What should I mention *Ariadne*, or *Medea*? No body condemns them who err with a Multitude.

In this manner did *Lucretia* spend the wakeful Nights, and tedious Days, in arguing with herself to strengthen her Cause, and justify that Guilt, to which she had already surrendered her Heart. Nor had *Eurialus* less furious Contests in his Bosom, and Tumults in his Mind. *Lucretia's* House was just in the Mid-way, betwixt the Court and his Lodgings; nor could he pass to the Palace but he must see her, shewing herself out of her Windows. But *Lucretia* always blush'd every Time she saw *Eurialus*, which made the Emperor himself sensible of her Love. For riding up and down, as his Custom was, and often passing this Way, he had made it his Observation, that she immediately changed Colour on the Approach of *Eurialus*, who was always as near him, as *Matenas* was to *Augustus*. Turning himself to him, said the Emperor, *Do you observe Eurialus how you wound the Ladies Hearts? This Lady has certainly a Passion for you.* And sometimes as if he envy'd the happy Lover, he would draw *Eurialus's* Hat over his Eyes, when he came to *Lucretia's* House, saying, *You shall not see her whom you love, I only will enjoy this Sight.* May it please your Majesty, I take this for no Sign of Love at all, reply'd *Eurialus*, but this Action of your Majesty's may be prejudicial to the Lady, by giving her a Suspicion of what there is no ground for, for upon my Honour I have not the least Affair with the Ladies on my Hands at this Time.

The Horse of *Eurialus* was of a light reddish Colour, beautiful in its Shape, and fit for so accomplished a Rider; so full of Fire, that when the Trumpet sounded he could not be kept without Motion, curveting, and pawing the Ground with his Hoofs every Way, discovering his Ardour at the martial Music. *Lucretia* was not wholly unlike this Horse, when she saw *Eurialus*, who, though when alone she had resolved to shut up all the Avenues to Love, yet when she once beheld him, she set no Bounds to her Passion or herself: But

as a dry Field of Corn set on Fire, is more inflamed by the Blasts of the adverse Wind, so burnt the unhappy *Lucretia* at the Sight of her *Eurialus*.

The wise Men are certainly in the right, who tells us, that Chastity is only to be found in the humble Cottage; and that Poverty alone feels Passions without Guilt; which is confined to a little Hut, while Palaces, and noble Structures are wholly unacquainted with Chastity. Who ever enjoys a prosperous Fortune, abounds in Luxury, and always pursues what he has not yet enjoy'd. Lust has chosen for her abode, magnificent Structures, and the large spread Palaces of unwieldy Fortune.

Lucretia having such frequent Sight of *Eurialus*, was unable any longer to contend with her Passion, but wholly apply'd her Thoughts to reflect whom she should make a Confident in her Amour, since the Fire, that is deny'd a Vent, burns more fiercely. She had among her Husband's Servants an old Fellow, a German by Birth, and by Name *Sofias*, faithful to his Master, having lived a great while in his Service. This Man the poor Lovesick Lady tries to bring to her Devotion, confiding more in his Country, than the Man. One Day the Emperor was to pass by her House, followed by a very numerous Train; when *Eurialus* was near she calls to *Sofias*——Come hither, good *Sofias*, said she, I have a little Business with you——look down out of the Window, What Nation can boast of such Men as these? See how all their curled Hair falls in comely Ringlets down their Shoulders! What charming Faces, all supported with Necks of Ivory? which Way soever they turn themselves, what Courage, and Vigour they discover in their Bosoms? This is quite another Sort and Species of Men, than what our Climate produces! These are certainly the Seed of the Gods, and of a Heavenly Race! Oh! that Fortune had bountifully bestowed one of these Demi-Gods on me for a Husband! Had not my Eyes been witness of this Miracle, I should never have believed thee telling such Wonders, tho' Fame allows, that the Germans excell all the rest of Mankind. I believe abundance of the Snow of their Northern Climate

Clime is convey'd into their Complexion. But do you know any of them? Most of them (reply'd *Sofias*.) Do you know *Eurialus* the *Franconian*, pursu'd *Lucretia*? As well as I do myself (answered *Sofias*.) But why, *Madam*, do you ask me that Question? I'll tell thee (reply'd *Lucretia*) confident that the Help, which I desire from your good Nature, will not vanish into Air. There is no Man in all this Retinue of the Emperor, that is so agreeable to me, as this *Eurialus*, 'tis he that has disturb'd my Mind. I find my Breast burn with I know not what Fires: I can neither forget him, nor restore my Peace of Mind, unless I make my Condition known to him. Go, my good *Sofias*, seek out *Eurialus*; tell him, I love him; this is all I desire of thee, nor shall you bear this Message without a Reward.

Dear *Madam* (reply'd *Sofias*) what is this you tell me? Do you think me capable, *Madam*, of doing such a Villany, so much as ev'n in Thought? What, betray my Master? Shall I in my old Age venture into Treachery, which in my Youth, I always abhorr'd. Rather, most noble Lady, reflect on your illustrious Blood, drive away these abominable Flames from your chaste Breast, nor listen to the Flatteries of a pernicious Hope; extinguish this infernal Fire. The Difficulty of resisting Love is not great, if you check his first Insults; while he that nourishes the sweet Evil by soothing it, delivers himself up to the hard Tyranny of an insolent Lord; and puts on a cruel Yoke which he cannot cast off when he would. But should your Husband come to know this, what intolerable Punishments would he inflict; and no Amour can long be kept a Secret.

Hold thy Peace, good *Sofias*, (interrupted *Lucretia*) here is no Room for Terror, for he that fears not to die, fears nothing. I am ready to bear whatever Event my Love shall bring upon me.

Alas! my unhappy Mistress, (reply'd *Sofias*) whither does a blind Passion hurry you? Will you make your House infamous; and be the only Adulteress of your Family? Can you think yourself safe in your Guilt, when there are a thousand Eyes, that observe you? Neither your Mother,

nor your Husband, your Relations, nor Maids will suffer this Crime to be secret. Shou'd the Servants be faithful, and silent, the very Beasts themselves wou'd reveal the Wickedness; and the very Dogs, Pillars, and Marble of the Walls accuse you aloud. But shou'd you keep the Secret from all here, you cannot from him, who sees all Things, God. Reflect on the present Pain, in the Terrors of Conscience; a Soul full of Guilt, scaring even itself? There is no Confidence, no Trust in great Crimes: I beg you to stifle the Flames of impious Love; expell the horrid Crime from your chaste Mind, and have a wise Fear of admitting a strange Intruder to a Share in your Husband's Bed.

I confess (reply'd Lucretia) all that you have said is very true; I allow it; but the victorious Madness compels me to follow the worse and contrary Course. My Mind knows the deadly Precipice, on the Brink of which it stands, and knowing that, jumps headlong into Ruin; the Frenzy prevails, and rules my Heart, and powerful Love tyrannizes through all my Person. I am resolv'd to follow, whatever the Dominion of Love Commands. Alas! alas, I have too long struggled with the mighty Power in vain. Carry therefore, if thou hast any Pity on my Misery, my Message to the Man I love.

Sofias on this sent forth a most pitiful Sigh, and falling on his Knees, proceeded.——I beg you, Madam, by these grey Hairs of my Age, and this Breast worn out with Cares, and that Fidelity which I have always shew'd in my long Service to your Parents, put a stop to your Fury, and help yourself; half the Cure is the Will to be cur'd.

I have not (said Lucretia) lost all my Modesty, I will follow your Advice, good Sofias; the only Refuge that is left for this Evil, I will flie to, and that is Death, which alone can prevent the Wickedness.

Sofias, frighten'd with so dire a Resolution, cry'd, Moderate, Madam, this unruly Rage of your Mind, appease this Fury; you that think yourself worthy of Death, are worthy of Life.

No, 'tis decreed (interrupted Lucretia) that I will die. The Wife of Collatinus kill'd herself, after she had suffer'd the adulterous Embrace; but I will anticipate the Wickedness by a generous Death; every Thing will easily furnish me with the Means of that, a Dagger, Poison, or throwing myself from hence into the Street; it is just that I revenge the Forfeiture of my Chastity; and this is all now that I shall attempt.

I will not suffer it (said Sosias) Alas! (reply'd Lucretia) you'll struggle in vain, for when the Mind is bent on Death, it is impossible to prevent it; for when the Sword was taken from Portia, Cato's Daughter, on the Death of Brutus, she swallow'd burning Coals.

If so dire a Fury possesses your Mind (said Sosias) we are rather to consult your Life than Fame. Reputation is often fallacious, a good one being bestow'd on an evil Man, and one that is worse on a Man of Honour. I will try this Eurialus; and diligently apply myself to these amorous Affairs; this shall be my Province, of which, if I mistake not, I shall be able soon to give you a good Account.

These Words gave Love a fresh Fire, and Hope to her doubtful Mind. Yet he did not design to proceed as he promis'd; he endeavour'd by Delays to assuage the Fury of her Mind, because Time produces a Cure, that nothing else can effect. Sosias believ'd, that he cou'd by false Joys keep her in Suspence, either till the Emperor shou'd ~~have~~ ^{be} he would seek another Messenger, or that she should lay violent Hands on herself. He often, therefore, pretended to go and come between the Lovers, and that he was transported with her Love, and only waited a happy Opportunity to accomplish both their Desires. Sometimes he pretended that he was sent out of Town, and delay'd their Wishes till his Return, and thus he fed her sickly Mind for many Days; but that he might not tell her always Falsities, he once address'd himself to Eurialus in this Manner—
Did you but know how you are belov'd! but wou'd give him no Answer on his Enquiry, what he meant by the Exclamation.

But *Eurialus*, struck deep with Arrows of Love, gave himself no Repose, while the furtive Fire devour'd his Blood and Marrow! yet he knew not *Sofias*, nor that he had been sent to him by his charming *Lucretia*, every Man having less of Hope than Desire. When *Eurialus* found himself in Love, he had Recourse to his Prudence, and often reproach'd himself in this Manner. *You know, Eurialus, what the Empire of Love is, long Grievs and short Pleasures; little Joys and great Fears. A Lover is always dying, but never dead. What makes you again deviate into these Trifles. But when he found all his struggling fruitless. To what Purpose alas! do I strive in vain against the Power of Love? Can I think that Frailty below me, which domincer'd in the Breasts of Julius Cæsar, Alexander and Hannibal? But what need: I shelter myself under the Examples of military Men? Let us turn our Eyes to the Poets, and we find Virgil hanging by a Rope half-way down a Tower in hopes to enjoy his Mistress; yet who is it excuses the Fact, as of a Man of a loose Life? If we look on the Philosophers, the Masters of Discipline, and Teachers of the Art of living well, we shall find Aristotle like a Horse rid by a Woman, with a Bridle in his Mouth, and the Rowels of her Spurs in his Sides? The Power of Cæsar is equal to the Gods, nor is that Verse of Ovid's true, tho' grown*

*Bright Majesty and Love but ill agree,
And seldom in one Person join'd we see.*

For who is a greater Lover than our present Cæsar? How often has he been a Slave to Cupid? Hercules the most valiant of the Heroes, and the certain Off-spring of the Gods, throwing aside his Lions Skin and Quiver, took up the Distaff, and taught that Hand which us'd to wield his Club to dress a Lady's Head, set her Jewels in Order, discriminate the Hair and Spin. Love is a natural Passior, and spreads through all the Species of the Animal Kingdom. The Birds that wing the liquid Air, feel their Bosoms warm'd with this Fire.

The

The fable Dove by the green Bird's belov'd;
And the white Turtle's to the spotted join'd.

If I remember right the Words of Sapho to her Lover Pharon in Sicily. If we look among the Beasts, we find the Cattle make Wars for their Mistress of the Field. The fearful Hart from Love strange Courage draws; and challenges his Rivals to the Combat, expressing with his Tone the Signs of the Fury that has seiz'd him. The Hyrcanian Tigers burn with the same Fires; the rugged Russian Bear beneath his frozen Clime, warm'd by Love whets his Tusks with Fury against his Foe; and the Lions of Africa shake their horrid Manes; and no Creature so wild and cruel, but Love reduces him to his Power. There is nothing free from Love. Love blows up the fiercer Flames of Youth, and lights again that Fire, which very old Age had extinguish'd, and strikes with unknown Heat the Virgin's Heart. Why therefore should I struggle with this universal Law of Nature, from which nothing that lives is exempt?

Love conquers all, and I must yield to Love.

Having thus fortify'd himself with Examples and Arguments, for the Justness of his Passion; he wanted a Messenger to carry a Billet to his Mistress. He had a dear and intimate Friend, call'd *Achates*, a perfect Doctor in Affairs of this Nature: he undertakes this Province, and soon finds out a Woman by whom the following Letter was sent.

I Shou'd send Health to the fair *Lucretia* in this Billet, but that I have not Stock enough of that to make my Wishes effectual; since my whole Health, and all my Hopes of Life depend on you alone. You it is, Madam, that I love more than myself, and I flatter myself, that you are not ignorant of the Flames of my wounded Heart. My Face wet with Tears, and my Bosom heaving with thick Sighs, whenever I see you, are plain Evidences of

the Pangs I feel within. Ah! hear me with an equal Ear, if I presume to lay open my Bosom to your Eyes. Your Beauty has taken me Captive, and your Charms which are greater than those of all your Sex besides, hold me bound in Chains. Till now, alas! I never knew what Love was, but your Eyes have at once submitted my Soul to its Empire. 'Tis true, and I confess it, I fought long before I wou'd yield to so tyrannic a Lord; but your Beauties vanquish'd all my Endeavours; the Beams of your Eyes more glorious and cheering than those of the Sun, wou'd not longer suffer me to dispute the Victory. I am, Madam, now your Prisoner of War, out of my own Power, and wholly at your Disposal. You have rob'd me of the Use of Sleep and Food; you Day and Night I love; you I desire; you I invoke; you I expect; of you are all my Thoughts; you only I breathe; with you only I recreate and delight my self: my Soul is yours, and with you I wholly am; and you only can save me, and only you can destroy me. Choose which of those you will do, and in your Answer let me know your Mind; nor be you more severe with your Words, than you were with those Eyes, that bound me to you. My Request is not great nor unreasonable; since all I ask is only leave to wait on you. The whole Business of this Letter is only to obtain Permission to tell you with my Mouth what I am now forc'd to commit to my Pen. If you grant me this, I live, and live repleat with Happiness; if you deny me, that Heart immediately perishes, which loves you far more than me. I commit myself to you and your Generosity. Adieu, my Soul, and the Support of my Life.

The Female Mercury having received this Letter seal'd up, made the best of her Way to Lucretia's House, and having found her alone, she delivers it to her with these Words:—*The most noble and powerful Favourite of the Emperor's Court, sends you this Letter, Madam, and begs you with the most moving and humble Entreaties to have Pity on his Condition.*—This Messenger happened to be a most notorious Bawd, and so publickly known, that even Lucretia was not ignorant of her Character; and she

she was not a little concern'd, that so infamous a Creature shou'd be sent to her on this Errand ; so that turning to her with some Fury, *What saucy Impudence* (said she) *has given thee Boldness to enter my House? What Frenzy has prevail'd on thee to dare to approach a Lady of my Power and Quality in this City? Dar'st thou venture to enter the Palaces of the Nobility, and attempt the Corruption of a Woman of Quality? I can scarce forbear tearing out thy Eyes: Dar'st thou bring Billets to me? Speak to me against my Virtue? and look on me as thy Prey? Had I not more Regard to Decency, and what is fit for me to do, than what is thy Due, I wou'd this Moment spoil you for a Letter Carrier to Cupid as long as thee liv'd. Begone therefore, and that quickly, thou Witch, with thy Letters,——no, rather give me the Letter that I may tear it in a thousand Pieces, and throw them into the Fire.*

At these Words she snatches the Paper out of the Bawd's Hands, and tears it to Pieces, and trampling them under her Feet, she threw them into the Ashes. *This Punishment ought likewise to be yours,* said she too, *infamous Creature, more worthy the Fire, than Life. But fly away immediately, lest my Husband come and find thee here, and tho' I have forgiven thee, punish thee according to thy Desert ; but have a Care thou come no more in my Sight.*

Another Woman wou'd have been frightened at these Threats, and seeming Anger ; but this Bawd was too well acquainted with the Temper of the Wives of Sienna, and therefore mutter'd to herself——*Now am I certain, that you desire most, since you pretend an Aversion — And then speaking out to Lucretia, she said—I thought, Madam, that I had done an Office agreeable to your Desires ; if I am mistaken, I hope your Ladyship will forgive my Sin of Ignorance ; and if you will not have me come any more to your House, I shall, Madam, obey your Commands ; and leave you to reflect on the Love you wou'd seem to despise.*

Having spoke this, she went her way ; and having found Eurialus, she flatters him in this Manner.——*Take*

courage, most fortunate Lover, the Lady's Passion is greater for you, than yours for her; but I had the ill Luck to come when she cou'd not have an Opportunity of returning you an Answer. I found Lucretia in a very deep Melancholy, but at the Mention of your Name and Letters from you, a sudden Joy shot into her Eyes, Gaiety banish'd Grief and Sorrow from her Countenance, and she kiss'd the Paper a thousand Times over. Trouble not your self, Sir, you will not be long without an Answer, take my Word for it—— Having said this, and had her Reward, she departed, and took care to keep out of the Way for the Future, for fear she shou'd have Blows instead of Gold.

Lucretia, as soon as the old Woman was gone, takes care to gather up the Bits of the Letter, and placing each in its Place, restor'd the Epistle to its Form so well, as to be perfectly read and understood. Which having read a thousand Times over, she kiss'd as many, and then wrapping it up in fine Linen, she plac'd it in her Cabinet among her Jewels and Rarities. Now thinking of this Expression, now of that, she took down larger Draughts of Love every Mōment, and resolv'd to write in the following Manner.

Lucretia's Answer.

CEASE, Eurialus, to hope what it is not lawful to obtain; spare me the Trouble of your Letters and Messengers; nor take me for one of those Creatures, that set themselves to Sale. You seem perfectly mistaken in my Character, Sir, else you wou'd scarce have ventur'd to affront me, by sending a Bawd on your Errand. I admit of no Love, that is inconsistent with Modesty and Virtue; with others you may act as you think fit; but I hope you will ask nothing of me but with Caution and Justice.

Farewell!

Though this Letter was far harsher, than he had Reason to expect from the Bawd's Assurances, yet it open'd the Way for a free Intercourse of Letters betwixt them, for he cou'd make no Scruple of trusting a Messenger,

senger, in whom he found *Lucretia* put such a Confidence. His only Trouble was, that he was ignorant of the *Italian* Tongue; he therefore apply'd himself with unweary'd Diligence to learn it. Drawing Assiduity from Love, he soon accomplish'd his Desires, and now wrote his Letters himself, which before he was fain to be oblig'd to a Friend to indite.

He therefore replies to *Lucretia's* Billet, ' That she ought not to be angry with him for sending an infamous Woman on his Errand, since his Ignorance of the Place, and of the People, as a Stranger, might very well excuse his Mistake. That the Motive and Cause of his sending, was a Love, that aim'd at nothing dishonourable; that he believ'd her modest and chaste; and by Consequence worthy of the greater Passion; that an insolent Woman, and one profuse of her Honour, he was so far from loving, that she was his utmost Aversion; for when once a Woman had forfeited her Reputation, she retain'd nothing valuable about her; that Beauty indeed was a Benefit, yeilding abundance of Pleasure, but then it was frail and fleeting, and without Modesty of no Value; that she who join'd Beauty and Chastity was a truly divine Woman: That he knew her Mistress of both these Perfections, and that was the Reason, that he cou'd not but love her, nor shou'd he desire any Thing loose or injurious to her Fame; that all he desir'd was to come to her Speech, where he shou'd be able to express himself better than he cou'd in Writing.— With these Letters he sent some Presents valuable both for the Matter and Work. To this *Lucretia* made the following Reply.

YOUR Letter has remov'd my Cause of Complaint on Account of the scandalous Bearer of your first. I set no great Value on your Declaration of Love, since you are neither the first, nor the only Man, that my Beauty has led astray. Many have, and many do love me, and made their Addresses to me in vain, nor shall your Endeavours meet with better Success. Give you a Meeting, I neither can, nor will; Nor can you find me alone, unless you change
yourself

yourself into a Swallow. My Apartment is very high, and all the Avenues fortify'd with Spies. Your Presents I receiv'd, because I lik'd the Workmanship. But that you shall give me nothing without a valuable Consideration, and that they may not seem the Pledges of Love, I send you a Ring, that my Husband made a Present of to my Mother, as the Price of the Jewels, for the Ring I send you is not of lesser value. Adieu.

To this Billet Eurialus made the following Reply.

YOUR Billet gave me no small Joy to find that you had dismiss'd your Complaint about my first Messenger; tho' it gave me no little Pain to find you set so little Value on my Love. For tho' you have a thousand Adorers, yet no Breast burns with a Fire like mine. You do not believe this, but it is because I am not admitted to you to convince you of your Error, else you wou'd not condemn me. Oh! that I cou'd indeed transform myself into a Swallow, tho' I should rather with the Metamorphosis into a Flea, else you might shut the Window against me. But my Grief arises not from your Want of Power, but Want of Will; for what shou'd I regard but the Mind? Ah! my *Lucretia*! Why did you say that you wou'd not see me! What! were it in your Power, wou'd you not allow me one Word? Me, who am all entirely yours? All whose Desires are to obey you; who, shou'd you command me to go into the Fire or Precipices, through Seas, wou'd make my Obedience almost anticipate your Command. For God's Sake leave out that unkind Word; if you have not the Power, at least have the Will. Kill me not with your Words, who draw my Life from your Eyes. Alter that severe Sentence, by which you assure me, that all my Labour will be in vain. Far be such obstinate Cruelty from your Heart; be more compassionate and tender of your Lover. If you proceed in this Manner you will be a Murtherefs; for believe it, your Words will sooner find a fatal Passage to my Heart, than the Sword of any other.

Tho'

‘ Tho’ I will not here press any more Favours, yet I
 ‘ must ask you to return Love for Love. You have no
 ‘ Objection to this; this no Body can hinder; tell me,
 ‘ that you love me, and you make me the happiest of
 ‘ Men. I am pleas’d that you keep my Presents on any
 ‘ Terms, they will put you in Mind of my Passion;
 ‘ ’tis true they were of small Value, and these I send
 ‘ now are of less, yet do not despise the Offerings of
 ‘ Love. When those I expect every Day of greater
 ‘ Consequence arrive, *Lucretia* shall be sure of receiv-
 ‘ ing my Acknowledgment. Your Ring shall never go
 ‘ off my Finger, which instead of you, I will moisten
 ‘ with my Kisses. Adieu, my Delight, and send me
 ‘ what Comfort you can afford me.

After several Letters to this Purpose, *Lucretia* sends
 him at last the following Billet.

I Am willing, *Eurialus*, to comply with your Desires,
 and make you a Partner in my Love, as you request,
 for your Quality, and your Merits forbid your loving
 in vain. I shall not say how agreeable your Person may
 be in my Eyes; but to love wou’d be very injurious to
 myself. I know my self too well, that shou’d I once
 begin to love, I shou’d pass all Bounds. You can’t stay
 here long, and yet when I have given a Loose to my
 Heart, I cannot be without you. You wou’d not take
 me with you, and I cou’d not stay behind you. I have
 too many Examples before my Eyes, of the dangerous
 Consequence of an Amour with a Foreigner, to venture
 to love you. *Jason* deceiv’d *Medea*, tho’ by her Means
 he threw the wakeful Dragon into a Sleep, and bore
 away the golden Fleece. *Theseus* was to be thrown a
 Prey to the Minotaur, but by the Counsel of *Ariadne* he
 escap’d, yet he cou’d steal from her in the Night, and
 leave her expos’d in an Island by herself. Did not her
 Love for a Stranger bring the unhappy *Dido* to a dismal
 End? No, no, Sir, I know very well the Danger that
 attends me in an Amour of this Nature; I shall there-
 fore never expose myself to such Hazards. You Men
 are of a more stay’d and solid Judgment, than we Wo-
 men;

men; you can reign and rule the Fury of your Passions as you please; but when once a Woman admits the Fury of Love, Death only can terminate her Passion! A Woman may be said to be mad, not in Love, and unless there be a correspondent Affection, there is no greater Terror than a Woman in Love. When once we have given Admission to the fatal Fire, we regard neither Fame nor Life, and only pursue the Enjoyment of the Man beloved; nor will any Danger deter us in the Pursuit of Love. Being, therefore, a Wife, a Woman of Quality and Wealth, in Prudence I must shut out all Thoughts of Love from my Bosom, especially of a Stranger, which can be of no Continuance, lest I should be look'd on as another *Rhodopean Phyllis*, or *Lesbian Sapho*. I beg you therefore to press me no farther for my Love, but with all the Speed you can stifle and extinguish your own; for that is what a Man can do with far greater Ease than a Woman. And if it be true, that you love me, you will not ask that of me, that must be my Ruin. In Return of your Gifts I send you a Golden Cross set with Diamonds; which, tho' small, is of Value. *Adieu*.

Eurialus having received this Billet, gave not over the Combat, but immediately taking Pen in Hand, he wrote the following Reply.

Eurialus's Answer.

MY Soul, I wish you Health, who by your Letter, *Lucretia*, have made me immortal, tho' with the Sweets you have mingled some Gall; but that I hope you will remove when you have heard me speak. Your Letter close sealed with your Signet came safe to my Hands, which I read often, but kissed ofner: But your Letter promotes what you seem to design to dissuade. You bid me give over loving you, because it would be inconvenient for you to engage in an Affair with a Stranger, and you set before me the Examples of the Ladies of old, who were deceived on the like Occasion; but this you tell in so ingenious and polite a Manner, that it obliges me rather to
love

love you and your Wit the more, than to forget you. Who can begin to love his Mistress less, when he finds by her Prudence and Wit she deserves it more? If you would have had my Love decrease, you should not have discovered new Charms in your Knowledge. For that is not the Way to extinguish a Fire, but to blow up a Spark into a Flame. I burnt all the while I read, finding your Beauty and Honour have so uncommon a Companion as Learning and Sense. When you ask me not to love, you only lose Words, for you might as well bid the Mountains descend into the Plains, or the Floods to run backward to their Fountain-Heads; the Sun may sooner forsake its daily Course, than I cease to love Lucretia. The Scythian Mountains may be without Snow, the Sea without the finny Race, and Deserts without Beasts of Prey, sooner than Eurialus can forget thee. You are mistaken, fair Lucretia, when you imagine that a Man can easily extinguish the Flames of Love, and that very Inconstancy you charge on our Sex, the World is us'd to charge upon yours. But this is a Debate, I will not now enter upon, but answer the Objections and Examples you have brought; you tell me you can make no Return to my Love, because the Love of Strangers has been fatal to many. But I could mention many Men whom the Ladies have forsaken; you know that Cressida abandoned Triolus, the Son of Priam; that Helena betrayed Menelaus; Circe transformed her Lovers into Swine, and other brute Animals. But it is Crime of ~~the~~ ^{the} Way of arguing, to condemn all for the or four treacherous Strangers to condemn all, ^{for the} ~~of~~ ^{the} Sake of three down the whole Sex for half a Score false Women, it would be equally unjust? No, rather let us set before us Examples of another Nature. What was the Love of Anthony and Cleopatra, and others, whom the Brevity of a Letter will not suffer me to name? If you have read Ovid, you find that after the Destruction of Troy, several of the Grecian Chiefs never returned to their own Country, being detained by the Love of strange Ladies. They clove to their Mistresses with such Ardour and Truth, that they chose a Banishment from their native Kingdoms and Relations, and all those Things, which render every Man's Country

Country dear to him, rather than forsake their Mistresses of strange Nations. Think, my Lucretia, on those many Examples that are favourable to our Love, and not on those which are few and destructive of our Satisfaction. Call not me a Foreigner, since I am more a Citizen than he that is born here; Chance made him a Citizen, but Choice me. I will have no Country, but where you are. And tho' my Affairs call me sometimes hence, yet my Return shall always be speedy. Nor will I return into Germany, only to settle my Concerns so as to make my Stay with you the longer. It is no hard Matter to find an Excuse for my staying here; the Emperor has a great many Affairs to negotiate in these Parts, the Administration of which I will take Care to procure for myself. He must necessarily have a Vicar in Tuscany, which Post I will get for myself; dismiss all Doubts, my Life, my Heart, my Hope, my Lucretia. If I can live without a Heart, then I may live without you. At length, therefore, have Pity on your Lover. Reflect on my Labours, and now put an End to my Sufferings. Why do you torment me long? I wonder how I have been able to undergo so many Racks and Tortures; who have passed so many sleepless Nights, and wore out so many Fasting-days. Observe how lean I am grown, and how pale, how little a Matter can keep Life and Soul together? Had I murdered your Parents or your Children, you could not have inflicted a more cruel Punishment upon me. If thus you punish the Man that loves you, what would you do to him that does you any Prejudice or Evil? Ah! my Refreshment, take me into thy Service, ~~my Refreshment~~, my Refreshment, take me into thy Grace, admit me to thy Favour; at length tell me that I am dear to you, that is all I desire. Let me have the Pleasure of saying, that I am the Servant of Lucretia, and Kings and Emperors love those Servants they find faithful. Nor do the Gods themselves disdain to return Love for Love. Adieu, my Hopes.

As a Tower undermined falls on the first Assault, so did the Resolution of Lucretia, on reading the Letter of Eurialus, which gave the Victory to his Love. For having made Trial of the Assiduity and Perseverance of

her Lover, she freely discovered in the following Billet, that Love which she had so long dissembled in her Bosom.

Lucretia's Answer.

I Can no longer resist your Assaults, nor suffer you, *Eurialus*, to be any longer excluded a Share of my Heart. You have overcome, and now I am yours. How miserable has the Receipt of your Letters made me, unless your Fidelity and Prudence preserve me from the Dangers that threaten me ! See that you punctually observe all that you have writ to me. I now surrender myself to your Love ; if you forsake me, you are cruel, a Traytor, and the worst of Men. It is easy to deceive a poor Woman, but by how much the more easy it is, by so much the more base and unmanly. As yet all is well, if you design to forsake me, let me know it before Love takes too firm Hold of me ; nor let us begin an Affair, which we shall hereafter repent. We ought to regard the End of every thing we undertake. As a Woman I have but little Fore-sight ; as a Man you ought to take Care, both of me and yourself. I surrender myself up to you, and depend on your Faith ; nor do I begin to be yours, but that I may be always yours. Adieu, my Defence, and Conductor of my Life.

After this many Letters past betwixt them, and *Eurialus* wrote not with more Ardour, than *Lucretia* answered. Their Desire of meeting was mutual and equal, but the Difficulties seemed unsurmountable, since *Lucretia* had the Eyes of every Body on her, and never stirred out alone, or without a Spy to attend her. *Argos* had not a more watchful Regard to the Charge committed to him by *Juno*, than *Menelaus* had commanded should be had of *Lucretia*. 'Tis a common Vice of the *Italians* to hide their Wives like their Money under Bars and Bolts, but in my Opinion, to little Advantage or Purpose. For Women, to speak generally, desire that most which they are the most severely forbidden ; who when you have a Mind to it refuse you, and when you desist seek you of their own accord. Were these less restrained they would sin less frequently.

frequently. So that it is much as easy a Matter to confine a Woman, as to keep a Stock of Gnats in the Sun. If a Woman have not a natural Chastity, to no purpose does a Husband plague her with Locks and Bars. But who shall keep those Keepers? The Wife is cunning, and always begins with her Guard. Woman is a wild untam'd Animal, that no Bridle can curb.

Lucretia had a Bastard-brother, by whom she convey'd her Letters to *Eurialus*; for him she had made a Confident of her Amour; and with him she agrees, that he should privately admit *Eurialus* into the House he had here with *Lucretia's* Mother, to whom she often paid Visits, and from whom as often received them, and the Distance was not great from each others House. Thus their Plot lay, That as soon as her Mother was gone out to Church, *Lucretia* should come to pay her a Visit, and there finding *Eurialus* in the Parlour, shou'd pass her Hours with him. The Meeting was appointed in two Days time; which seem'd to the Lovers longer than two Years; for the Hours seem long to those who hope something, that is good; but short and swift to those who fear and expect any Evil.

But Fortune disappointed this Happiness of the Lovers; the Mother smelt out the Design, and to prevent it, took her Son-in-law out with her when she went to Church. The trusty Squire informs *Eurialus* of the Misfortune, who felt as much Pain for it as did *Lucretia* herself; who when she understood, that her Designs were discovered, said, *Since this way has miss'd of Success, I must take another Course, nor shall my Mother have Power sufficient to disappoint my Pleasures.*

There was one *Pandalus* a Relation of her Husband's, to whom she had confided the Secret, for her Mind was too much on Fire to desist. She lets *Eurialus* know, that she would treat with this Man, because he was trusty, and could procure them a Meeting. But *Eurialus* did not think it safe to confide in him, whom he saw always with *Menelaus*, and fancy'd that there was some Treachery in the Matter. While Things were in this State, *Eurialus* is deputed by the Emperor to go to the Pope

Pope to adjust the Time of his Coronation, which was very disagreeable News to both the Lovers; but there was no refusing the Commands of *Cæsar*. He is gone on his Embassy, and stays there two Months. *Lucretia* in the mean while never stired out; kept her Windows close, and put on Mourning. Every body wondered at her Conduct, but no body knew the Cause. All her Servants thought they dwelt as much in the dark as in a full Eclipse of the Sun, by her Retirement; seeing her always sad and often lying on her Bed, they concluded, she was not well; they therefore sought what Remedies they could to remove the Evil; but she never smiled or went out of her Bed-chamber, till she heard that the Emperor was gone to meet *Eurialus* on his Return. Then, as if she had started from a profound Sleep, throwing aside her Mourning Dress, she put on all her Ornaments, set open her Windows, and expected his Approach with Joy in her Eyes. Which when the Emperor observed, *Deny it no more, Eurialus, said he, the Matter is as plain and evident as the Sun. While you were absent, no Body could see Lucretia, but now you are come back behold Aurora breaks forth. Love has no Bounds, and can be no more hid, than a Cough.* Your Majesty is pleased to banter me, and divert yourself at my Expence, said he. For my Part I know nothing of the Matter, perhaps the Neighing of your Horse, and this Prancing may have roused her from her Sleep. And having said thus, he stole a Glance to *Lucretia*, and fixt his Eyes on hers; and that was the first Consult they had after his Return.

In a few Days *Nisus* the faithful Servant and Companion of *Eurialus*, had found out a Tavern behind the House of *Menelaus* so situated, that from a Room there he might see into *Lucretia's* Anti-Chamber. *Nisus* engages the Vint'ner, and carrying *Eurialus* up, told him, thence he might Discourse with his *Lucretia*. This Place was divided from her Apartment by a Gutter, of about three Yards wide, in which the Sun never shone. Here the Lover seated himself and waited to see whether Chance might not bring *Lucretia* to his Sight.

Sight. He was not deceived in his Expectations, she was soon in the Room looking about her Affairs. What are you doing, the Governess of my Life, said *Eurialus*; whether turn you your Eye, my Soul? turn this Way, my Safety, my Life, those Eyes, and see your *Eurialus*; look, look on me, on me for here I am. Are you here, my *Eurialus*, replied *Lucretia*, I can now talk with you, oh! that I could embrace you too with these Arms. That I can easily compass, said *Eurialus*, for I will bring a Ladder hither, and mount to your Window, you look to your Bed-Chamber, we have delayed our Joys too long. Have a Care, my *Eurialus*, if you have any Regard to my Safety; this Window on the Right-hand belongs to the worst of Neighbours, nor is there any Confidence to be put in the Vintner, who may sacrifice either of us to a little Money. Let it suffice now that there be free Access for our Speech, we will find some other Measures of meeting. But I die, said *Eurialus*, unless I press you in these Arms. They had a long Discourse out of this Place, and their Gifts were conveyed by a split Arrow, both equally generous in their Offerings.

Sofias discovered the Interview, and thus said to himself, I find that I strove in vain to oppose the Passion of these Lovers; if I apply not my utmost Cunning, my Lady will perish, and my Master fall under an infamous Reputation. It is the safest Way in these Cases to divert the worst of these Evils. Let my Mistress love on, and enjoy her Love, if it remain a Secret, it is a meer Baggage. She is blind with Love, and therefore sees not what she does. If a Woman's Chastity cannot be preserved, to prevent the Knowledge of the Loss, is sufficient to save the Family from Infamy. I will go, therefore, and offer my Service; I opposed it so long as I was able, to prevent the Wickedness from being committed; but since I could not do that, my Business now is to conceal what is done. The Difference is not very great betwixt not doing at all, and concealing what is done. Lust is of a general Extent, nor is there any Man free from the Infection; he only is esteemed

teemed the chastest, who acts with the most Caution. While he was in these Soliloquies, *Lucretia* comes out of her Chamber, and so coming up to her, he said, 'How comes it to pass, Madam, that you keep your Amour a Secret from me? You love *Eurialus* still, and yet you conceal your Love from me. Have a Care whom you confide in. The first Degree of Wisdom is not to love at all, the second is to love so that the Affair remain a Secret; you cannot carry on this Intrigue by yourself, and you have had a long Experience of my Fidelity to you; if you will put any Confidence in me, and employ me in any Part or Office of your Pleasure, I shall take the highest Care to keep all concealed that you may escape a Punishment, and your Husband the Reflections of his Neighbours.'

Lucretia made this Reply to *Sofias*'s Offer of Service. 'What you have said, *Sofias*, is very true, and I assure you I have great Confidence in you; but you seemed negligent of, and opposite to my Desires; but since you offer yourself, I will make Use of thy Diligence without the Fear of Treachery. You know with what Ardour I burn, I cannot long bear this Flame; help us that we may be together without Witness. *Eurialus* languishes for Love, and I die. There is nothing more pernicious than to withstand our Desires. Had we once but met, our Passions would be more moderate, and our Love more concealed. Go, therefore, to *Eurialus*, and tell him the only Way of our meeting is about four Days hence, when the Countrymen bring in our Corn; for him to put on a Carter's Habit, and drive one of the Carts in, and carry the Sacks of Corn up the Stairs into the Granary; you know my Bed-chamber has the first Door opening on these Stairs; give *Eurialus* a full Account of all Things, I will attend him here, till the Time come, and then I will be in my Bed, let him gently push the Door open, and come to me.'

Sofias, tho' he found it a difficult Attempt, fearing worse might follow, undertook the Matter; and having found *Eurialus*, he gave him a full Account of his Mistress's Stratagem. The Lover likes the Hint, prepares

all Things necessary, and dressing himself in this Equipage, complains of nothing but Delay.

The Morning now coming on, the Sun appearing brings the long'd for Refreshment to the eager Wishes of *Eurialus*, full of Expectation and Desire, who now esteemed himself happy and fortunate. When he had mingled himself among the vile Servants, and not to be known by any that saw him, he drives on his Cart, and coming into *Lucretia's* House, he takes up his Load, and having put his Wheat into the Granary, he was the last of those that came down, and as he had Directions, he pushes open the Door in the midst of the Stairs, and being entered, he found *Lucretia* all alone; and coming near, he cried, *My Soul, my Life, my Hopes. Now I have found thee alone, and now all my Wishes are accomplished, that I embrace thee without any Witness of our Actions; no Wall now, nor any Distance lessens or intercepts the Sight.* *Lucretia*, tho' she ordered this Affair herself, was yet surpris'd at first, and doubted whether she saw *Eurialus* or a Ghost, imagining that so great a Man would never expose himself to such Hazards. But so soon as she found it to be really *Eurialus* in his Embraces, she burst out into an Extasy.—*Is it you indeed, my dear one? Are you here indeed, my Eurialus?* And a ruddy Blush spreading over her Face, she press'd him close in a strict Embrace; and kissing his Eyes and Forehead in a rapturous Silence, she then started into Speech again, and ‘*Alas! my Dear, said she, to what Dangers have you expos'd yourself? What need of more Words? It is now evident, that I am most dear to your Heart; and I have now made Trial of your Love; nor shall you find me less true, or less loving. Let but the Gods give us a prosperous Fate, and a happy Event to our Amour, so long as Life animates these Limbs, none shall have any Power in Lucretia but her Eurialus; not even my Husband; if I may properly call him a Husband, who was forced on me against my Inclinations, and who had never my Consent. But come, my Pleasure, my Delight, off with this course Covering, and discover thyself to me,*

‘ as thou art ; away with these Carters Garments,
‘ throw aside these Cords, and let me see my *Eurialus*.

He soon threw off his course Disguise, and shone out in Purple and Gold ; and was hurrying with all the Speed of eager Desire to the Goal of Love, when *Sofias* knocking at the Door, cried out to them, ‘ Have a
‘ Care, ye Lovers, for I see yonder *Menelaus* returning
‘ Home for something or other ; conceal your Thefts,
‘ and bubble the Husband with Address. Then, said
‘ *Lucretia*, under the Bed there is a Place, that will
‘ conceal you, for there several Things of Value lie,
‘ you know what I wrote to you, if my Husband should
‘ find us together ; come get into this Hole, the Dark-
‘ ness will there secure you, stir not a Jot, not spit, least
‘ we be all discovered.’ *Eurialus*, doubtful what to do, submits to the Conduct of his Mistress, and she opening the Doors, sits down again to her Work. Then *Menelaus*, and with him *Betus* came in to seek for some Writings belonging to the City Affairs, which, when he could find in none of his Cabinets and Scrutoires, he said, *perhaps ’tis in our hiding Place, Lucretia, bring a Light hither, and let us look for them here.*

Eurialus was struck almost dead with these Words, and now his Fear detracted from the Charms and Merits of *Lucretia*, upbraiding himself in this Manner. ‘ Curse
‘ on my Folly, what compelled me to this Place, but
‘ my Levity ; now shall I be caught napping, and become the Jest and Talk of the Town, and loose the
‘ Favour of the Empercr ; nay perhaps I shall not ’scape
‘ hence with my Life. Who can deliver me ? no I must
‘ certainly die for it ! O most vain and greatest of Foes ;
‘ I have willfully fallen into this Snare ; what are the Joys
‘ of Love, if we must pay such a Price for them ? Man’s
‘ Ignorance is wonderful, he will not undergo short Labours for long Joys ; and yet for Love, whose very
‘ Joys are like Smoke, he will expose himself to infinite
‘ Hazards. But if ever I get out of this Straight, Love
‘ shall never again get me into his Noose.

Lucretia was not in less Pain, both for herself and her Lover ; but as a Woman, is always readiest in sudden Danger, having found out a Remedy for the Evil ;

‘ my Dear, said she to her Husband, there is a little Cabinet over the Window where I remember I saw you put some Papers and Records; let us go see whether this that you want be not there laid up.’ Immediately running to the Window, as if she would open the Cabinet, she cunningly threw it out of the Window, as if it had fallen itself by Accident. My Dear, my Dear, said she, make haste least we loose something or other, the little Cabinet is fallen out of the Window; make haste down, least I loose some of my Jewels or Writings; go, go, get you gone both, what do you stand still for, I will here watch that no Body steals any Thing.

The Ladies Boldness is worthy Remark. Now let any Man be so Fool hardy as to trust a Woman, for there is no Man so sharp-sighted, but a Woman can deceive. He only is not deceived, whom his Wife has not yet endeavoured to deceive. Our Happiness depends more on our good Fortune than our Understanding. Moved with this Accident, both *Menelaus* and *Betus* run with all Speed down Stairs to secure the Cabinet. This gave *Eurialus* Time to change his Station, who, by *Lucretia*’s Direction, retired to a new Hiding-place. The Husband and his Friend having gathered up the Jewels and Writings with the Cabinet, and not finding what they wanted there, met with it where *Eurialus* had been hid, and so taking their Leave went their Way.

They were no sooner gone, but *Lucretia* opening the Door of *Eurialus*’s Lurking-hole, called to him. ‘ Come forth, my *Eurialus*, come forth, my Soul; come, thou Sum and Substance of all my Joys; thou Spring of all my Pleasure, come forth; come, the Hoard of my Joy; come, thou incomparable Sweetness, all Things are now safe; now we have full Freedom for our Discourse; now we may embrace in Security; Fortune had a Mind to oppose our Happiness, but the Gods regard our Loves with a favourable Eye, and will not forsake two such faithful Lovers. Come, come into my Arms, there is nothing

‘ thing now to interrupt us, my Lily, my Bed of Roses ; why delay you ? What do you fear ? I your *Lucretia* am here ; what makes you forbear the Embraces of your *Lucretia* ?

Eurialus, scarce yet recovered of the Fright, comes out of his Hole, and embracing his Mistress, ‘ Never (said he) was I in so much Fear in all my Life. But you are worthy of all we can undergo ; no Man ought to taste those Kisses, or come into those Arms on cheaper Terms ; nor have I, to confess the Truth, yet deserved such a Happiness. Could I come to Life again after Death, and enjoy such Charms, I should not make any Scruple to die a thousand Times to purchase your Embraces. O ! my Happiness, my Bliss ; do I really see you ? Is it really so ? Am I not deceived by the Illusion of some vain Dream ? No ’tis you whom I hold in my Arms.’

Lucretia had on a smooth Night-Gown, which covered her Limbs without any Fold or Wrinkle, hiding neither her round swelling Breasts, or belying any natural Beauty of her Parts or Limbs. The snowy white of her Neck shewed itself without Veil ; and her Eyes darted Rays like the Beams of the Sun. Joy danced in her Looks, and Gaity in her Face, while her glowing Cheeks discovered a curious Mixture of the Lilly and the Rose ; her Smiles were sweet and modest ; her Bosom full, on which her Breasts like two Apples swelled on each Side, while their gentle Heaving set the Desire in a Flame.

This Sight had raised *Eurialus* too high to suffer him to delay the Attempt of satisfying the Eagerness of his Wishes ; but forgetting his past Fears, putting aside Modesty, he begins the Assault. Now, my Dear, let us enjoy the Harvest of our Love. With this he added Actions to his Words. *Lucretia* opposed his Desires, telling him she could not surrender her Honour and Reputation, and that all she desired from this Amour was only Kisses and Discourse.

At which *Eurialus* smiling said, ‘ Either my coming here is known, or it is not ; if it is known every

‘ one will suspect the worst, and ’tis but a Folly to bear
 ‘ the Scandal without the Pleasure : If it is not known,
 ‘ nor shall our pleasing Theft be more divulged : This
 ‘ only is the Pledge of Love, and I must die if I have
 ‘ not that. But ’tis a Sin, *said* Lucretia. It is a Sin,
 ‘ *reply’d* Eurialus, not to make Use of the Goods we
 ‘ enjoy, when we may. What shall I loose this lucky
 ‘ Opportunity, which we have wished ?’ At these
 Words, turning aside her Gown, he easily vanquished
 a Woman that sought not Victory. This Enjoyment
 gave not Satiety, but a greater Thirst and Appetite.
 But *Eurialus*, mindful of the Danger of the Place, after
 a Repast of Wine and Food, as well as of Love, much
 against *Lucretia’s* Desires, retired without any further
 Adventure, the Family taking him for one of the
 Carters.

Eurialus could not but view himself with Wonder in
 this Livery of Love. ‘ Oh ! *said he to himself*, should
 ‘ the Emperor meet me in this Pickle, and know me !
 ‘ What Suspicion would my Dress give him, how he
 ‘ would laugh at me, and I should become the Dis-
 ‘ course of the Court and City. I must remain a stand-
 ‘ ing Jest with him till I discovered the Cause of such
 ‘ a Disguise. Should I pretend the Intrigue with some
 ‘ other Lady, he would never believe me, for he is in
 ‘ Love with *Lucretia*, but I use not to make him the
 ‘ Confident of my Amours ; so I should betray the
 ‘ charming *Lucretia*, who received me to her Arms,
 ‘ and preserved me by her Wit and Address.’

While he was busying himself with these Fears and
 uneasy Thoughts, he sees his faithful Friends *Achates*
 and *Palinurus*, and marching on before them was not
 discovered by them, till he was entered his House,
 where having thrown off his Rags, and put on his
 Robes, he gave them a Relation of all the Adventure.
 And as he described his Fears and Joys, his Looks and
 Actions made a faithful Representation of the different
 Passions. ‘ In this Affair, *said he*, how like a Fool
 ‘ have I trusted my Life in a Woman’s Hands, con-
 ‘ trary to my Father’s Precepts, who told me, that I
 ‘ never

never ought to confide in a Woman. He used to say
 that a Woman was a wild, governless, faithless, mu-
 table, cruel Animal, subject to a thousand Passions;
 but I forgetting my Father's wholesome Discipline,
 have trusted my Life to a silly Woman. What if
 any one should have seen and known me, carrying
 up the Sack of Corn; what Disgrace had it been,
 and what an Infamy to my Posterity? The Emperor
 might well have thrown me off, as a thoughtless
 light Fellow, void of all Prudence. But what if her
 Husband had found me stowed beneath the Bed, while
 he was in Quest of his Writings? Whether he had
 exposed me to the Emperor, followed by the Re-
 proaches of his Family, or left me to the Law, or
 executed me himself, unarm'd as I was; either Way
 had sufficiently punished and exposed the Madness I
 had been guilty of. My Deliverance from which
 was more owing to Chance than Wisdom or Pru-
 dence! No, no, I will not rob *Lucretia* of the Ho-
 nour; it was her ready Wit, and not Chance that se-
 cured me. Oh! Woman worthy Trust! A Mistress
 full of Prudence and Love, both noble and singular!
 Why should I not confide in thee? And trust to thy
 Fidelity? Yes, had I a thousand Lives to secure, I
 would place them all in thy Truth and Faith. Thou
 art faithful and cautious, and knowest how to season
 thy Love with Prudence, and how to secure thy
 Lover from Danger. Who but thee could have found
 out so ready a Means of diverting those, who were
 just upon me? You have saved this Life, I therefore
 devote it to you. When shall I again behold that
 snowy Bosom, hear that charming Tongue, gaze on
 those sweet languishing Eyes, listen to that ready
 Wit, view those Marble Ivory Limbs again? When
 shall I bite those Coral Lips again! When shall I feel
 that tremulous Tongue murmuring at my Mouth?
 Shall I never never more press those round hard
 Breasts? You cannot, *Achates*, make any Guess at
 this Woman's Perfections, by what you have seen of
 her, for the nearer you are to her the more charm-

ing she is. Had you been with me, you had seen a Sight far beyond that, which *Candaules* King of *Lydia* discovered to *Gyges*. He had a Mind to enhance his Pleasure, by shewing his Favourite his Wife all naked; the same would I do by *Lucretia* and thee, if in my Power. - Else it is impossible for me to declare the Extremity of her Beauty, or for you to judge of the Fulness of my Joy. However, rejoice with me, since my Raptures were greater, than any Tongue can express.

This was the Substance of the Discourse of *Eurialus* to *Achates*. *Lucretia* said not less to herself on this Occasion, but her Joy was less, because more confined, having no Confident to unburthen her Mind to, for she was ashamed to tell *Sofias* the whole Matter.

In the mean while, there was one *Baccarus* an *Hungarian* Knight, of considerable Quality in his own Country, in the Emperor's Retinue, began to be in Love with *Lucretia*, and being a Beau, and handsome Man, persuaded himself, that she loved him as much, and only was withheld by her Modesty from a Declaration in his Favour. She, after the Mode of all our *Sienna* Ladies, gave all Men a favourable Look; it is an Art, or rather a sort of Deception of the Eye by which they conceal their real Inclinations. *Baccarus* was quite wild in Love, nor could he be satisfy'd till he knew *Lucretia's* Mind.

It is a Custom of our Ladies of *Sienna* to visit the Chapel of the blessed Virgin in *Bethlehem*, as they call it, a Mile out of Town. To this Chapel *Lucretia* was going, attended by two young Maids, and an old Woman; *Baccarus* follows after her with a Violet in his Hands, with Leaves all gilt with Gold, in the Stock of which he had concealed a Love-letter, wrote on very fine Paper. The Reader need not be surprized at this, since *Cicero* says, he had seen the *Iliads* wrote so small, that they could be put into a Nut-shell. *Baccarus* offers this Violet and himself to *Lucretia*; *Lucretia* refuses the Gift; the *Hungarian* presses it with great Importunity, when the good old Woman joins on his Side, by desiring

desiring her Lady to accept a harmless Flower, in which there could be no Danger. *The Gentleman's Request*, said she, *is so small, that you may easily satisfy his Desires.*

Lucretia comply'd with the old Woman's Persuasion, and going a little Way farther, she gave the Flower to one of her young Maids that attended her. They had not gone much farther but they met two Students, who easily prevailed with the Girl to give them the Violet, who opening the Stalk of the Flower, discovered a Copy of Love-verses. These sort of Men us'd formerly to be very agreeable to our Ladies, but after the Emperor's Court was fixt at *Sienna*, they were laught at, despis'd, and had in Contempt, because our Women were fonder of the Soldiers blustering, than the Wit of the Scholar. This gave them a great Hatred to the Court and military Men, and made them watch all Opportunities of doing an Injury to the Men of the Sword. As soon, therefore, as they had found out the Secret of the Violet, they carry the Letter to *Menelaus*, and desire him to read it; he returns Home full of Concern, accuses his Wife, and fills the House with Rage and Noise. His Wife denies, that she is guilty of any Fault, tells him the whole Story, which is vouch'd by the old Woman. He goes immediately to the Emperor, and makes his Complaint; *Baccarus* is called for, acknowledges his Fault, and asking Pardon, swears never to trouble *Lucretia* again. But knowing that *Jove* laughs at the Perjuries of Lovers, the more he was forbidden the more he pursued his barren Flame.

The Winter comes, and all the Sky is now under the Dominion of the North-wind, the gentle South being entirely banished the liquid Space. The Snow falls down into the Streets, and administers Sport to the People; the Ladies throw Snow-balls into the Street, and the young Sparks into the Windows. This furnished *Baccarus* with an Opportunity of Writing again to *Lucretia*; for he wraps a Letter up in soft Wax, and covers that with Snow, and so throws it, as a Ball, into *Lucretia's* Window. Who would not say, that all

Things are governed by Fortune? for the lucky Hour is of more Consequence, than a Letter of Recommendation from *Venus* herself. They pretend, that Fortune has no Power over the Wise. I may perhaps allow this Advantage to those Wise-men; whose only Joy is in Virtue; who in Poverty, in Sicknes, nay shut up in the Brazen Bull of *Phalaris*, believe themselves possesd of Happiness, though I confess I never met with any such Person, nor do I believe there ever was such a Fellow living. The common Life of Mankind depends extreemly on Fortune, which raises and depresses whomsoever she pleases. Who was the the Ruin of *Baccarus*; but Fortune? His Prudence and Caution were sufficiently shown in closing a Letter in the Stalk of a Violet; and now another in the midst of a Snow-ball. You may say, he ought to have been more cautious; but if he had succeeded in his Adventure, he had been cry'd up for Cautious and Prudent too. But Fate, his Enemy, drew it from *Lucretia's* Hands to the Fire-side, where the Snow and Wax melting, discovered the Letter to the old Women that were warming themselves, who delivered it to *Menelaus* who was present, and made new Disturbance and Complaints, the Effect of which *Baccarus* escap'd by Flight, not Excuses.

This Adventure of *Baccarus* was of Use to *Eurialus*, for while the Husband apply'd all his Care and Spies about the Former, he left an open undefended Passage to the Stratagems of the Latter. That saying is very true, *that it is a hard Matter to preserve, that which many love or oppose*. The first Enjoyment had made the Lovers desirous of a second Encounter.

There was a little Street, or rather narrow Alley, betwixt the House of *Menelaus* and his Neighbours, by which it was no difficult Matter to get into *Lucretia's* Window, by mounting with your Feet on each Wall; but this could only be done in the Night-time. *Menelaus* was to go into the Country, and stay there all Night; which lucky Hour was expected with the last Impatience by both the Lovers. The Time is now come, the Husband is gone into the Country, *Eurialus* has

has changed his Cloaths, and got into this little Street or Alley; there was *Menelaus's* Stable, which by *Sofias's* Advice he entered, where hid under the Hay, he waited for Night; but as Fortune would have it, *Dromio*, second Groom to *Menelaus's* Horses, took Hay from *Eurialus's* Side to fill the Rack, and he had struck him with his Fork in taking more, had not *Sofias* very opportunely come to his Rescue; who finding the Danger *Eurialus* was in, taking the Fork, said he, 'Leave this Business to me, my good Brother, I will give the Horses their Food and Litter, if you will go in, and look if our Supper be ready; we must make merry now our Master's a sent; we live better under our Lady, than under him; she is pleasant, and very bountiful, he is passionate, noisy, covetous and hard; we never fare well while is at home; don't you observe how he stints our Bellies with his scanty Measure? who always starves himself only to plague us with a perpetual Hunger, nor will suffer a mouldy Crust of Bread to be lost, and will keep an old Galimaufry for a Month, and the salted Grigs of one Supper he sets up for another, and looks out even from that, lest we should gormandize on Scraps worse than the Poor's Basket. Wretched Miser, who seeks after Riches through such exquisite Torments; for what can be a greater Folly, than to live poorly to die rich? How much better is our Mistress, who is not satisfy'd to treat us with Veal and tender Kids, but regales us with Fowls and Thrushes, and Crowns all with a Glas of the best Wine? Go, *Dromio*, see that the Kitchen be clean and neat.

'I warrant thee, honest *Sofias*, reply'd *Dromio*, I will take Care of that, and had rather rub the Table down, than the Horses Heels. I carry'd my Master into the Country to Day, the Devil split him, he said not one Word to me all the Day, but in the Evening when he sent me back with my Horses, bid me tell my Lady that he would not return to Night. I commend thee, *Sofias*, who at last beginnest to abominate my Master's Temper; I had changed him before now,

had not my Lady retain'd me by a Scrap sometimes in the Morning. Oh! but you were of my Mind, the Devil a bit would we sleep this Night, let us eat and devour till Day-light returns, my Master shall not scrape up in a Month, what we will consume in one Supper.

Eurialus was pleased to hear this Discourse, though he could not but condemn the Manners of the Servants, not at all doubting but it might be his own Case in his Absence from Home. *Dromio* being gone, *Eurialus* rose up and, 'Oh! What a happy Night, (*said he*) *Sofias*, shall I owe to thy Assistance! who hast convey'd me thither, and took such timely Care not to have me discovered. Thou art a very honest Fellow, and highly deserving my Love, thou shalt not find me ingrateful, I will make here a Return for this Service.'

The destin'd Hour is now come; *Eurialus*, though he had escaped two Dangers of Consequence, yet with Joy ascends the Walls; and passing the open Window, he finds *Lucretia* by the Fire, and the Table spread expecting him; she, as soon as she saw her Lover, rose up, and took and press'd him in her Arms; they begin to rush into Kisses, and with full Sails they pass into the Sea of *Venus*, and now *Ceres*, and then *Bacchus* refresh the tired Voyagers; Alas! the short Joys we possess, and the long Sollicitudes they occasion! *Eurialus* had scarce had an Hour of Joy, but *Sofias* interrupts their Satisfaction, with the News of his Master's Return; *Eurialus* is all in a Fright, and trying to make his Escape, *Lucretia* having hid the Table and Provision, goes out to meet her Husband, and welcome him Home — Oh! my Dear, I am glad you are come Home, for I thought I had lost you, this whole live-long Night at your Country Villa! But pray what Trade do you drive so much in the Country? Have a Care, I don't find you out? Why don't you stay at Home? Why do you take such Pains to make me melancholy by your Absence? I am always uneasy when you are away, and jealous lest you retire to some Mistress, for Husbands often defraud the Wives

- Wives of their Due to give it to others; of which Fear
- if you would free me never lie abroad again, for no
- Night affords me any Ease or Pleasure without thee.
- But let us sup here, and then go to Bed.

They were now in the Common-Hall, where the Family us'd to dine, where to detain him till *Eurialus* had made his Escape was all her Aim; for which a little Time was absolutely necessary. But *Menelaus* had supp'd abroad, and made what haste he could to his Bed-Chamber; *Ab* (said *Lucretia*) *I find you love me a great deal indeed, since you had rather sup abroad, than with me; because you were absent, I have not eat a bit, nor drank one Drop all this Day. There came to Day some that belong'd to your Farms, and brought some excellent Wine, as they said, but I was too melancholy to taste a drop of it, but now you are come home, let us go unto the Cellar, and taste of this Wine, and see if it be as delicious as they pretend.*

Saying this, and taking her Husband in her left, and the Candle in her right Hand, went directly into the Cellar. Where being come, she first pierc'd this Vessel, and then that; and sip'd to her Husband, till she thought *Eurialus* had made his Escape, and after that retir'd to the odious Embraces of his conjugal Love; and *Eurialus* got home pretty late at Night. The next Day, whether out of Caution or Jealousy, *Menelaus* made that Window up with a Wall. I believe that as our Citizens are sharp in their Conjectures, and full of Suspicion and Jealousy, *Menelaus* was afraid of the Convenience of the Place, and having but little Confidence in a Wife's Virtue, was resolv'd to take away the Opportunity of sinning. For tho' he knew nothing of her Actions, or criminal Intrigues, yet he was not ignorant, that she was daily plagu'd with Addresses, and knew that a Woman's Mind was never so constant, as to be mov'd, as having as many Minds, as the Trees have Leaves. For the female Sex is avaritious of Novelties, and seldom love the Man they are possess'd of. He therefore follow'd the common Maxim of Husbands, who are of Opinion that all Misfortunes of that kind, are to be kept out by being on their Guard.

This had depriv'd them of the Power of meeting, nor was the Opportunity left of sending Letters to each other. For the Vintner, out of whose Window *Eurialus* had convey'd, and reach'd Letters with a Cane to *Lucretia*, by the Advice of *Menelaus*, was turn'd out of his House by the Magistrates. Their Eyes alone were the Mediums of Conversation, by which they only now cou'd speak to, and consult with each other, the Grief of each was inexpressible, that they cou'd not cease to love, and yet were depriv'd of all means of continuing their Amour.

In the Midst of this Anxiety, *Eurialus* recollected what *Lucretia* had wrote about *Pandalus*, the Cousin of *Menelaus*: And following the Method of skilful Physicians, who in desperate Distempers apply desperate Remedies; and rather try the utmost Medicine, than leave the Disease without Cure, he determin'd to attempt *Pandalus*; and take up with that Recipe, which he had before rejected.

Having, therefore, sent for *Pandalus*, and carry'd him into his Closet; *pray Friend, sit down* (said *Eurialus*)
 ' I have Affairs of Consequence to impart to you; I
 ' stand extreamly in need of some Virtues, which are
 ' eminent in you, Diligence, Fidelity and Secrecy. I
 ' wou'd long since have discours'd with you on this Head,
 ' but you were not then so well known to me; but now
 ' I know you perfectly well, and that you are of ap-
 ' prov'd Fidelity, I love and respect you. But were I
 ' personally ignorant of your Merits, yet the universal
 ' Applause of all your fellow Citizens wou'd be suffici-
 ' ent; but my Acquaintance with whom you have con-
 ' tracted Friendship, have informed me who you are,
 ' and how much you ought to be valu'd; from whom
 ' I am inform'd that you are desirous to make use of
 ' my Service, which I at this Instant offer to you, as
 ' meriting it as much as I yours. Now since it is be-
 ' twixt Friends, I will in a few Words let you know
 ' what you can serve me in.

' You know how prone all Mankind is to love,
 ' whether it be a Virtue or Vice in our Nature, I shan't
 ' determine, yet the Calamity extends far and wide.

' Nor

Nor is there any Heart of Flesh and Blood, but sometimes is sensible of the Sting of Love. You know, that this Passion suffer'd not *David* the most holy Man, *Solomon* the Wisest, and *Sampson* the strongest Man, to escape its Power. The Nature of a Love-sick Heart is this, that the more the Opposition is to its Desires, the more they burn and rage; and nothing is a surer Cure for this Evil, than the Possession of the Belov'd. There have been many Men and Women, both of the present and former Ages, who by the Obstacles they have found to their Love, have been the Occasion of cruel and barbarous Murders. On the other Hand we have frequent Examples of those, who after Enjoyment, and a Liberty for a while, of a tender Commerce with the Belov'd, have been calm enough in their Amours. The most prudent Method is to give Way to the Fury of Passion, which by Opposition increases. For he that swims against the Stream often sinks to the Bottom, and he that gives Way to the Stream escapes. These Things I have run over to you, because I'm going to make you a Confident. of my Amour, and let you know what Service you may do me in it; nor shall I conceal the Advantage it will be to you, because now I look on you as the one half of my Heart——

You must know then, I love *Lucretia*, nor is it my Fault, my dear Friend *Pandalus*, but by the Will of Fortune, which governs human Affairs. I know not your Manners, nor the Custom of your City. I thought that your Women meant, what they express'd in their Eyes; but your Ladies are only Baits for Men's Hearts, but love none at all; by this I am deceiv'd. I thought I should be lov'd by *Lucretia*, when I saw her look on me with Eyes not ill pleas'd, and therefore I began to love her; nor cou'd I think the kind Advances from a Lady of her Beauty ought to die without Return. As yet I neither know you nor your Family. I lov'd, because I thought I was belov'd, for who is such an insensible Creature of Stone, not to love when belov'd?

But

' But after I had found out the Deceit, and that I
 ' had been betray'd by a false Appearance into Love,
 ' that I might not have the Scandal of a barren Amour
 ' I endeavour'd by all my Arts to heat her Breast with
 ' the same Fire; for to burn for a Woman, and not to
 ' be able to warm her Bosom, was a Shame and Anx-
 ' iety, that broke my Repose both Day and Night, to
 ' such a Degree that I was not able to stir out of Doors.
 ' In short, the Event of my Endeavours was such, that
 ' our Passions grew equal; she is on Fire, and I burn,
 ' nor do we know any Means of preserving our Lives
 ' but by your Assistance. Her Husband and his Brother
 ' keep and guard her with greater Vigilance, than the
 ' Dragon did the golden Fleece; nor does *Cerberus*
 ' himself more strictly watch the Avenues of Hell.
 ' I know your Family; I know you are Gentlemen of
 ' Quality among the Chief of this City, that you are
 ' rich, powerful, and belov'd; I wish I had never
 ' known this Woman! But who can resist his Fate?
 ' I made not choice of her, but Chance threw her in
 ' my Way.

' This is the State of the Affair; our Loves are yet
 ' a Secret, but if it be not manag'd prudently, it may
 ' produce some mighty Evil, which Heaven I pray
 ' avert! perhaps I might vanquish Passion if I went
 ' from hence, which tho' most miserable to me, I
 ' wou'd yet do for the Sake of your Family, if I saw any
 ' Advantage arise to it from thence. But I know her
 ' Madnefs, either she wou'd follow me, or be kept here
 ' by Force, and then she wou'd lay violent Hands on
 ' herself, which wou'd be an eternal Blot on your House.
 ' My Business, therefore, with you is, that we may
 ' find some Remedy for these Evils: Nor is there indeed
 ' any other Way, than this, that you will be the Pilot
 ' of our Love, and take care that a Passion, that has
 ' hitherto been very well conceal'd do not take Air.
 ' I commend my self to you, to you I surrender and
 ' devote myself; humour the Fury, lest by Oppositi-
 ' on it increase the more. Take care to bring us to-
 ' gether, by which Means the Ardour may decrease
 ' and prove more tolerable. You know the Avenues

of the House; when the Husband is absent, and how
 you can introduce me. The Husband's Brother must
 be observ'd; who is too quick sighted in these Affairs;
 and watches *Lucretia*, as a Fort belonging to his Bro-
 ther, and guards her with greater Care: He carefully
 considers and weighs all that *Lucretia* says or does,
 her turning away, her Sighs, her Spitting, her Cough,
 and her Laughter, her Smiles; this Man we must de-
 ceive, and can we do it without your Assistance! Stand
 by me, therefore, and introduce me to her in her
 Husband's Absence, and amuse the Brother, and re-
 move him from being so close a Sentinel about her in
 his Absence; or join more Spies to him. He'll con-
 fide in you, and, which I hope, he will commit her
 to your Charge; which if you undertake, and prove
 my Friend in, your Reward shall be present! For
 you may introduce me in the Night when all are
 asleep, and so sooth and abate the Fury of our Love.
 Out of this what Advantage will arise to you, I
 hope is evident to your Prudence; you will in the
 first Place save the Honour of your House, keeping
 that a Secret, which cannot be known without your
 Infamy: You will save your Cousin's Life, and *Me-
 nelaus* his Wife. To whom one Night given to me
 without any Bodies knowing it, will not be so great
 an Evil, as for her, before all the World, to run af-
 ter me into my Country. *Hippia* the Wife of a
 Roman Senator, run away with *Libdus* to *Pharos*, and
 the *Nile*, and the noble Walls of *Laius*. What if
Lucretia shou'd follow me, a Man of Power in my
 own Country? What Disgrace wou'd it be to your
 Family? What a Jest to the People? What an Infamy
 not only to your House, but to your City! I know
 some wou'd say, she ought rather to be stabb'd or
 poison'd, than do any such Matter. But wo be him
 that wou'd pollute his Hands with human gore, and
 punish a smaller with a greater Wickedness! Crimes
 are not to be heighten'd but lessen'd. We know that
 of Goods we ought to chuse the best, of an Evil and
 Good, the Good; but of two Evils, the least; every
 Way is full of Danger: But that which I point out
 is

' is the safest ; by which you not only secure your
 ' Family, but oblige me extreamly, who am almost
 ' distracted to think, that I am the Cause of so many
 ' Torments to *Lucretia*, who I had rather shou'd hate
 ' me, than ask you such a Favour. But this is our
 ' Condition, this the desperate State of our Affairs, that
 ' we have no hopes of any Safety to our Vessel, unless
 ' you become the Pilot, and save it by your Address,
 ' Care and Judgment. Assist, therefore, both me and
 ' her, and preserve your House from Blemish. Nor
 ' think me ingrateful ; you know my Interest with the
 ' Emperor, whatever you desire I'll engage he shall
 ' grant you. This I promise you first, and give you
 ' my Word for it, you shall be made a Count Palatine,
 ' which Title shall descend to all your Posterity. I
 ' commit to you, and your Care and Fidelity, *Lu-*
 ' *cretia*, and myself and our Love, the Fame and Re-
 ' putation, and the Honour of your Kindred. You are
 ' the Judge of the Matter, and all these Things lie
 ' wholly in your Breast. Consider what you do, it
 ' is in your Power to preserve or destroy them.

Pandalus smil'd at what he heard, and after a little
 Pause made this Reply. ' I am not unacquainted,
 ' *Eurialus*, with this Affair, and wish it never had
 ' happen'd ; yet it is come now to that pass, that I
 ' must do as you desire me, or suffer my Family to
 ' fall under the greatest Blemish and Scandal imaginable.
 ' As you say, the Woman is out of her Senses with the
 ' Fury of Love ; and if I do not assist her, she will
 ' stab herself, or throw herself headlong out of the Win-
 ' dow ; she has no longer any Care of her Life or her
 ' Reputation. She told me herself of her Passion, I
 ' check'd and reprimanded her, I endeavour'd to abate
 ' the Flame, but I cou'd make no Progress in the Cure,
 ' she values nothing but you ; you are always in her
 ' Head : you she seeks ; you she desires ; and of you
 ' only she thinks ; she often calling to me, cries, *I prithee*,
 ' *Eurialus*, *hear me*. The Woman is so alter'd by Love,
 ' that you wou'd not take her for the same Person.
 ' Alas ! there was never a Lady in this City more
 ' chaste and prudent than *Lucretia* : 'Tis to me a very
 ' strange

‘ strange Thing, that Nature should give such a Power
 ‘ to love over the Minds of Mankind. This Distemper
 ‘ must be cur’d, but there is no Remedy but what you
 ‘ have express’d. I will apply myself to the Discharge
 ‘ of this Office, and will give you Notice when Time
 ‘ gives an Opportunity; nor do I seek any Favour of
 ‘ you, because an honest Man ought not to seek a Fa-
 ‘ vour till he has deserv’d it. For my Part, I under-
 ‘ take this to prevent the Infamy of our Family, in
 ‘ which Zeal if you find your Account, I challenge
 ‘ no Love on that Score.

‘ However, *said Eurialus*, even for that I am in-
 ‘ debted to you, and I will take care you shall be
 ‘ made a Count *Palatine* as I said, provided you do
 ‘ not despise the Dignity.—No, I do not despise it,
 ‘ (*said Pandalus*) but I will not have it proceed from
 ‘ this; if it come freely let it come, and welcome, I
 ‘ act not on any Conditions. Cou’d you have come to
 ‘ *Lucretia* without your knowing that I was concern’d
 ‘ in it, I shou’d have acted with more Willingness. Fare-
 ‘ well—Farewell, *reply’d Eurialus*.

Pandalus went away with his Heart brimful of Joy,
 both because he had got the Favour of so great a Man,
 and because he hop’d to see himself a Count *Palatine*,
 of which Dignity he was so much the more desirous, as
 he endeavour’d to seem less; for some Men are like
 Women, who when they refuse with the greatest Ear-
 nestness, desire it most. He had an Earldom for a Re-
 ward of his pimping, and Posterity will show the golden
 Bull as a Proof of his Nobility.

There are several Steps and Degrees, my *Marianus*,
 in Nobility; if you seek into the Rise of them, you
 will find none, in my Opinion, or very few, that came
 not from a criminal Original. For when we find those
 call’d Noble, who abound in Wealth, and Wealth is
 very rarely the Companion of Virtue, ’tis visible to all
 that the Rise of Nobility is degenerate and base. This
 Man is made rich by Usury, that by Rapine, a third
 by Treason, and the Spoils of his Country. This Man
 grows rich by Poison and Murder, that by Flattery; this
 Man by the adulterous Corruption of Wives; that by
 Lies

Lies and Perjuries; some gather Riches by Marriage, some by their own Children. But Riches are very rarely got with Justice. Men rake and scrape abundance of Riches together, nor care whence they come provided they come in Abundance. This Verse pleases all

*No Man asks whence your Riches you derive,
But to have Riches is Necessary*

When the Bags are full, then Nobility is sought, which thus obtain'd, is only the Reward of Iniquity. My Ancestors were call'd Noblemen, but I will not flatter myself, I do not think they came one jot more honestly by it, than others, who have only Antiquity for their Excuse and Safeguard, their Vices being now quite forgot. 'Tis my Opinion,

No Man is noble, but he that loves Virtue.

I am not dazl'd with golden Garments, Horses, Dogs, a long Train of Servants, splendid Tables, marble Palaces, Villas, Fish-ponds, Manours, Jurisdictions, Woods, Groves, &c. for a Fool may have all these, and such a one whoever calls Noble, is himself a Fool. *Our Pandalus was made a Nobleman for Pimping.*

A few Days after this there happen'd a Broil among the Country Servants of *Menelaus*, and some that had drank more than they shou'd, were kill'd; so that to put things in Order, there was a Necessity for *Menelaus* to go thither. Then said *Lucretia*, *My Dear, you are an old Man and infirm, your Horses go hard, and are fiery, borrow one of a more gentle Pace. With all my Heart,* reply'd he, *but where shall I get one? Ob, said Pandalus, Eurialus has the best in Europe, and he'll certainly lend it you if you'll let me ask him.* On *Menelaus's* Request *Eurialus* sent him his Horse. And took it as the Barbinger of his Joy.

It was agreed, that *Eurialus* shou'd be in the Street about the fifth Hour of the Night, and if he heard *Pandalus* sing, he shou'd have Hopes of Success. *Menelaus* was gone, and the dusky Shades of Night had obscur'd the Hemisphere, when the Lady lay full of Expectation in her Bed. *Eurialus* was before the Door, but

but, heard neither singing nor any other Sign of Hope. The Hour was now past, and Achates persuaded Eurialus to return Home, and that he was impos'd on.

'Twas a hard Task for a Lover, full of Desire, to quit the Rendezvous of Delight, while any Hope remain'd, so he made sometimes one, and sometimes another Excuse for Delay. The Reason that Pandalus did not sing, was because the Brother of Menelaus stay'd in the House, and search'd every Quarter, lest there shou'd be any Design on Foot, and so past the Night without Sleep. To whom at last said Pandalus, *Shall we not go to bed to Night? 'tis now past Midnight, and I begin to be drowsie, I wonder you that are a young Man should have the Nature of an old Man, whose Dryness robs them of Sleep, who never sleep till a little before Day when other People are about to rise. Come let us go to bed; to what End are these Watchings? Well if you will have it so* (reply'd Agamemnon) but first let us see that all the Doors are fast against Thieves, and so went to the Door, and added Bars to Bolts. There was there a mighty Bar of Iron, which two Men cou'd scarce lift up, with which the Door was never us'd to be fasten'd; which when Agamemnon cou'd not lift up ——— Come, said he, Pandalus, *help me to put on this Bar, and then we'll go to Bed.*

Eurialus heard all this Discourse, and said to himself, if this Bar be put up, there is an End of this Nights Adventure. ——— *What's the Matter* (said Pandalus) *with you, Agamemnon? you are taking as much Care as if the House was to be besieg'd! and we not safe in the City? Here is Liberty and Quiet to every Body; and our Enemies the Florentines, with whom we are at War, are a great way off. If you fear Thieves, we are strong enough against them; if Enemies, what can protect you in this House? For my Part, I shall not undertake any such Labour, I am too weak a Bursten, and not fit for Burthens; if you can do it yourself, you may, if not, let it alone. Well, well, 'tis enough* said Agamemnon, and so went to Bed.

Well (said Eurialus) *I'll stay here one hour longer, and see if any one will open the Door. Achates was quite*

tir'd out with attending, and curs'd *Eurialus* in his Mind,
 for keeping him so long out of his Bed. They had
 not stay'd long, but he discover'd *Lucretia* through a
 Crevice, carrying in her Hand a little Light; going
 towards it, he call'd to her, my *Lucretia*, my Soul,
 said he; she at first frighten'd, was running away, but
 recollecting herself, she ask'd him who he was? *I am*
your Eurialus, (said he) *open the Door, my Pleasure, my*
Pleasure, my Delight, I wait for thee here now till
Midnight. *Lucretia* knew the Voice, but for fear of
 being deceiv'd, she durst not open the Door, till he had
 given the secret Sign known only to themselves. After
 this with abundance of Pains she remov'd the Bars and
 Bolts, but there being many iron Chains, &c. beyond
 the Female Strength to remove, she cou'd not get it
 above half a Foot Wide. Nor shall this, said he, hinder
 my Entrance, so throwing himself on his right Side, he
 made his Way in; and caught her in his Arms. *Achates*
 stay'd without in the Sentinel's Post. Then *Lucretia*,
 either out of Fear or Joy fell into a Swoon in *Eurialus's*
 Arms, her Eyes shut, her Visage grew pale, and per-
 fectly like one dead, but that she had Heat, and a Pulse.

Eurialus being struck with the sudden Misfortune,
 knew not what to do in the Case; if he went away, he
 might be the Death of the Lady; if he stay'd, he might
 fall into the Hands of *Agamemnon*, or some other of
 the Family, and so perish himself. But Honour and
 Love prevail'd with him to stay with her, and take
 care of her Recovery; wherefore lifting her up, and
 bending her forward, and kissing her Cheeks, on which
 his Tears flow'd, he call'd to her, My *Lucretia*, *where*
art thou? Where are thy Ears? Why dost thou not an-
swer me? Open thy Eyes, and look on me as thou art wont
to do. *I thy Eurialus am here embracing thee, my Soul;*
speak, speak, my Life, my Love, my Joy — Speaking
 this, and the like, he let fall a Shower of Tears on her
 Face, by which being rous'd, she came to herself, as
 waking from a profound Sleep, and seeing her Lover
 by her, *Alas! my Eurialus* (said she) *Where have I been?*
Why did you not let me go gently away? I shou'd have
died happily in your Arms, oh! may I so perish before you
leave

leave this City ! After such mutual pathetick Discourse, they went to the Bed Chamber, where they pass'd such a Night, as we believe that to be, that bewitched the two Lovers, when *Paris* had born *Helena* away in his *Trojan* Ships ; nay the Night was such, that both Parties asserted, that *Mars* and *Venus* never had one of greater Pleasure. Says *Lucretia*, you are my *Ganymede*, my *Hippolitus*, and my *Diomedes*. You are to me, reply'd *Eurialus*, *Polyxena*, *Æmylia*, and *Venus* herself. Now he prais'd her Mouth, now her Eyes, and throwing off the Sheet sometimes he survey'd all the secret Charms he had not seen before. I find more (*said he*) than I cou'd expect ; such was *Diana*, seen in the Fountain by *Acteon*. What can be more beautiful, what more white than these Limbs ! Now I am overpaid for all I have undergone ; and what indeed shou'd one not undergo to come to this Bliss ? Oh ! charming Bosom ! Now Death wou'd be more easy and welcome while yet the Joy is fresh and unfaded, that no Calamity intervene. My Soul, do I hold thee in my Arms, or do I dream ? Is this Pleasure real, or is it a pleasing Fit of Madness, that leads me into such a visionary Elizium ? It is no Dream ! it is no Madness ! it is all Reality ! oh ! delicious Kisses ! and charming Embraces ! no Man is so happy, none so blest as I am. But oh ! the swift Hours ! Why fly'st thou so fast, invidious Night ? Stay *Phæbus*, in the Arms of *Thetis*, and give me such a Night, as you gave *Jove* and *Alcmena*. Never knew I so short a Night, tho' I have been in *Britain* and *Dacia*. To this Purpose spoke *Eurialus* : nor was *Lucretia* silent, or let either Word or Kiss pass by unrewarded ; he strain'd her in a strict Embrace, and she him ; Enjoyment lessen'd not their Vigour. But as the Sons of the Earth rose more strong from their Fall, so they from their Wounds gather'd more Strength and Alacrity.

The Night being now spent they parted at Break of Day, nor cou'd they meet after many Days, every one redoubling their Guards. But Love overcame all Things, and at last found a Way for the Meeting of the Lovers, which they were sure to make use of. In the mean Time the Emperor, now reconcil'd to Pope *Eugenius*,
made

made some Speed in his Departure for *Rome*. *Lucretia* was sensible of this, for what does not Love discover? Or who can deceive a Lover? She therefore writes to him this Letter.

Lucretia's Letter to Eurialus.

COULD my Soul ever be angry with you, this wou'd be the Time, that all shou'd conceal your Departure; but my Spirit is fonder of you, than of these, and no Cause can provoke it against you. Alas! my Heart! Why did you not tell me of the Emperor's Departure? He is preparing for his Journey, and I am too sensible, that you will not stay behind: Oh! What do you design to do with me? Oh! Wretch, that I am, what shall I do? Where shall I find Repose? If you leave me, I will not live a Day. I beg you by this Letter all wet with my Tears, by your right Hand, and your plighted Faith, if I have deserv'd any Thing at your Hands, or any Thing that I have was ever dear or pleasing to you, take Compassion of a miserable Lover! I desire you not to stay here, but ah! take me with you. I will pretend in the Evening to go visit the Chapel of *Bethlehem*, attended only by one old Woman; let but two or three of your Servants be there to receive me, there is no great Difficulty of the Rape where the Party gives her Consent. Do not think it unworthy of you, since the Son of *Priam* provided himself a Spouse by a Rape. You will do no Injury to my Husband, for he shall loose me entirely; for if you deny me, Death shall deprive him of me. But be not you so cruel, nor leave me behind you, who have always preferr'd you to myself.

To this Eurialus return'd this Answer.

THAT I have thus long conceal'd my Departure, my *Lucretia*, has been because you should not give Way to Grief before there was a Necessity. I know your Temper, you are too apt to give Way to Sorrow, and to vex yourself on every Occasion. The Emperor is not going from hence,

never

' never to Return to this City any more. It is our
 ' direct Road into our Country. But if the Emperor
 ' take some other Road, you may depend on it, I
 ' will return if I live. May the Powers above deny
 ' me a Sight of my own Country, but make me such
 ' an unhappy Wanderer as *Ulysses*, if I do not come
 ' hither again. Recover, therefore, yourself, my Soul,
 ' and take new Courage; do not rack yourself with
 ' fruitless Tortures, but rather live with Joy and Sa-
 ' tisfaction. As for the Rape you propose, — there
 ' can nothing be more desirable, and agreeable to
 ' me, than to have you always with me, and enjoy
 ' you at my Will and Liberty; but I ought rather to
 ' consult your Honour, than my Pleasure. For that
 ' Trust, which you have repos'd in me, demands of
 ' me faithful Counsel, and just to your Interest. You
 ' know that you are of great Quality yourself, and
 ' marry'd into an eminent Family. You have the Re-
 ' putation of the most beautiful and most chaste Lady
 ' in *Sienna*; your Fame is not confin'd to this City
 ' or *Italy*, for it reaches the *Germans, Hungarians, Bo-*
 ' *hemians*, and all the northern Nations.

' But shou'd I commit a Rape on your Person, I
 ' take no Notice of my Disgrace; that I cou'd easily
 ' bear for your Sake. But what Ignominy wou'd it
 ' bring necessarily on your Relations? What Agonies
 ' wou'd you give your Mother? What wou'd be said
 ' of you? What Noise wou'd there be about you in
 ' this City? It wou'd be said, *See, that Lucretia, who*
 ' *was look'd on as chaster than the Wife of Brutus, bet-*
 ' *ter than Penelope, follows her Gallant about, forget-*
 ' *ful of her Family, Parents and Country; this was not*
 ' *Lucretia, but Hippia, or Medæa following Jason.*
 ' Alas! I cannot express the Grief I feel, when I
 ' reflect that such a Thing should be said of thee.
 ' Our Amour is yet a Secret, nor is there any one
 ' but praises you; but a Rape wou'd destroy all; nor
 ' had you ever so much Praise as you wou'd then have
 ' Scandal and Curses. But let us set aside Reputation
 ' and Honour; and what does not contribute to the
 ' Enjoyment

• Enjoyment of our Love let us not value. I am the
 • Emperor's Servant; 'twas he that made me a Man of
 • Power and Riches, nor can I leave him without im-
 • mediate Ruin; and shou'd I forsake him, I cou'd
 • not have you with Decency. If I follow the Court,
 • you wou'd have no Rest; we move our Camp every
 • Day; the Emperor never stay'd so long in one Place,
 • as he has now in *Sienna*, which was the Effect of the
 • Necessity of the War. Wou'd it be honourable for
 • either you, or me to carry you about in the Camp
 • as a publick Woman? I beg you, my dear *Lucretia*,
 • to lay aside all these wild Thoughts, and consult
 • yourself more than your Passion. Another Lover
 • perhaps wou'd persuade other Matters; he wou'd
 • urge you to a Flight, that he might abuse you as
 • long as he cou'd without any Regard to Futurity, as
 • long as he satisfy'd his present Desire; but he is
 • no true Lover, that consults more his own Lust,
 • than his Mistress's Reputation and Honour. For
 • my Part, my *Lucretia*, I give you safe Advice. Stay
 • where you are, nor doubt of my Return. I
 • will take care to get the Administration of the *Tuscan*
 • Affairs into my Hands, and then I shall take care
 • to enjoy your Charms without Prejudice to your Hap-
 • piness. Farewel, live, love, nor think my Passion
 • less than yours, nor believe but that I leave this
 • Place with the utmost Reluctance. Adieu again,
 • my Delight, the Food of my Soul.

Lucretia was satisfy'd with this, and promis'd to do
 what he had desir'd.

In a few Days after, *Eurialus* went with the Empe-
 ror to *Rome*; where he had not been long but he fell
 sick of a Fever; unhappy indeed, to have the addi-
 tional Fire of a Fever, to that of Love. And when
 Love had sufficiently weaken'd him, the Pains of a
 Distemper coming on, left Life but weak footing,
 which indeed seem'd rather to be held by the Force
 of the Physicians Medicines, than really to abide in
 him. The Emperor was with him every Day, and
 took as much Care of him, as if he had been his Son,

ordering

ordering all the medicinal Art to be try'd for his Recovery; to which nothing so much contributed, as a Letter from *Lucretia*, by which he understood, that she was alive and well. This a little mitigated his Fever, and gave him Force to get on his Legs again, so as to be present at the Emperor's Coronation, where he was enter'd a Soldier, and receiv'd the golden Spur.

After which when the Emperor went to *Perusium*, he stay'd at *Rome* for the perfect Establishment of his Health. Whence he return'd to *Sienna*, tho' yet weak and very thin. But his Misfortune was, that he cou'd only see, not speak to *Lucretia*. Many Letters pass'd betwixt them, and her Flight was again the Subject of their Debate. *Eurialus* stay'd there three Days, but finding all Approaches stop'd up, he inform'd her of his Departure. The Sweets of their Conversation had not so much Pleasure, as this parting gave them Pain. *Lucretia* was plac'd in her Window, and *Eurialus* on his Horse in the Streets, each casting their Eyes full of Tears on each other. The one wept, the other wept, one common Grief rag'd in the Breast of each, feeling their very Hearts tore from their Seats by Violence.

Let him, that is ignorant of the Pangs of Death, reflect on the Agonies of the parting Lovers; tho' the later is a Grief of greater Intensity, and a more exquisite Torture. In Death the Soul grieves to part with its belov'd Body; but the Body when the Soul is fled, neither grieves nor feels Pain. But in the Separation of two united Hearts encreases, and continues in Proportion to the Love of the United. A common Paleness usurp'd both their Faces, and drove the Blood, to supply Spirits, to their Hearts; and had it not been, that they wept and sigh'd, they wou'd have been taken for dead. Who can write or express the Pangs of their Minds, that has not been infected a little with their Madness. When *Protesilaus* set out for the War of *Troy*, *Laodamia* sunk down on the Shore pale and lifeless; and when she had heard of her Husband's Death, she

shou'd not survive him. *Dido*, on the Departure of *Aeneas*, kill'd herself; nor wou'd *Portia* outlive the Death of *Brutus*. Our *Lucretia*, as soon as ever *Eurialus* was gone out of sight, sunk down on the Floor, whence by her Servants remov'd to the Bed, she lay till she came again to herself. Being now reviv'd, she threw aside her rich Cloaths and Ornaments from that Time forward, and never dressed, or was ever heard to sing or laugh; nor cou'd any Pleasantry, Joy or Diversion ever stir her up to Mirth.

Continuing this Course of Melancholy, in a little Time he fell ill; and her Heart being absent, in the Midst of the Tears and Sorrows of her Mother, she gave up the Ghost. When *Eurialus* was gone out of *Lucretia's* Sight, he pass'd on his Journey without speaking one Word to any of his Company; his Mind being wholly taken up with *Lucretia* alone, and how he should compass his Return to this Place, till he came to the Emperor at *Pelusum*, whom he afterwards attended to *Ferrara*, *Mantua*, *Trent*, *Constance*, *Basil*, and lastly into *Hungary* and *Bohemia*. But as he follow'd *Cæsar*, so did *Lucretia* follow him wherever he went, awake, and in his sleep, no Night free from Cares on her Account. And the true Lover hearing of her Death, immediately put on Mourning, full of a real not a formal Sorrow; nor could he admit of any Consolation, till at last, the Emperor provided him with a young Virgin, of a noble House for a Wife, as Eminent for Chastity as Beauty.

Thus, my dear Friend, *Marianus*, you have the Event of a Love, neither fictitious nor happy, which those that read, shou'd turn to their own Advantage, by making use of the Hazards of others for their own Improvement; and so thirst not after the Draught of Love, which has always more Aloes than Honey. Farewel.

From Vienna the 15th of the Month of July, 1444.



